Pioneer Women

UNA ROBERTS LAWRENCE

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PIONEER WOMEN

By
UNA ROBERTS LAWRENCE

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SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD
OF THE
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

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Be ye steadfast

Lone Wolf - Kiowa
Buffalo Meat -
White Eagle Pawnee
Mrs. Peters - Pawnee

Dedicated
to
MRS. GEORGE W. BOTTOMS Arkansas
PIONEER WOMAN
in that
magnificent partnership with God
which we call
Stewardship

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"To him who loved me with an everlasting love; who directed all my path; who permitted all the hardships of preparation; to him I leave the record of these years, and to him do I give the glory and praise forever and ever."

From an article written by Miss Marie Buhlmaier about the time she retired from active service as missionary.

FOREWORD

There has long been a tradition that no biography should be written about the living. Especially has this been true in missionary biography. In the past few years, however, this tradition has been gloriously discarded in the production and unprecedented popularity of the greatest volume of biography and autobiography that English literature has ever known. For several years, now, biography has won the coveted place of "best sellers" ahead of all the fiction—and stories of men and women still living have led all the rest!

So with gratitude to Edward Bok and Mary Antin, to Lawrence of Arabia and Richard Halliburton of the lands of romance, and a hundred others, we offer this volume of stories of missionaries still living. Who wanted to wait until Lindy died to read the matchless story of "We"!

Eight stories are here given, taken from four fields of the missionary work of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. All save two of these women are still active in their fields. Indeed, some of them have just reached the years of most fruitful service. We believe that this should give an added interest to the story of their pioneering in these mission fields. Certainly it should bring vividly to our minds the fact that the days of the pioneer are not very far in the past. These stories should lead us to study the mission fields of our homeland with a new viewpoint, for if within the lifetime of missionaries still living there have been unoccupied fields to be entered and won, then might there not still be fields unreached by our missionary enterprise—even here in our own land?

The selection of these women has been based upon a definition of the word "Pioneer." These are women who have blazed trails into some phase of home mission work where there were no precedents for them to follow; who have worked out methods of doing work no one else had done before them; who have preached the gospel of Christ where Christ was not known, building as they went the foundations for the work we now know. Each one has lived and labored long enough in her chosen field for there to be a story to tell.

Let it be remembered that these are the stories of eight missionaries, and not a history of the fields. Ahead of them went other missionaries, often, who through the providence of God were not permitted to work in all the years of the growth in these fields. Alongside these women, always, have worked brave men, pioneers in every sense of the word, responsible many times for the opportunities which these women used to the glory of God. But these are the stories of the women missionaries. Much is left untold that belongs primarily to the stories of those who labored with them. Rarely indeed is any mission field developed by a single personality. Here tribute is paid to all those whose stories are entangled inevitably with those given. It would take many volumes to tell them all.

It was not easy to secure the material for these stories. Modest and humble are these missionaries of yours, eager to tell of the work, and reluctant to talk about themselves. Gladly would they have told the stories if they could have left themselves out. Only when persuaded that the stories of their own lives would mean much to the fostering of interest in missions did they consent to let the stories be written around themselves. If there be criticism here, let

it fall on the writer who let them have no peace until the stories were told. Much material came from records of the Home Mission Board and much from the memories of fellow workers.

Three things we have tried to do:

We have tried to tell the story of the opening of four fields of home mission work.

We have tried to give as vivid picture as possible of the growth of the work through the years.

We have tried to present real women, these missionaries of yours, intimate friends, beloved fellow workers.

To do this we have given much background for each story, both in the personal life of the missionary and in the study of the field to which she went. We have tried to show how missionaries of this pioneer type come to be. So there is the home life and early training of each. May these stories help us to re-establish the family altars in all our homes, and give ourselves more devotedly than ever to the training of little children in missionary ideals. For there is need still of missionaries of the heroic mold of these women.

We have tried to tell the story of the development of the work in each of these fields that there might be intelligent interest in the work of the Home Mission Board, stirring appreciation of its past and creating vital co-operation in its future. There is work still for your Home Mission Board. As these stories have been written from the record of actual events that have happened within the last forty years—within the lifetime of most of the readers of this volume,—so will there be pioneer stories written of the deeds and lives of men and women who are now in their youth, if God's call be not smothered in the hearts

of our young people in these present times by Southern Baptists turning a deaf ear to their appeal to be sent forth into the fields. The need today is not for pioneers to go, but for those who will dare the investment of their money in sending forth these eager young people who ask only the chance to give their lives in sacrificial service.

A pioneer is one who enters and claims unoccupied territory. The quality of pioneering lies not in the length of time it takes, nor in the particular place or phase of life thus claimed. In this little volume we have terms of service ranging from thirty-five years in the first story to fifteen in the last story. But all were pioneers. There are yet mission opportunities calling for brave spirits to dare an untried path in the name of the Lord. Richly would the writer of these stories be repaid if from them the vision should call to some young man or woman to dare unknown ways into the hearts of the peoples who know not God.

UNA ROBERTS LAWRENCE.

Atlanta, Georgia, August, 1928.

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Mary Prosser Jayne

Bringer of news from Heaven to the Blanket Indians

Grace Clifford

Pioneer woman missionary to the Osage Nation

I

THE INDIANS

Population in South, 161,987. 300,000

First Missionary to the Indians, John Eliot, New England. Evangelist and Translator, Algonquin Tribes.

First Baptist Missionary to the Indians, Isaac McCoy. Appointed by Triennial Convention, 1817, to Miami tribes on the Wabash. Organized Indian Baptist Association in 1842 with headquarters at Louisville, Ky. Died 1846.

Humphrey Posey appointed by Triennial Convention, 1817, to Cherokees. Established Industrial Mission in North Carolina. First Baptist Missionary appointed to work among Indian Tribes in Southern territory.

Lee Compere appointed 1822 to Creeks. Established Industrial Mission in Georgia.

H. F. Buckner of Kentucky, appointed under Indian Baptist Association to the Indians of the West, 1847. Became Missionary of Home Mission Board 1852. Died 1883.

Organization of Southern Baptist Convention 1845. Establishment of Board of Domestic Missions. Took over Indian Baptist Association in 1855. Name changed to Board of Domestic and Indian Missions. H. F. Buckner first Missionary to Indians. Name changed to Home Mission Board 1874.

Removal of Indian Tribes into reservations in the West, 1836-1860. Missionaries went with tribes. Led to occupa-

tion of territory by two agencies, Home Mission Board, Southern Baptist Convention and Home Mission Society, Northern Baptist Convention.

Agreement in 1912. Northern Baptist Convention to take Kiowa, Arapahoe and Cheyenne and Comanche work and Bacone College. Southern Baptist Convention to take all other Blanket Tribes. Civilized Tribes self-supporting, or under Oklahoma Convention.

PRESENT WORK OF HOME MISSION BOARD SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION 1928.

East of River:

Cherokees ..... North Carolina
Robeson County Indians ..... North Carolina
Cajans ..... Alabama
Choctaws ..... Mississippi

West of River:

All in Oklahoma
Osages, Otoes, Pawnees, Iowas, Sac and Fox, Kickapoos, Poncas
All Indian Schools and Hospitals

15 Missionaries, 10 White, 5 Indians, Baptisms, 421.
124 Churches, 125 Sunday Schools, 115 B.Y.P.U.'s.
100 Women's Missionary Societies, 7,181 membership.
(Bring this information up to date from current Home Mission Report.)

A DAUGHTER OF THE PIONEERS

The Pioneer spirit has ever traveled westward. This has been true of Empires. It is equally true of individuals.

The name, Jayne, had been the name of pioneers for seven generations. The first Jayne settled on Long Island in the early Colonial days, and as the young men grew up in each succeeding generation, they moved westward, pushing with the first settlers into ever farther-reaching communities, giving the best of brain and arm to the making of the new nation, until just after the war between the states a young soldier of the name came to live in Iowa. There he met and loved Martha Prosser, the daughter of a Welsh Baptist preacher, who had come to that new state from Wales only a few years before the Civil War. 'Twas a fit mating of pioneer blood when they married and began a home amid the hard conditions of pioneer farm life of that day. It was new country. Facilities for comforts and luxuries were lacking, or very hard to get, and so it was into a typical pioneer home that their first child, Mary, was born on December 16, 1867.

Worthy daughter of a hardy, brave ancestry was this girl growing up in the new land, taking advantage of the meager opportunities it offered for an education, early assuming heavy responsibilities, for the beautiful, sweet mother died when Mary was only eight years of age.

The pioneer blood ran true in this young girl's veins. An uncle had moved farther west into Nebraska. There in the community where he lived, Mary Prosser Jayne taught her first school the year she was seventeen. Four

years she gave to this task, learning to make the most of the poor facilities, throwing all the eager enthusiasm of youth into the business of making books so interesting to these children of the frontier that they would seek learning for learning's sake. It was a task that fascinated the girl. So much so that when she saved enough money she entered Western Normal School at Shenandoah, Iowa, graduating there two years later with the degree then given to trained teachers, a Bachelor of Didactics. Long before, she had earned a title that was vividly indicative of the dominant characteristic, for in the school she was known as "the little girl who loved to study." Books were provoking doors which ever tempted her to enter into worlds yet undiscovered. From childhood she had been filled with a desire to learn that made her read and re-read every book the frontier home possessed.

One of the few books of that pioneer home was an old brown book of Indian stories. By the dim light of the oil lamp she pored over the incidents that told of the life of the Red Man, and there grew in her heart a great love for that people, and a longing to see the scenes pictured in the stories.

The father was a very devout Christian, a member of the Baptist church, but there was no organization near the frontier home. Because of this fact he was all the more careful to give his children the Christian training they were missing by not having a church to attend. There was family worship, careful and frequent teaching of the Bible, and the father, in spite of the heart-breaking task of making a living in a pioneer community, gave to his children most unusual Christian training. This linked up in the

girl's mind with the romantic stories of Indian life read in the old, brown story book, and while still a little girl she determined in her heart that some day she would take the gospel to the Indian people.

The only church in her community was a Methodist church. Here one summer there was held a revival meeting. One afternon there was a special service for the children to which the boys and girls went from school. That afternoon the girl, Mary Prosser Jayne, daughter of pioneers, gave her heart to Jesus. She did not join the church, however, for the teaching of her Baptist father had been so positive that she could not be happy except in a Baptist church, so church membership was delayed until she should be near a Baptist organization.

There was an organization, however, in which she was an active member. This was a little Mission Band which was organized by a devoted Christian woman of the community. In the programs and stories of this band Mary Jayne learned of missions at home and abroad. Her first gift of money was made to the missionaries among the Telugu people of India. Then came again the deep desire to give her life, too, and again the stories of the Indians read in the old brown book stirred her imagination and she wished that some way, sometime, she could take the gospel to them.

In the meantime she was very busy as the years brought her into contact with children in the schoolroom. Out in Nebraska was a Baptist church which she joined immediately after going to the community as the school teacher. In order to be baptized she had to ride many miles in a buckboard to Rock Falls, for there were not many places

where there was enough water for the services. Soon she had organized a Mission Band for the children of the church and was passing on to them the knowledge and enthusiasm for missionary work which had been given to her. She subscribed to the Baptist papers, especially those that would give her stories of the work of the missionaries, which the children loved to hear her tell over and over again. Some of the mothers and fathers noticed what the young school teacher was doing and so it happened that she was asked to read a paper on Home Missions at an associational meeting.

How she worked on that paper. She read everything she could find, studied out the facts about home mission work, found stories of the missionaries, and after many nights spent in prayer and study the paper was ready. She was only seventeen, and so the matter of a suitable dress for the occasion was almost as important as the preparation of the paper. After careful consideration, a pink chambray was selected and attractively made. When the day for the meeting arrived she was entirely ready for her part on the program.

The meeting occurred on a school day. So school had to be dismissed. There was quite a distance to go, and the trip was made in a lumber wagon, the pink dress and the precious paper carefully shielded from harm during the ride. It was a milestone in her life,—that day in 1884, when the seventeen-year-old girl, Mary P. Jayne, read a paper on Home Missions before the little gathering of Baptist men and women in a frontier Baptist church. For this determined the course of her life,—little as she knew it that day. Little did those on the program committee

realize what they had done by calling the girl school teacher to take part on the program.

Back to the school house she went the next day, to resume the daily task of teaching little children. But her path to school every day led over the very ground on which Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Pawnees had fought their battles since time immemorial, and down through a wooded ravine where their fallen warriors were buried. It was a daily echo of the call to take the gospel to the Indians, which she could not dismiss from her heart.

Then came the school days in Iowa. Here in the Western Normal, one night in a student religious meeting, there came the decision time and Mary P. Jayne stepped out in open avowal of the dedication of her life to the service of Christ. It was a momentous step and led to a talk with her pastor and his wife as to what she should do next. They told her of the Baptist Missionary Training School in Chicago which had been established for the purpose of training just such eager volunteers for effective service on the mission fields. So she fixed upon that as the next step.

But first there had to be two more years of school teaching before she was free to follow the path of service with all obligations to the past discharged. So it was not until the fall of 1894 that she entered the Training School.

The next two years were happy ones beyond all the dreams of the girl school teacher. In the atmosphere of the Training School her heart opened to the influence of spiritual teaching and she found much joy in the new world of study discovered to her eager mind. Near the close of the second year, the corresponding secretary of the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society, who was a

member of the faculty, called for missionaries for the fields. The year before, a new missionary, Robert Hamilton, had been appointed to open work among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. He was now pleading for two women missionaries to work among these tribes.

The appeal for pioneer workers among the Indians struck home to the heart of this daughter of pioneers and quickly Mary P. Jayne answered, offering herself for this work. She was appointed before graduation and with a classmate, appointed at the same time, began preparation to go to the field after a very brief vacation.

Kingfisher, Oklahoma, was the railroad station to which the young missionary was bound, the nearest point for departure to the Indian reservation which was to be her field of work. Mr. Hamilton lived near Kingfisher, and it had been arranged that he would meet and take her to his home, where already her friend who was to work with her had preceded her. Here they would spend a few days in conference and adjustment before going to the home which had been arranged for them.

It was election day, Nov. 6, 1896, when she arrived, presidential election day, and the town of Kingfisher was full of excited people, for the race was very close in those days in the western states. Voting for the President was the most important matter of the day—even for the missionary who was to meet the new worker. Mr. Hamilton was not at the train, and for a moment she was dismayed. She had no idea what had happened to Mr. Hamilton nor how to find him. At the edge of the station platform she saw a two-wheeled cart without any springs, with a man in

rough clothes driving. To him the young missionary appealed, asking him to take her to a Baptist preacher's home.

He consented, saying, "That must be Job Ingram's house." And so in the two-wheeled cart Mary P. Jayne wended her way through the milling crowds of a frontier town's election excitement to the home of the Baptist preacher, Job Ingram.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingram welcomed her with cordiality that increased in warmth, when presently, in the process of getting acquainted, they discovered that Mrs. Ingram and Miss Jayne were from the same section of the country; in fact, the Baptist preacher's wife was related to the missionary's father's family. So presently she was quite at home—still wondering with her hosts what had happened to Mr. Hamilton. After dinner the preacher set out to see if he could find "Bob" Hamilton and bring him up to do his duty as a reception committee for the young missionary, even if much belated. He had no luck and supper was eaten in the companionship of these unexpected friends.

By that time even Miss Jayne had caught the contagion of the election excitement and when it was suggested they go to the Opera House to hear the election returns she was as eager as the preacher's family. The house was packed with a wildly enthusiastic mass of people, equally divided between the two political parties, judging from the vociferous applause that greeted every announcement from the platform. In the swaying light of the oil lamps one man's figure suddenly stood out in the exultant shouting when victory came to his candidate.

"That's Bob!" said Job Ingram.

And thus was the new missionary to the Indians introduced to the man who was to be her director and counselor in the work, Robert Hamilton.

After the election returns were all in, the preacher found Mr. Hamilton, proper introductions were given, explanations were made and a friendship was begun that was to last through many years of labor together.

Miss Spanswick, her fellow worker, was already in Mr. Hamilton's home and had been with him that day in an Indian camp holding services. To this camp went Miss Jayne the next day, and immediately she was thrust into the new life that was to be her own. The camp was of tepees of the old Indian type. Campfires burned, around which the Indian women in their gay blankets moved in their household duties. Children played everywhere, tumbling around the feet of their mothers, or playing games of their own device in and around the tepees. The men sat and smoked and talked. The afternoon was warm and sunshiny and the white women sat on the grass in front of Medicine Bear's house and talked to the women and children who were attracted by the strange sight of pale-face women in their midst. Bright picture cards, picture story books and candy were at hand for the children. Through the interpreter, Mrs. Red Shin, the women were told that one day soon the white women would return with some bright-colored cloth for sewing and would teach them to sew in the white women's way, which pleased them very much. Especially did the proposal to make a baby quilt, as a pattern for their own little brown babies, win approval.

To Mary P. Jane all this was like a picture from a book suddenly stepping out of the pages into real life—her

old, brown story book come to life—and as she haltingly told the Bible story, using both pictures from the book and the words of the interpreter to make herself understood, she felt as if she, too, were in a story, for it was hard to realize that at last her dreams of telling the story of Jesus to the Indians was a reality.

Back in Mr. Hamilton's home, however, there were some realities to face that soon made it all very matter-of-fact. Arrangements had been made for the two young women to live at Watonga, sharing their home with Yellow Shirt and his wife, the Indians living in two rooms of the little four-room house, twenty feet square, the white women in the other two rooms. Yellow Shirt was a policeman of the reservation and as a government official had standing among his people that would be to the advantage of the new-comers. He and his wife were friendly to the coming of the teachers of the Jesus Way, though not yet believers, and their influence with their people was worth much. But before they settled down in one place it was decided that it would be best for the young women and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton to make a tour of all the Indian camps where there were missionaries and also those untouched places where it was hoped work could be opened.

At that time the only way to reach the Indians was while they were living in these camps. They frequently moved about and it was hard to build up regular congregations. The work was a type of individual evangelism, dealing with small groups that would be together for only a few weeks or months, at best. So the pioneer missionary to the Indians had to be a wandering evangelist, drifting about on the reservation with his people, abiding where they

chose to live and accepting their conditions of life unhesitatingly and cheerfully. In order for the young women to see just what they faced, this trip was planned, really the first survey that was made of the Blanket tribes from a missionary standpoint.

The first step in such a trip was to get together the outfit for camping. Everything that would be needed on the trip must be secured, packed as conveniently and in as little space as possible. So down to Kingfisher they went, buying pots and pans, a tent, two cots, quilts, dishes and food supplies. They had to prepare large containers for water, for not even drinking water would be available along some of the trails they were to travel. Careful thinking and planning on the part of the more experienced missionaries, supplemented by a listing of everything necessary for any possible want and need by the younger missionaries finally assured them that they were ready to start.

They planned to travel in a spring wagon drawn by a team of ponies. The wagon was old and broke down frequently on the trip, causing much delay and calling out the ingenuity of everyone in providing repairs. But these were but incidents along the way. Soon the fascination of the Indian life and the call of a people who had had no chance to know Christ became the dominant note of the trip.

The first stop was made at a Cheyenne camp. It was Saturday night, and three Indian families came. The meeting was held in Tobacco's tepee, dark, smoky, with the fire in the center providing the only light. Everyone sat on the ground. The flickering light cast a shadowy sense

of unreality over the scene. The young missionary sat in silence as Mr. Hamilton spoke through an interpreter, telling in the simplest fashion possible of a Saviour and a God of Love. She wondered how she would ever find her way to the hearts of this people. But in spite of fears and doubts, there was a song of joy in her heart that at last she was here, among the Indians, at work for her Master.

Near this Cheyenne Camp there was a large Indian Camp known as the "School Camp" because it was located near Watonga where the Government was making an attempt to send the children of these untamed, untaught tribes to public school. It was an experiment, but was proving very successful. In the Camp had gathered many families of Indians who had been won to the idea of an education in the white man's way. Here the missionaries went on Sunday. A regular service could be held to which many came. Again the picture cards, picture books and stories were used to attract the children, with good success. But the women were different, going about their work of washing, cooking and other household duties with calm disregard for the white man's ideas of Sunday and its observance. The more progressive men, however, came and were very glad to have services established in the Camp. So plans were made for regular monthly meetings here.

Monday morning the camping outfit was again packed into the wagon and off they started to another Indian Camp. Thus it went for twenty days. Through the camps they went, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Wichita, Kiowa, and Comanche—some places where there were missionaries already, others where this exploring party for Christ was the

very first to come with the message of his love. In the twenty days they visited all the mission stations established by all denominations among the Blanket Indians. They touched many places where they themselves were the pioneers. These places were noted, contacts made with the Indian leadership, and plans laid to come back. The young missionary saw Indian camp life unrolled before her eyes in fascinating reality, saw the indifference and the difficulties especially among the women, came face to face with the conditions with which she would have to work, conditions that disillusioned her of some of the romance, but fired her heart with more zeal than ever before, because of the deep need of this people.

Some of the experiences were thrilling. Camping out had its attractions. She liked sleeping under the open sky, cooking around a campfire and living in the freedom of the open spaces. Then there were meetings when the gospel story, told in simplicity and earnestness, brought its harvest of souls won. Touching indeed were these professions of faith, involving a renunciation of all that the Indian had known before, and turning into a new, untrodden path, the Jesus Way, for in every instance these conversions were in meetings where there were few, if any, Indian Christians to lead the way. It was pioneer territory, pioneer witnessing.

There were times when the young missionary was privileged to see the fruits of the work of pioneers who had gone before her. One night in a Wichita Grass-House she heard the old Christians who had been converted under the preaching of A. J. Holt and John McIntosh sing the gospel in their plaintive, haunting melodies. It was her first time to hear Christian hymns in the Indian language. Out at

Rainy Mountain where the church was three years old, she saw the Indian Christians at work. As they heard these stalwart Kiowa Christians sing and pray, talk and work among their unsaved friends, they saw what they might expect in the future in their own fields, and their hearts sang for joy at having been given a place of labor in such a field.

At Elk Creek she saw the ordination of Chief Lone Wolf, Kiowa Christian, as deacon of the little church. This was a thrilling sight for Lone Wolf was an outstanding Indian, strong, powerful in body and steadfast and true in his witness to the Christian faith. Here they took part in a Camp Meeting, during which the young missionary had to sleep on the floor and caught a very severe cold, which gave her a taste of what she might expect from the hardships that she must learn to face. At Saddle Mountain where Miss Belle Crawford was the missionary they found no one at home at the interpreter's house, but went in and made themselves at home, Indian fashion. The last stop was on the Comanche Reservation at Fort Sill, where the rebellious Apaches who had led in the last Indian uprising were held on a Reservation by the United States Army. Here they held a service which was attended by a few Indians. Among the Comanches there was only one Christian Indian, Timbo, a lone witness to Christ. A service was held and one of the chiefs, Paddyecher, "Red Elk," came forward and gave his hand to the missionary, to show his friendly feeling toward the preaching of the Jesus Way. It was a significant break in the hostile attitude of these Comanches toward the white man's religion. That night was truly the time of "small beginnings"—and forlorn seemed the hope of

reaching this people whose hearts were embittered by their wrongs and filled with hatred for the white man and all his works.

To the girl school teacher the sight of the Indian with his gay paint, beads and feathers sitting in a Christian meeting listening gravely and interestedly to the gospel, was the old dream of childhood come true. While in the Training School she had done work in a foreign settlement, talking through an interpreter, and so it came very easy for her to slip soon into helping in the services, working with the Indian interpreters like an experienced missionary. So even while studying her field she began to enter into its work and as the trip came to the close she was doing her share like a veteran. Thus the pioneer spirit asserted itself and Mary P. Jayne entered upon her life task.

They reached Kingfisher, tired but happy on Thanksgiving Day. Mrs. Hamilton cooked a real Thanksgiving dinner in celebration of their home-coming and all read a month's accumulated mail. Then they made a list of housekeeping necessities, for the two young women were eager to be off to their home with Yellow Shirt at Watonga and begin their own work. They had a month's salary each in advance with which to buy all they needed for a home, $36.00 apiece, and carefully, carefully must they plan in order for it to be enough. The list was made and re-made, Mrs. Hamilton with her experience making wise suggestions as to what would prove to be real necessities in a pioneer home-making. Miss Spanswick had been brought up in the city, so all this was new to her. But Mary P. Jayne had memories of the hardships and makeshifts of her childhood home to guide her, and so, there was much

discussion and adjustment before the list was pronounced finished. There was only one luxury in the list, a rocking chair! Miss Spanswick insisted that a rocking chair was an investment in relaxation that would be a real necessity. Her more sturdy workmate felt it was a luxury they could do without. But when they faced buying a bed without springs—for springs were much too expensive for their modest means,—she yielded on the matter of the rocking chair, and was always glad, for it did make the little house seem more home-like.

Down to Kingfisher they went on their momentous purchasing expedition, driving the team that was to be their own, hitched to the spring wagon that was to take them to Watonga, thirty-six miles from the railroad.

The bed was the largest piece of furniture to be bought. There must be a little stove, two straight chairs, and the luxurious rocking-chair, a nest of yellow crocks, and most important of all, groceries for a month. They must foresee just what they would want to eat for a month, for little could be bought at Watonga. So they checked over beans, rice, peas, dried fruits, flour and all the staples of food, buying as little as they dared, yet getting as much as their money would permit. While they were thus busy in town, Mr. Hamilton was at work making for them a table, cupboard and dresser out of cottonwood boards secured at a nearby sawmill, thus saving them much further expenditure.

It was growing very late, when all was done and they started the team out the road toward Mr. Hamilton's home, some four or five miles from town. Miss Spanswick knew nothing about driving horses and decided it was time to be learning. So she took the reins.

Dark came on. Presently the road led into a narrow draw, where there were high banks on each side. Just then through the darkness there came hideous yells and shouts and the clatter of running horses' hoofs. Down the road toward them came a band of Indians on their way to a dance. Little did they know or care who else might be on the road. Terrified, Miss Spanswick pulled suddenly on the lines, cut the wagon too sharply in the narrow road and over went wagon, supplies and missionaries, spilled out together in a heap. Nobody was hurt, but the galloping Indians did not even stop to see what had happened, and the two girls had to pull themselves out as best they could, Miss Jayne springing to the heads of the frightened horses in order to prevent a runaway as a climax to the accident. What was to be done! There in the dust of the road lay their food for the month, piled in a heap of broken bags and smashed boxes. In the darkness they dared not try to investigate for fear they would make a worse mix-up of everything. They must have help to have the wagon right side up again. Looking about, they saw they were near the house of Short Teeth, an Indian they knew. So Miss Spanswick offered to walk to the house alone, being more afraid of the horses than of a wild Indian.

Short Teeth had gone to the dance, and there was no one at home but his wife and babies. It was two long miles to Mr. Hamilton's home. They dared not leave the horses, and neither one wished the long two-mile walk alone. But it had to be done. Finally Miss Spanswick chose to stay with the horses, and Miss Jayne walked the lonely road to the Hamilton home to get help. It was one o'clock when they finally brought the wagon and its valuable load in to

the Hamilton yard. When morning came they surveyed the damage. All the precious yellow crocks were broken, but that was the most serious breakage. The whole day was spent in picking the beans from the rice, sorting potatoes from onions, and getting all their food supplies back in the proper cartons and bags. Thus through much tribulation did they get ready for their housekeeping in Watonga.

Within the week they were at home in the house of Yellow Shirt. Neither he nor his wife could speak a word of English. So they were splendid neighbors to have for two missionaries whose first task was to learn how to make themselves understood by a people whose language they did not know. Watonga was a sub-Agency for the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. Every two weeks all the people came up to the Agency to get the beef and rations allowed them by treaty. So this was a most advantageous location for the missionaries. Here every two weeks they had a chance to visit the camps of each tribe, and there was much advantage in having contact with the Indians at an Agency where there was background of the white man's authority, and respect for his power. As the months passed the two missionaries gradually won the hearts of the Indian women until finally they were invited to go with them from camp to camp after they left the Agency. Especially were the Indian women interested in learning to quilt. So on bright, warm days quilting frames were stretched between the trees in many an Indian camp, and while the Indian women learned how to make tiny, dainty stitches, the two white women were learning how to implant a love for the gospel in their hearts. It was fascinating work, with such variety of incident and opportunity as to provide constant

interest and stimulate to increasing effort. Gradually they won the hearts of these women, began to teach the children, and earned by their unfailing kindliness and helpfulness the confidence of the men.

For two years they held their services in a tent, pitched first in the Cheyenne Camp and then in the Arapahoe Camp. The Indians came in large numbers to the services, and heard the gospel gladly. There were conversions, and a little congregation grew into real influence in the Cheyenne tribes. In the third year a little chapel was built for worship at Watonga. This was the center of their work which by now had begun to widen over much more territory. Mr. Hamilton was the preacher now in two centers, the older one at Kingfisher and this growing one at Watonga.

One day there came a call from Little Bear, an influential Cheyenne, to come to Kalumet, the center of the Cheyenne territory and hold meetings. Little Bear was not a Christian, but was interested. This was a significant opportunity but it meant spreading out a little thinner. Then came a call to a further center, across the Canadian River where Black Bear, an Arapahoe lived. Both of these opportunities came as the result of the helpfulness of the missionaries in time of sickness. Soon there came about a regular itinerary, one week at Kingfisher, one at Watonga alternating between two weeks at Kalumet. So they really lived in the little spring wagon, in which they had to carry food, bedding, wood, water and horsefeed, for the Indians were so poor they could not be depended on for supplies. There were many months when they were at home only long enough to wash and iron, bake bread and get everything ready to set out again.

Many and strange were their experiences. It was a bit startling when the first call came for them to hold a funeral. When Spotted Crow, a neighbor, died, the relatives came with the earnest request for a funeral according to the Jesus Way teaching. Mr. Hamilton was far away, and there was nothing to do but for the two women to go and minister to the sorrowing family as best they could. It was an opportunity to teach the Christian's belief about death and eternal life which no other occasion would afford. So bravely they held the funeral service, amid scenes of heathen superstition and fear. Nor was this the last time.

One evening they came in from a long trip at dusk, and Miss Jayne went down to the well to water the horses. As she looked up from the watering trough, she noticed in the corner of the three-acre yard, a mound of freshly turned earth. Investigation proved that it was undoubtedly a new grave—right in the missionary yard. For three days they wondered and asked about it before they found the explanation in a story that deeply touched their hearts.

Some months before the missionaries had gone down to a spring to do some washing and found there an Indian woman, neighbor of theirs, named Big Dress, engaged in the same task. They became friends while doing their work together. The day was very hot, and the old Indian woman was not well. Before her task was finished she fell in a faint, stricken by the heat. For an hour of frantic work with her, the missionaries wondered if she would come back to life. When she did revive, she was pathetically grateful for what they had done for her. She never was very well again, but was devoted to her new found friends. She

was very old and frail, and they never felt that what they told her of the Jesus Way was quite understood, but over and over they told the story of Jesus' love at her repeated request to "tell her more."

While away this time, Big Dress had passed on to the Other Land, her last words being "Bury me at the Jesus Way House."

Without waiting for permission, never doubting that these strangely kind white women would be happy to give space near their home for the body of one who loved them so, the family had carried out the dying request of the old Indian woman. This was the beginning of a little graveyard which soon occupied the farthest corner of the three acre mission ground.

Death often offered the best opportunity to tell of Eternal Life in these pioneer days. For often the first contact with an Indian home was made when it was stricken by sorrow. Frequently the missionaries were called in to perform the last offices of kindness for the dead, for according to the heathen beliefs of the Indian, death brings fear and dread foreboding. So before ever they understood the teachings of the missionaries concerning death and life, the Indians seemed to turn instinctively to those who knew more than they about these dread mysteries. Frequently the friends came and wailed but left before the body was buried, leaving the missionaries and the nearest relatives to do this alone. There was such terror at the idea of having a dead body in the tepee that often the dead were brought to the missionaries' home to be kept until the funeral, as to the one place where there was no fear of death.

The depths of woe that a heathen death can bring was very real to Miss Jayne when Yellow Shirt died. Just a few months before, the Government had given him a very beautiful team of horses. At the funeral one of these was shot that Yellow Shirt might have a horse in the Happy Hunting Grounds, which was still a vague, uncertain part of the Indians' heathen religion. The most terrible part of death, as the missionaries saw it, was its meaning to the living. The husband's family got all his property. In this case the white women were able to save to the forlorn widow something, for the family could not take her home from her so long as the missionaries lived there, for it belonged to them, and she at least had a roof over her head. Grateful indeed was the little Indian widow for their friendship.

As the years passed, there came to be regular services in the three main stations, with women's meetings held regularly in the Indian homes, rotating as the invitations came. These prayer and evangelistic meetings were attended by both men and women and were great factors in the work of teaching the Bible and winning acceptance of the Christian faith. They were considered women's meetings, for in connection with the Bible teaching and prayer services the missionaries taught sewing and bread making and other related matters of making better homes. Usually the missionaries spent the night in the Indian home where the meeting was to be held, providing wonderful opportunities for them to make contact with Indian home life, and touch all the members of the families with their blessed ministry to body, mind and soul. They had opportunity to minister to the physical needs, help these Indian homes make the ad-

justment to the white man's way of living which was being forced on the Indians rapidly, to guide them to think rightly about the education of the children and above all else to be such living examples of the Christian faith that the teaching of Christianity found ready hearers and easy acceptance. So by being all things to all the Indians, living with them, loving them, becoming one with them in their interests and sharing the good and bad of their life, they began to win them to the Christ for whose sake they had chosen to live in an Indian country.

Presently a church was organized at Watonga with seven members. It took much strength of character for these brave seven to step out against all the strong tide of Indian life and declare themselves on the side of Christ. Because of this, only those with firm purpose joined this first little congregation, which was much better for the beginning than a popular movement from which some might fall away when the test came.

At Kingfisher the services were held for a long while in Buffalo Meat's house. He was a chief, and most influential in his tribe. His wife was a very fine woman, interested in knowing of the Jesus Way and welcomed gladly the white women to their home. Here for months the Bible was taught to an interested group of women, week after week. Finally the wife was converted, and proved a strong and steadfast Christian. Then came the greatest victory of the mission in the conversion of Buffalo Meat, and the ensuing battle between the old heathen powers and the new Jesus Way doctrine. For the price Buffalo Meat paid for this faith was the most costly that could be exacted of an Indian, his chieftainship. The older men of the tribe, fearing all

the white man's ways, even his ways of worshiping God, demanded that Buffalo Meat either return to the old Indian worship, or resign his position of honor and power in the tribe. The choice was made unhesitatingly, and Buffalo Meat stood out as the most significant witness of the Christian faith that had come from heathenism up to that time.

This set the work forward in a great way. His influence thrown on the side of Christianity was great and his testimony unwaveringly true. So, as the years passed the work grew in all three centers. Seventeen years passed, spent in the following of pioneer trails in the Indian country. Week after week of traveling the faint dim Indian trails, ceaseless driving through sand, stopping for dinner under the friendly shelter of the blackjack trees, cooking the evening meal over the pungent woodfire of an Indian Camp where the tepees all around were hung with drying meat and surrounded by indescribable odors of primitive life—on and on, year after year, winning one here, a family there, then a group gathered to study the Jesus Way Book—going on and on that there might be opened to the wandering feet of a race a way to eternal life. The ponies never knew what it was to stop at a white man's house, but without a touch on the reins they knew how to turn in and stop by the Indian tepees. Sam and Charlie were the first ponies of a long line of missionary burden-bearers who did their share in opening the Jesus Way to Arapahoes and Cheyennes, bearing the devoted white women on their errands for the King.

Through these years there had come and gone several workmates in the little home at Watonga. Such an unrelent-

ing routine of hard work proved too much for some of them. Marriage claimed one, but whatever the reason, it is just history that Mary P. Jayne could stand the conditions of pioneer life, could inure herself to the primitive ways of her adopted people where others could not. So she stayed on while her partners in the task came and went, doing their part, until they could stand the pace no longer. But she stayed on.

Not until the call came from her father to come to his aid, as aged and ill, he reluctantly let her know his need for her, did she leave her chosen field. In 1913 she left Watonga and the Indians, she thought never to return, resigning as a missionary of the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society after seventeen years of service. It was good to be at home with her father, to be able to care for him, but as the months passed he grew better and needed her care less, and her heart was turning back to her beloved Indians when again the call came to pioneer in a new field.

As far back as 1835 there had been missionaries sent to the Pawnee Indians, but no mission was ever permanently established among this powerful and influential tribe until after they were moved to their present Oklahoma Reservation in 1875. In 1884 an interdenominational organization began work among them. This work was turned over to the Methodists a few years later, under whose care it did not thrive. Somehow the teaching of the Jesus Way made no contact with the leaders of the tribe until there came the strange intervention of Providence, and the way opened to the very heart of the people. For from the Pawnees themselves came the request for missionaries of the Baptist faith

to come and live among them and teach them the Jesus Way. Missionaries of the Home Mission Board, S. B. C., had already been on the field five years, and now a woman missionary was greatly needed. Dr. J. F. Love, then the Associate Secretary of the Home Mission Board with especial responsibility for the work west of the Mississippi, had known Miss Jayne in her work among the Arapahoes. He knew she had resigned and was at home. So to her he turned in this hour of opportunity among the Pawnees. The letter asking her to consider work as a missionary of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention came at just the time her heart was growing lonely for the work and she immediately accepted and turned her face toward Pawnee, where the mission was located.

Pioneer work again! For, while there was a church now about four years old, yet the work had just begun. From the first there had been powerful influence behind the Baptist workers. Chief White Eagle, the principal chief over the four Bands of Pawnees, had given his approval to the work, and his foster son, David Gillingham, was a Christian and the interpreter for the missionary. Rush Roberts, a man of influence in the Skidi Band, the largest and most powerful of the four Bands, was one of the five charter members of the church. White Eagle himself had become a Christian. A chapel had been built, the Methodist property acquired as a home for the missionary, and across the road another little home for the woman missionary. Here Miss Jayne settled down in her own little home and from here she went out into the Indian homes far and near on the Reservation.

The work was quite different from what it had been among the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. Rev. J. G. Brendel, the first missionary, had won the hearts of the people by visiting in their homes and making himself one of them. To this heritage of good will, Missionary Harry Bock had succeeded on his taking the Pawnee work about the time Miss Jayne went as the woman missionary. On this they could hope to build an organization for the teaching of the Christians, as well as reach out all over the Reservation with the evangelistic zeal both of missionary and native Christians.

So it was pioneering in another type of work that she undertook among the Pawnees. The Pawnees were even then a progressive people, living in well built houses, often nicely furnished. Most of them were farmers, many of them poor, but here and there would be found a prosperous Pawnee who had learned methods of farming from the successful white farmers. They sent their children to school. The elementary school at Pawnee, known as the Tribal School, was one of the best on any Reservation. Many Pawnees were sent on to the non-reservation high schools at Chilocco and Haskell. So there was a most satisfying group of educated, ambitious young people with whom to work. Many of these were active in the church. Others were yet to be enlisted. Many leaders of the tribe were Christians, and the Baptist church was a real force in the life of this people.

Such was the field to which she came in 1914.

The work she did now was largely with the young people. It was fascinating, joyous service. She organized a Woman's Missionary Society that soon came to be a power

for evangelization in the church. Then the young people's organizations were started and a beginning was made in claiming the youth of the tribe for Christian leadership. More and more of the young people went away to school, to come back ready to give their fine young energies to the church life. The Pawnee church became the strongest of all the Indian churches under the Home Mission Board.

In and out of the Pawnee homes she went constantly. By the side of the missionary preacher she stood aiding him in all his work, attending especially to the training of the children and young people. At the Government school the missionaries had unusual opportunity to teach the Word of God, for they were given the direction of the religious life of the school, holding Sunday school, B.Y.P.U., and Sunbeams at the school. It is a boarding school, as are all the Indian schools, and includes all grades from the first to the sixth. It is not unusual to find five-year-old Indian children in these Tribal Elementary schools. So the opportunity was great and she threw all her powers of mind and heart into the task thus given her with young life. All the work was linked with the church by the Sunday services to which the boys and girls of the school came.

She had many rich experiences with her Pawnee people. Mrs. Mary Peters, daughter of Chief White Eagle, was her most devoted helper in all the work with the women. This gifted woman, turning away from all the old Indian ways in which she had been the leader, became a mighty influence among her people for Christianity. Out of her own devotional life there came the first native Christian hymns, as she wrote to Indian melodies Christian hymns

and prayers which are sung by the Pawnee people, the only native Christian hymns of any of the western tribes.

The Woman's Missionary Society held its meetings weekly, giving a whole day to the service. They had a Bible class, ate their noon meal together, and then had a program and evangelistic meeting at which often were conversions. The meetings of all the organizations, Royal Ambassadors, Girls' Auxiliary and Young Woman's Auxiliary, as well as B.Y.P.U. on Sunday were intensely evangelistic. It was not surprising that the church grew.

The zealous spirit of these Pawnee Christians was well expressed one day by the interpreter, David Gillingham, "One thing we are hungry for, some man and woman, boy or girl to have faith in Jesus. Do not put it off, when Judgment Day comes you will not see Jesus, but want to hide your faces. You will be afraid and crying while we will be running to meet him."

A kindred tribe to the Pawnees is the Otoe, on a neighboring Reservation. There has been some intermarriage between the two friendly tribes and when the Christian movement began among the Pawnees it touched in a measure the life of the Otoes, also. An Otoe man married to a Pawnee Christian woman came to church with her to the little Pawnee Baptist church. Presently he, too, had been converted and when the news that Richard Shunatona had become a Christian spread over the Otoe Reservation it made an impression on many of his friends. Following him, Daily, another man of influence among the Otoes, began to read the Bible and to talk with the Christians about the Jesus Way. Soon Blackhawk also was a seeker and had joined the Baptist church at Ponca City, north of

the Otoe Reservation. Thus the work among the Pawnees was touching in a very real way the life of another tribe of Indians.

One evening there came to the missionary home at Pawnee a delegation of Otoes, non-Christian Otoes, with a message to deliver on behalf of their people to the teachers of the Jesus Way. It was a very hot night. For the sake of coolness the conference was held on the porch of Miss Jayne's little home. Charlie Pipestem, one of the leading men of the Otoe tribe was the spokesman, though because he knew no English, he must needs have an interpreter through whom to speak. He had come to find out about this Jesus Way. Seeing his people swept away by the terrible peyote, realizing they were doomed if they became wholly given over to its use, he had heard of the Jesus Way and in what he could learn of its teachings had seen a hope for the breaking of the power of this terrible drug.

Earnest questions were asked, and answered as earnestly by the missionaries. The night wore on. Still they talked. No one thought of sleep. The Indians were too interested, the missionaries too happy at this marvelous opportunity. Finally only one question was left to be answered satisfactorily to the visitors. Would the missionaries come to Otoe Reservation and begin their blessed work of teaching the whole people the Jesus Way?

This would be opening a new field. Already the work was heavy on the little force at Pawnee. How could they open a new field? So the hours of the night wore away as they considered the ways and means by which it could be done. Finally it was agreed that they would begin regular weekly services on the Otoe Reservation, meeting in the

homes of the people, as they were opened for the Christian services, Miss Jayne and her faithful women being responsible for two weeks of each month and Mr. Bock going over for the other two weeks. Mrs. Bock had grown very weary, and had gone to bed. But no one else had left that all-night conference when the missionaries agreed to begin work upon the Otoe Reservation. Such a scene is worthy enshrining in the glorious records of Christian history,—a band of seeking Indians, two devoted missionaries and the dawn coming up on a new day for a nation that knew not God.

From the first the work prospered. There was never lack for a meeting place. The homes of the friendly Otoes were thrown open to the missionaries. Miss Jayne and her Pawnee women were welcomed with eagerness, and an open door to the hearts of the people was given Mr. Bock. The first convert was William Fawfaw who confessed his faith in Christ one afternoon in a meeting Miss Jayne was conducting. Later at a fifth Sunday meeting, held in a tent pitched in front of Fawfaw's home, the little Otoe church was organized, Richard Shunatona and Daily bringing their letters with those of their wives from the Pawnee Church, the Blackhawks coming from Ponca City. With these pioneers in the Jesus Way, there now were twenty-six others who had been baptized into the Pawnee church as the result of faithful work of the missionaries. It was a brave beginning.

A meeting was conducted in the weeks that followed, and the little church was set in a place of honor among the people. For five years Mary P. Jayne went on fostering the Otoe work. The women came to love her, she lived in

their homes, was their confidant and counselor, their friend and guide into the peace and joy of the Jesus Way. In their great love for her they gave her an Otoe name. Indian names are always descriptive of the qualities of character possessed by the person to whom they are given, whether good or bad. Mary P. Jayne they called Wah-kon-dah-me, which being interpreted means "One who brings news from Heaven." So was her high office as a missionary honored and her mission proclaimed among that people. How the Otoes love her! She ministered to them when sick, comforted them when in sorrow and upheld them in temptation. By her great love for them, she won their hearts and thus held to her by a gentle bond, she led them to her Saviour. So did this messenger of the Good News fulfil her mission.

In all her work with the young people one problem seemed unsolvable. The most valuable years for training in church life were lost when they went away to the non-reservation schools for high school and vocational education. Miss Jayne saw the vital necessity of these fine, capable young people going on with their education, especially the vocational phases of it, but she and the other missionaries had to face the fact that this meant sending away their best and brightest for a period of two to four years of lack of Baptist training. There is a Christian accent in the Government schools, yet it cannot be linked with any definite church life. The missionaries were quite well acquainted with the fact that they could give these young people in the non-reservation schools definite church training, if only they had the men and women through whom to do it, for in every government school every denomination is permitted

two hours each week of its distinct religious work with the boys and girls of that denomination.

The Pawnee boys and girls went, sometimes fifty in one year, to Chilocco. How she longed to keep in touch with her boys and girls during these most crucial years in their life. How she longed to claim their fine qualities of leadership for the Christ in whom most of them believed.

Others had been thinking along this line also. In 1914 Mr. Hamilton, her fellow missionary on the Arapahoe and Cheyenne field, had been appointed by the Home Mission Board as missionary to the Indian boys and girls in the schools and hospitals of Oklahoma. It was a most wise step forward, for he became the link between the church at the home and the new school life.

Mr. Hamilton soon saw that at Chilocco there was need for more intensive work than he could carry on by visiting once a month as he did. Here were hundreds of boys and girls from Baptist homes, many of them already members of their churches back home. He organized a church of these Baptist students, but they needed the constant help and teaching of someone to direct their activities and make the church effective on the campus as a soul-winning agency. In the summer of 1921 Mr. Hamilton laid the opportunity before Miss Jayne, asking if she could undertake the extra task it would mean to add the work at Chilocco to her already busy life at Pawnee. Chilocco is eighty miles from Pawnee. His plan was for her to spend the week-end at Chilocco from Saturday to Tuesday, and in that time to direct all the activities that should be carried on in a church of eager young people.

Though it meant adding another large and important field to all she was doing at Pawnee, yet it was a call she could not resist. It was pioneering again, and the appeal was irresistible. So she began work at Chilocco.

It meant a crowded, busy week-end, after a crowded, busy week at Pawnee. At Chilocco on Sunday there were church services and Sunday school. That night she had the regular meeting of the Chilocco Chapter of Royal Ambassadors. On Monday night came the B.Y.P.U and church business meeting. Through her vital contact with every phase of the life of this student church, she had unparalleled opportunities to train leadership. She had special classes for deacons, for the deacons must come from these fine stalwart Indian Baptist boys. She had conference meetings for treasurers, for other officers of the organizations, and always crowded into every hour of the day were personal interviews with boys and girls who were seeking to know Christ. It was joyful service she gave at Chilocco.

And joy came back to her in the love and devotion of these Indian boys and girls. She led them to Christ, trained them in Christian service, saw them grow and develop into just the Christian leaders the little churches back home on the reservation sorely needed. Many times did she bid good-bye to an Indian boy or girl who would be the only Christian witness in the tribe to which he or she was returning. Such was the case when three Iowa young people returned to their homes one year. They had been converted there at Chilocco, baptized by Mr. Hamilton in the beautiful Chilocco Lake, and Miss Jayne bade them good-bye with a prayer in her heart that through their faithful witness the gospel might be preached on a Reservation where as

yet no evangelical missionary had ever gone. Nor was she disappointed, for today a staunch little Baptist church out on the wind-swept Iowa prairie bears testimony to the fact that those three young people from the Chilocco student church did witness to the power of Christ in their lives, until their fathers and mothers forsook the old Indian ways and walked with them in the Jesus Way.

Especially dear to her was the work with the Royal Ambassadors. Here, in the smaller group she did her finest work, and the Indian boys who were in this Chapter under Miss Jayne went out from her influence strong, earnest Christians. Some can be named now who have proven her faith in them by their faithfulness to the training she gave them. One of these boys was Richard Wolf, Cherokee boy, whose unfaltering witness to the power of Christ in life made glorious his heroic death in 1927.

This experience with youth made her listen when a call came from Bacone College, the only Baptist college for Indians in the world, maintained by the Home Mission Society of the Northern Baptist Convention. They needed her to take charge of the older boys in Jenetta Barnett Hall on the Bacone College campus. Many of the boys there in that year, 1925, were her boys from Chilocco, some of them her Royal Ambassadors. The burden of the double work was becoming very heavy, and so she gave up her task at Pawnee and went to Bacone where she could spend all her time with the boys and girls.

What a blessing she has been at Bacone. In and out of her room in the heart of the house where the older boys of the school live, they go, loving her, listening to her, bringing to her their troubles, their joys and their problems.

She is Mother and Counselor, Friend and Comrade to these splendid, stalwart Indian college boys. And how they love her! There in the hall at the beginning of the year 1927 she had three of the Ambassadors-in-Chief of her Chilocco Chapter, following her to Bacone, still "her boys." Grown men, some of them are, but they know that she has spent her life for them and their people and they turn to her with confidence that is childlike in its simplicity and trust. From that hall they go, some to higher colleges for further training, others back to their homes to win their way to a worthier place for their race in the life of this nation which is peculiarly theirs.

That little room in the heart of the hall is not only a place of counsel, it is also a study. For the habits of the girl school teacher have persisted through all the years of activity as a missionary and today the library of Mary P. Jayne is one of the most valuable in existence on Indian history and tradition. By those who know, she is accounted one of the best informed persons on Indian life and history living today. Certainly an hour spent in looking through her shelves of books convinces one that it is a field of undreamed of possibilities, for she has gathered from every quarter a library of such extensive interest that one may well believe her assertion that the study of the Indian is worth a lifetime devotion.

But that is not all that this little room in the heart of the house holds. In it she has seen dreams come true. To Mary P. Jayne there has come the unusual reward of seeing the result of her own work. Here in this little room she has been privileged to gather sheaves from the harvest of her own sowing. Sitting there one day in the early fall of

1927 she told me of them—the boys and girls she had seen come to Bacone, a Christian school, who were the sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters of those first Christians whom she saw accept Christ in the pioneer days, thirty years before.

In and out of the little room for four years went Webster Lone Wolf, grandson of Lone Wolf, the great Kiowa Christian whom Mary P. Jayne saw ordained as deacon on that first trip to the Indian churches in 1896. Here also came and went Bert Peters, son of her beloved friend, Mrs. Mary Peters, grandson of the great Pawnee chief, White Eagle—Bert with his rich, mellow, tenor voice, who worked his way through Bacone by waiting on the tables in the dining room and whose dream of going on through college was to come true and even beyond that. For today Bert is in Southwestern Seminary preparing for Christian service. Often has this Indian lad said, "Miss Jayne knows more about me than I do about myself." And it was true not only of Bert but of them all, for her keen insight into Indian nature was loving yet unbiased.

Then there is Ben Porter, grand-nephew of Pleasant Porter, the great Creek statesman who directed the destiny of the Creek nation for a generation and set the stamp of his own high character upon all their future. Ben wants to be a doctor, even though he knows the way is long and hard to that high goal.

Henry Ahtone, Kiowa lad, reminds her of campfire meetings in the old days when his father, Sam Ahtone, was her interpreter as she spoke of the Jesus Way to the Kiowa people. Florence Aitsan, daughter of Lucius Aitsan, the first Christian preacher among the Kiowas, whom Mary P.

Jayne saw ordained to the work of the Christian ministry. There, too, is Marion Paddyecher, daughter of the old Comanche who from the first step the night of her first service among the Comanches walked in the Jesus Way, leading his people to glorious witness for Christ.

There also is Ioleta Hunt, daughter of Julia Given Hunt, who was the first Indian employed as a Christian missionary among the Western Indian tribes. Not the least of the joys of the harvest is the knowledge that the daughter hopes to follow in the mother's steps when her days of training are finished.

One girl brings up a never-to-be-forgotten scene. On that first day in the School Camp when the young missionary was trying to find herself in the task of attracting the attention of the women and children, a little girl crept close to the strange white woman and gave rapt attention to the story told haltingly through the interpreter, but illustrated most satisfactorily by the picture cards, one of which was given her. As the years passed this little girl grew up, an earnest Christian. Today her daughter, Margaret Walker, is within reach of Mary P. Jayne's tender touch, in a Christian college. Yes, dreams come true!

Memories of that long-ago day when the call from Black Bear, the old Indian across the Canadian River, was answered by the establishment of the Kalumet mission are vividly recalled as Frances Charcoal, grandson of Black Bear, comes and goes in and out of her room. Then there is Ben Red Buffalo, son of one of the little girls converted in the Arapahoe school; Stephen and Phillip Gover, sons of one of the first Pawnee Christians, both converted while she was at Chilocco—and so the list might go on, for the har-

vest still is being reaped. Today the President of the Student Government Council of Jenetta Barnett Hall is Franklin Keele, once Ambassador-in-Cheif of the Chapter at Chilocco. It is an endless story, for all through the years will it still be told, so long as there is one of these Indian boys and girls to witness to the power of the Christ whom Mary P. Jayne serves. Nor is the story finished. As she sat there that day telling me the story of the years, we both grew quiet, as the story ended. Then she said:

"Somehow I do not feel that I shall end my work here. I want to go back to Watonga where I can finish up what I began in those pioneer days. I want to help the grandchildren of my old Christian Indians to really do the work."

So the pioneer spirit still speaks through Mary P. Jayne. Daughter of pioneers, and pioneer still, is she. Whether she goes back or not does not matter, for from her little room in the heart of the hall at Bacone she can hear the echo of the song from out the heart-life of an Indian Christian woman which should be reward enough for one life. Because Mary P. Jayne went to tell them of the Jesus Way, they sing today:

> "We have found him, the great Father,
> We have found him, the good shepherd,
> In the Jesus road we're walking,
> Jesus' talk our souls are learning,
> Jesus died for Indians, sing it."

And the echo is heard in heaven, where the angels rejoice over the turning of the Indian race to the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE GRACE OF THE LORD UPON THE OSAGES

Evening in the Western Carolina mountains! Behind the high ramparts of the encompassing hills the light still lingered in the long winter twilight, while around the Clifford home the evening tasks were being finished.

It was a home where every child had a share in the life of the home, every child had a task. The evening rest was well earned and richly enjoyed. Around the fireplace the family gathered as the evening work was finished, events of the day were talked over, plans were made for the morrow amid all the gay laughter and chatter of a family of children growing up together in happy companionship. The fireplace was the heart of the home. The most precious hour of the day was that quiet time, when bedtime came, and the father took from the mantel the wellworn Bible and sitting in the center of the circle of mother, children and neighbors, if any had come in, read the word written on its pages, in a sonorous voice that made the hour unforgetable to the men and women those children became in after years. Then all kneeled in prayer, led either by father or mother. There was another hour that was loved by the children and precious in memory. This was on Sunday afternoon when the mother gathered them around her in front of the fireplace on winter days, or out under a beautiful tree in the summer and read or told Bible stories.

The removal of the family to the far western country of the Indian Territory did not change this devout atmosphere, despite the struggle to establish the home in a new land. The deeply religious nature of father and mother held the home steady even amid the rough current of life on the frontier, and the training of the children was done as

earnestly and faithfully as it had been back in the Carolina mountains.

So it is not at all surprising that the little girl, Grace, should become a Christian early in life. She grew into a deeply conscientious Christian, an earnest soul winner, and had the joy of bringing several of her schoolmates to Christ when she was seventeen. This experience deepened the feeling that grew in her heart that she must give herself in definite service to her Lord.

About that time there was a special program given in her church by a group of children from the Orphans' Home. On the program was a lovely Cherokee Indian girl, Rachel Johnson. In the brief stay the young people from the Home made in the church and community, Grace Clifford became the fast friend of the Cherokee girl, and through this friendship she developed a keen interest in the Indian people.

In order to still the voice in her heart calling her to definitely consecrate her life, she threw herself into the work in the little home church. She taught a Sunday school class, finding it a great joy, and securing thereby a training that was unconsciously fitting her for a greater task. The years had brought changes to the home, and while still a girl she began to help in the finances of the home by sewing for the neighbors. Finally she gave all her time to dressmaking, an art in which she became adept, having always all the work she could do, and often with it piled up, awaiting her swift needle.

All this while the call in her heart was becoming more insistent. It kept her awake at night, wondering what was her duty. She saw no way in which she, a young dress-

maker, could serve, and so through many weeks she argued with the Spirit of God, feeling that surely, surely she was mistaken in the impression, for how could she find a place in his work—only a dressmaker!

So troubled was she that she did not get her work done as fast as usual with the result that it piled up on her tables, and more work was awaiting her, as soon as she could get to it. One day sitting at her sewing, suddenly she was overwhelmed by the feeling that she was fighting God, was a rebellious child, and her eyes filled with tears, so that she could no longer see the needle, or the work in her hands. Down she knelt by the side of her sewing table and in all humility asked God to take her work from her if he really needed her in his vineyard. She arose from her knees with a sense of victory. She had surrendered. It was now for the days to tell whether he was calling her or not. Her fingers flew with a joyful alacrity as she finished the work on her tables. Strange indeed did she feel when she realized no new work came in. No work ever came again for her needle. She was given her sign, and gladly, humbly, she yielded to the call. But even yet there was no indication of where she could be useful.

It was Springtime—garden planting time. One day she was planting some very small seeds in the finely prepared earth. As she dropped the tiny, hard, round seeds the thought came to her,

"How wonderful that so tiny a thing can spring to life and give food to the hungry."

Instantly she heard a voice in her heart,

"Child, go work for me, and the seed you sow will feed hungry souls." Then into her mind there rushed many

precious promises to the faithful sower. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." "He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seeds, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him"—all doubts and fears were swept away, leaving her rejoicing that she could be a seed sower of the Word of God. There in the little garden she thanked God for the privilege and honor, saying in her heart of hearts,

"Lord, I will go where you want me to go."

To her mother she turned with her problem. Well did she know what that devout mother would say, but she was not prepared for the revelation of her own mother's desire when she said,

"Daughter, I have prayed for a long time that one of my children would make this decision, and for some time I have felt that you were the one, but I began to think I was not going to see it come to pass."

If there had been any lingering doubts, the knowledge that her mother had been praying and expecting her to volunteer would have swept them all away. Plans were made for her to enter the Baptist College at Blackwell, Oklahoma, at once, where she devoted herself especially to the courses in Bible, not hoping to be able to finish the entire college course.

Nearly a year passed. The unknown path was a pleasant and happy one, but there was no indication as yet what she was to do when her year at school was over. Then from a most unexpected quarter came the answer to her questioning heart.

In November the State Convention met and there was much discussion of the new Indian fields that had been

opened by the Home Mission Board among the Pawnees and Osages. The missionaries on both fields were pleading for a woman worker, and the Home Mission Board was looking for suitable workers to answer the calls. Someone knew of the earnest young woman in school at Blackwell, and her name was presented to the Home Mission Board as just the worker needed among the Osages. From her home church came the story of her faithfulness and effectiveness as a soul winner. From those who had known her from girlhood came the evidence of her piety and devotion. It was a joy to the Board to acquire such a worker, and before Christmas of that year she had been appointed the missionary of the Home Mission Board to the Osage Nation, stationed at Pawhuska, the center of the life of the Osage tribe. By December 28 she was on the field, and the opening days of the year 1908 saw her settled in the field to which the unknown path had led.

It was not an easy field in which to work. The Osages at the time were a poor people. They had been placed on this Reservation against their wills, and were rebellious and resentful of the white man and all his civilization. They were still living in their primitive fashion, refusing to accept the ministrations of doctors in sickness, or to cooperate with the efforts of the government to educate their children. Many of them lived in one-room huts with dirt floors, tightly closed windows, and often hidden from the vigilant eye of the government doctor there would be one or two cases of tuberculosis shut up with the large family in such a home. There was little furniture in the homes, for the transition from the old tepee life to the white man's house had not yet been perfectly made. Often the house

was but the shell of the white civilization within which the Indian family lived in their old Indian fashion, without any of the comforts and necessities of the reality.

The evils of the white man's civilization were much more easily acquired than the better phases of education, home life, and moral laws of society. His own Indian laws and customs were swept away and, left without the moorings of his own tribal life, the Indian was helpless before the current of vice and lawlessness that too often was his first contact with white civilization. The missionaries found the Osages the pitiful victims of wicked white men, for the Indian in his primitive state had no resistance to the introduction of whiskey, and the long train of vice ever attendant upon drunkenness. The opposition of wise and good chiefs availed little against the onslaught that was made upon the tribe by the mercenary white man, who for the sake of enriching himself debauched a helpless nation with his vicious practices. The Indian has perhaps always had some form of gambling as a part of his recreation. But under the tutelage of the white man, this trait was degraded into something very different from the games of the old Indian life. The tribes were forced into constant contact with the white man without first being prepared against these evils by a development of tribal life strong enough to exert some control over the situation. They were fast becoming a nation of gamblers, drunkards, and degraded, helpless victims of the white man's lust.

The Osages had been shrewd business men in their trading of lands with the United States Government, their last deal having netted them a considerable sum which the government held in trust for them and gave to each head of a

family in annual allotments of about $1,750.00 for the average family of five. The Indians were unprepared to use this money to their own advantage and became easy marks for the unscrupulous white men. The native virtues of the Indian were not sufficient equipment to make him able to stand against the bewildering ways of the new life he was forced into, and the life of the whole tribe was being undermined by the lack of any moral balance as a stabilizer. The older Indians did not know English, few of the younger ones spoke it well, even though the tribe of a little more than two thousand Osages lived amid a population of more than twenty-five thousand white people. Their language was never reduced to writing, and the mineral rights of their Reservation were held in common for all the tribe. The fact later became very significant when oil was discovered on the Osage Reservation, for it meant that every Osage shared alike in the fabulous wealth which then rolled in to the Osage Nation.

The first effort at Baptist missionary work among the Osages was made through the pastor of the white church at Pawhuska, C. W. Burnett, but the work was finally established on a permanent basis by the purchase of mission property about a mile from the town of Pawhuska and the sending by the Home Mission Board of Missionary J. A. Day and wife to carry on the work, early in 1907. The chapel and missionary home had just been completed when Miss Clifford went to Pawhuska. One room had been set aside for the woman missionary. This was her home for the next six years. The first task that came to her was to help furnish the chapel, for the appropriation had not been large enough to pay for the seats and other necessities.

The Osage women and girls who had become interested in having a Baptist mission in their midst were eager to help make the money for fitting up the place of worship.

Then it was that Grace Clifford found out why the Lord called a dressmaker to his work. For her first opportunity with these women lay in starting sewing classes to which the Indian women eagerly came. Here they busied themselves with making articles which they could sell for the money to pay for the church equipment. Three worthwhile results came from the sewing classes: the chapel was equipped with the money they made from quilts, garments and various articles which were easily salable, the Indian women were taught to sew, and a ready-made audience was provided to whom the missionary might teach the Bible. One hour at least was always spent in devotional and Bible study. Soon the women's hearts were stirred by appeals for them to help the poor families and the sick with the products of their needles and so the sewing classes enlarged their scope by adding much charity work to their service for the chapel. Two years of this ministry brought great joy to the heart of the missionary, for the chapel was furnished with seats, pulpit stand, chairs and organ—all paid for, but best of all there were several conversions among the women and girls who had done all this labor of love under her guidance and leadership. Along with the patterns she had cut for them, she had set a pattern for a life of joy and happiness by which they might make their own lives, and in learning to sew fine seams in delicate cloth, they had learned how Jesus brings together cut edges of life to make a perfect whole through faith in his redeeming blood.

The dedication of the chapel took place in August of that first year Miss Clifford was among the Osages. Secretary V. I. Masters, of the Home Mission Board, went out for the dedication service, going first to the Pawnee church for that same service and then on to Pawhuska, taking the Pawnee missionaries along with him. Their train was late, and they reached the Osage mission long after the time set for the service. But the Osages were waiting patiently. They were eager to hear what the Big Chief from Atlanta would say to them, and so delay had not mattered. The dedication of these two chapels of worship marked the building of the first houses of worship by Baptists for these two great, powerful tribes of Indians—in all the three hundred years of the history of the white man in America—little enough repayment for us as a people, believing in God, to make to the people from whom we took the land on which to build a so-called Christian nation.

This was not the only phase of missionary ministry in those first days among the Osages. For there was much sickness among the people, and through the winter, especially, Miss Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Day were constantly kept busy attending to the needs of the sick. At times disease swept in epidemics through the Indian Reservation and the missionaries were exhausted by the constant calls made upon them. The Indians distrusted the government doctors, feared the medicines and refused to carry out instructions. But often they would listen to the missionaries, who had proved their love for them by living among them. So with hearts that were heavy with the burden, they tried to be everywhere, doing all that could be done to bring relief to the suffering and understanding to the fearful hearts of

this people. Many were the days and nights spent by the bedside of the sick and dying, walking through the heat and cold and rainstorms, in the noonday sun or the darkest hour of the night. They had to cope with strange Indian customs that frequently left them alone with the dying, for the Osages had many superstitious fears of the evil spirits that cause death and will not stay in the house with a dying person. Often the missionary had to call the family in for the last farewell, only then to be left entirely alone to care for the dead body, for no Indian will touch a dead body if he can help it. Many were the times that Miss Clifford sat through the night with their dead.

Quietly but persistently the missionaries taught the Christian conception of death—and life, through their patient, loving ministry in time of deep affliction and great need. It was the proof positive that Christianity could remake life, when it changed the old Indian ideas of death.

There was a third avenue of missionary activity that Miss Clifford found rich in results. If the older Osages were indifferent to the gospel, the children were not. Her first welcome into the Osage homes came because of the gifts of the bright colored picture cards which the children loved. They would gather around her to hear her tell the story of the picture on the card, and the gift of a card was highly prized as a great treasure to be taken home and shown to all the family. So she came to have friends among the children before she had an opportunity to know the fathers and mothers. The first children's meetings were held in an old cow shed. This was not because there was no better place, for in the edge of the Osage village was the lovely new chapel with its doors invitingly open. But it was be-

cause the children were taken to the gambling houses by the mothers and fathers who would not see to it that they went to the church but were perfectly willing that the kind missionary should come and take them from underfoot and take care of them somewhere nearby enough that there would be no time lost in looking for them when they were ready to go home. So an unused cow shed down in the Indian village was the first gathering place of the children's meetings. These were only the very little children, for when the boy and girl were about seven they were then old enough to be taught gambling, and became useful to their parents. Often was the missionary's heart made to ache at the sight of the sturdy little fellows bringing home their winnings at the end of a long afternoon of gambling. Such sights as these were challenges to all the devotion and faith the missionaries had. So when victory came in the conversion of one of these Indian men or women, or the winning of a boy or girl, there was joy unspeakable in their hearts. Often that was but the first step, for there had to be patient teaching, patient help in time of temptation, often the lifting up in faith and prayer of a fallen brother or sister, but from these experiences the missionaries learned the joy of ministry to Christ's little ones and there came out from these days many strong, stalwart Christians of the Osage people.

So in joy and sorrow the work went on. The first step toward reaching the leaders of the people came at Christmas time in 1908. While everyone knew that there were Baptist missionaries living near Pawhuska, yet the influential men of the tribe had accorded them no notice, not even being curious enough to come and see what was taught. So it was exceedingly noteworthy when something occurred to cause

them to call on Brother Day for his services. It happened at the Christmas Dance, held at the Hominy Band Round House. These dances are frequently accompanied by long Peyote ceremonies during which the men became doped by the use of this narcotic mescal bean around which they have woven much religious significance, somewhat Catholic in its nature.

Coming away from the Round House, one of their leading men was suddenly stricken and died. It sobered his friends. Some of them recalled the teaching of the Christian missionary about which they had heard and in the dismay at such a sudden taking away of life, it was suggested that the Christian preacher be sent for to tell them about the Jesus Way. With great joy Brother Day accepted their invitation, went to their Round House and there had the first chance to present Christ to the leaders of all the different Osage bands. They accorded him a respectful and attentive hearing. Two of the leaders followed him to church, beginning regular attendance upon the services, and two of the Hominy Band asked that he come down to their camp, several miles away, to preach. This opening resulted in bringing into the church some of the most prominent men of the tribe and some years later, the work at Hominy having prospered, a second missionary, Rev. D. Noble Crane, was sent to that point to develop the growing work.

So there came results to encourage their hearts amid all the difficulties. One of the early converts was Newatsa, an aged Indian woman who by her faithful testimony and energetic spirit was the means of making way for the missionaries into many Indian homes. She was about seventy when she found Jesus. She was a woman of unusual gifts

of leadership and when she set her feet on the Jesus Way, she became a power for Christianity in the tribe. Her home was near the council house, where all the life of the tribe centered. There under the very shadow of the old Indian ways, this faithful Indian woman set her light of testimony.

The little children of the Osage nation were especially on the heart of this old Indian woman. She saw how the Catholics were winning them by planting splendid schools right in the heart of the Reservation. It grieved her and she longed for adequate public schools to be built, and for her people to send their children to these schools. In a meeting at which there were present visitors from the denominational headquarters, Newatsa made a plea for schools for the children of her nation.

"I thank the good Christian people for coming and talking so nice and helping my heart to feel better," she began, "but I can close my eyes and see all the Osage children over on the hill in school where they do not learn to walk in the Jesus Way. My heart longs for my people's children to walk in the Jesus Way. Won't you good people pray the Kind Father to help the children to get in the Jesus Road?"

Newatsa's prayer was answered by the building of a splendid public school at Pawhuska, and later others at other centers of Indian population to which the Osage children were sent in large numbers. The missionaries had a great share in changing that attitude of the Osage people toward these educational institutions. Consequently they taught the value of the public school in preparing the Indian youth for life in the midst of the white man's civilization. It was the hope of the race. So as the days passed the work grew. It was seed sowing time, but they believed the promise given

to the faithful sower of the precious seed of the Word, and went on.

About the time the mission was well started, oil was discovered on the Osage Reservation. This changed all the conditions of life among the people and made the work of the missionaries much more difficult. Wealth poured into the nation, every Indian sharing in its abundance. Osage families that had been in hovels now built mansions, in which the same old Indian life, however, was maintained. If in their poverty they had been bitter, now in their wealth they found themselves more the victims of the white man's greed than ever. Ill-prepared to care for wealth, they spent it childishly, or were robbed of it by the parasites that came to prey upon them. High-powered cars were within reach of all, luxuries were theirs for the having. All this made missionary work much more difficult. For money which had not come by the way of development of earning capacity brought unhappiness and unrest with it. All this change increased the responsibility and difficulties of missionary work. But the ground was broken, and way had been made to the hearts of the leaders of the tribe. So with hopeful hearts the missionaries sought to adapt themselves to the new conditions and go on with more zeal than ever before.

After the first break in the indifference of the leaders of the tribe came another significant event. There is a custom among the Indian tribes of making ceremonial tribal visits. The leading men of one tribe will go on a formal visit to another tribe. They are royally entertained with all the facilities at the command of the honored tribe and when the guests leave they take away with them many valuable gifts, often representing the greater part of the wealth of the tribe.

The Osages were addicted to this custom to an extreme degree, and the occasions were made the excuse for all the heathen customs of dance and carousal.

It occurred to Missionary Day that there might be a Christian use made of this custom greatly to the advantage of the work. So he suggested to Missionary King of the older and more flourishing work among the Arapahoes, that he bring some Christian Arapahoes down to the Osage Mission on a visit. It was an inspired suggestion and succeeded far beyond hopes of the missionaries.

The Osages were entertaining some visiting Cheyennes at that time, and the Osage Chief, hearing that prominent Arapahoes were visiting in the tribe, immediately extended an invitation to the Arapahoes to attend the Dance and Feast and the Giving of Presents. The Christian Arapahoes sent back the dignified and gracious reply, through their spokesman, Chief Hail, deacon in the Arapahoe Baptist Church:

"We have not come to attend your feast and dance, neither have we come for your presents. We have heard of you for a long time, but this is the first time we have visited you. You have a great name among the different tribes of Indians. They all speak of you as being a big, rich people, but if you will accept Jesus and follow him you will be much better and much larger people. We have come to tell you about this Jesus and ask you to accept him. Jesus makes everyone happy who accepts him and follows him. We think that you being a people talked of so much and looked up to by so many ought to follow Jesus and set a good example to all the people. Jesus will make you richer than all your land, all your oil and all your money. I hope

that many of the Osages will give themselves to Jesus before we go home, so that we can go back and tell our people that the Osages are coming to Jesus too."

The address of the Arapahoe chief had great effect upon the listening Osages. Here was an outstanding man in his tribe openly espousing the cause of Christianity, pleading with them to walk with him and his tribe in the Jesus Way. Their attitude had been that it was the white man's religion and not for them. They had the Indian religion, the white man had his and it was best for each to keep his own. Now here was an Indian chief saying that the Jesus Way was the Way for the Indian, it was a religion for all men, and the Indian found it brought happiness to his heart. It was enough to make the Osages listen.

When it was announced that there would be services each night that week at the Chapel, and that the Arapahoes would take part in these services, the Osages began to come. All through the Osage Camp there was talk of these Arapahoe Christians and their testimony to the Jesus Way. The services were greatly blessed, and several came out openly in confession of Christ. Some of these had been in contact with Catholicism in childhood and there had to be patient teaching, especially about the meaning of baptism. One dear old Indian woman was converted most happily, but when asked if she wished to join the Baptist Church she said yes, eagerly, but assured the missionary she had been baptized already and had been told it would be very wrong to be baptized again. The missionary wisely refrained from arguing with her, but won her promise that she would come to the baptismal service at the river. There were nine candidates who had been accepted by the church, after they

had given satisfactory evidence not only of conversion but of knowledge of the Bible doctrines, also. The service was beautiful, many Indians attending, perhaps out of curiosity, but listening intently to the reading of the story of Jesus' baptism and of Paul's picture of the ordinance and its purpose. Brother Day explained the meaning of it so simply that even the children could understand. As he walked out of the water with the last person he had baptized he noticed the Indian woman standing at the water's edge weeping softly. Miss Clifford led the audience in singing one verse of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" at the close of which Brother Day dismissed the congregation, but his benediction was interrupted as the dear old woman came down into the water to him.

"I want to be baptized, too. I never knew before this was the way Jesus said. I want to follow Jesus in the water, too."

How the Christian Indians rejoiced over this victory, and with songs of joy and prayers of thanksgiving they lingered by the river's edge, praising God and telling of the joy in their hearts over knowing Jesus and following him in absolute obedience.

So the visit of the Arapahoe Indians brought the first harvest of the seed so faithfully sown. But there were many days when the work seemed to go so slowly that the missionary felt all her work was in vain. Then, often, came the richest experiences of God's way of working out his purposes in her life. Of one of these, Miss Clifford tells so simply and beautifully that only her own words can give truly that result upon her own heart:

"One morning in February I stood at my window looking out over the village, homesick and discouraged, feeling that after all, perhaps I had made a mistake, for the task seemed insurmountable. I was burdened for the lost and wanted to be where I could see results quickly. I turned to God's Word for comfort. I found the comfort, but also found rebuke for my discouragement, so in penitence I prayed for guidance and asked the Lord to give some token of his divine approval upon my efforts that day, that I might know without a doubt if he wanted me to labor with the Osages. Perhaps I tempted God, but he understood my heart.

"I arose and started, not knowing where I would go for I had no plans of my own. I walked several blocks without direction from the Holy Spirit as to where I should go. I had determined to walk on through the village into the country without stopping at any home, unless feeling led there. I was passing within a half block of our Interpreter's home. His wife was not a Christian, and had on several occasions resented our efforts to speak to her about her soul's salvation. But this day was different. She was watching and hoping I would pass that way. She beckoned me to come and waited for me on her porch.

"She said, 'I am so glad you have come, for I want you to read some of God's Word to me, and pray for me, for I know I am lost.'

"Two hours later when I left that home, that educated, refined young Osage woman rejoiced in the Saviour's love and the knowledge of her sins forgiven. She had just one year to live for Jesus, but how full was that year both for the frail little woman and for the missionary. We spent much

time together in reading God's Word. How we loved and comforted each other, for from the hour of Nellie's conversion, this unworthy missionary knew she had found her God-given task."

Never again did Grace Clifford doubt that God had sent her to the Osages. From this time she went calmly on, regardless of the difficulties and discouragements, with a confidence nothing could shake, knowing she was where God meant her to be. If the task was to be seed sowing, with little of the joy of harvest to be hers, that was all right. She buried her life with the Osage people, that she might give them Christ.

Her love for the Interpreter's wife led her to risk her life in caring for the little Indian woman whose life was slipping away under the scourge of the Indian race, tuberculosis. Time and again the doctor warned Miss Clifford that she was in too constant contact with the disease in its most dreadful form. But Nellie had brought untold joy to her heart, and it was little she could do for this dear friend. Just sing the song she loved, "'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus," just be there at the bedside to smile when Nellie awoke, and at the last to hold her in her arms and hear the last whisper, "Yes, I am trusting Jesus." In spite of the doctor's fears, Grace Clifford went untouched by the disease. Just as through the years she went through epidemic after epidemic of smallpox, scarlet fever, typhoid and many other contagious diseases, tending the sick, bearing faithful witness to dying men and women of the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost, and never once was she touched by any of these scourges. Truly she had many a sign that she

was God's own servant, doing his will, and that he cares for his own.

Fourteen years went by. Several missionaries had come and gone in charge of the work. As Southern Baptists learned of her and her patient toil among the Indian people, there came more contact with these who were interested and were praying for her. One incident is of special interest, because of the lesson it brings of how often, unknowingly, the far-away touch brings unexpected joy.

It was in the early days when the salaries of the missionaries were paid quarterly. Never very large, the salary had to be stretched over a multitude of needs, and of course the missionary must lead in all the giving, if she would teach the grace of giving to her people. So when the time came for the offering to missions that year Miss Clifford settled upon the amount she wanted to give, long before the day of the offering. Then in the intervening days there came expenses that could not be avoided. When the day of the offering arrived, the gift she wished to make would leave only one dollar and a few cents in the bank, and the next quarter's salary yet many weeks off. It took much faith to write the check for missions. It was springtime, new clothes must be made, and if the gift was made she would be actually needing the few garments she planned to make.

But the check was made and the gift went on its blessed way to the mission boards. She would trust as she had done before.

Little did she expect what happened. For in a few days there came a box from a place in South Carolina of which she had never heard. On opening it she found a lovely

wardrobe of everything the heart could wish for in clothes enough for the entire summer, from a Y.W.A. in South Carolina that had for sometime been praying for her as their especial Home Missionary and now wanted to show their love by doing something for her. How much they did, they little knew. The gift meant much more to her than just the lovely clothes for her use. It meant another evidence that God was caring for her, tangible proof of his word, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto you."

She learned to do quickly and well the work that fell to her hand to do, for often she had only one chance to win a soul, so swiftly did the dread white plague sweep away the Indians stricken by it. One day she talked with a girl visiting in the Osage village from another town. The girl was deeply impressed. On the next day, returning from a walk of several miles into the country so tired that she longed only for the peace and quiet of her little room, the missionary was a bit dismayed to see this young girl waiting by the gate of the home where she was staying.

"I was afraid you were not coming this way," she said to the missionary. "I want to know more about Jesus."

Forgetting her weariness, the missionary sat down and told again the sweet old story of Jesus and his love. The girl was insistent upon knowing some definite points well.

"I want to know if I will see Jesus," she asked. So over and over, as to a little child, Miss Clifford told the plan of salvation and the hope of the Christian. She was interrupted by a radiant look and glad cry from the Indian girl:

"I love Jesus now!"

The missionary was deeply touched by her farewell as she left, for she expressed it in terms of her new-found faith, "I shall see you in heaven, won't I?"

A few months passed, and Miss Clifford was called to the town where Edith lived. She was eager to see the girl, to know how she had fared, how she had witnessed to her faith. So she went from the station direct to Edith's home. The little sister, Sarah, was sitting on the porch. Miss Clifford inquired where she might find Edith.

"There," said Sarah, pointing to the cemetery not far away. Then, seeing the sorrow that clouded the missionary's face, sne added: "Edith has been there three days, but you must not worry. She told us all to meet her in heaven. She said for me to tell you she would be sure to see you there."

So the work must often be done quickly, if she would win these people of her adoption to Christ, for so often only a little delay meant too late!

One day a blind woman came to the missionary home. Her first words startled the missionary.

"I want you to tell me if you worship a dead Christ?"

The missionary assured her she did not. Then tactfully she learned the story that lay behind the question. Someone had heard the story of Jesus and had told the blind woman all he knew, that Jesus died for the Indians. The woman had come to the missionary for further information. How happily Miss Clifford told the story of the Resurrection and with what joy did she hear the blind woman say, her face alight with inner radiance:

"I can trust a living Saviour like that!"

So the work went on, in sunshine and shadow, in sickness and health, through the days of patient seed-sowing. About the time Miss Clifford had passed the twelfth anniversary of her going to the Osages her health began to break and she greatly feared that she would have to give up her work. By that time, she had several centers of work, widely scattered over the reservation. It was a task for her to get about quickly and keep up with such a large territory. She walked much, and soon her Osage friends realized that she could not go on much longer. So on Thanksgiving Day they gave her a Ford roadster to be feet for her, that she might be saved the fatigue of the strenuous work she was carrying on. It was a blessing to her and to her work. She reached more Osage families, and her strength was conserved. But even the little car which for five years was a very real partner in the work, could not save a trip to a hospital. One day just before she left for Rochester, Minn., for the operation which had become inevitable, she passed through one part of the Osage Reservation which had not yet been reached by the work of the missionaries, centering about the little new town of Fairfax. Her heart became burdened for the Osages of that section and while convalescing she made up her mind that if it were at all possible she would try to do something for them.

This impression prepared her for the opportunity that was offered her, when she was well again, to open work at Fairfax. The little town was growing fast, the land around it having been just opened to white settlers. The Osages needed the missionary and so with the missionary's home as the center, the work was begun. Again by means of sewing classes, with the Bible lessons as a feature, she won

a group of Osage women and girls. They began to dream and plan for a time when they could have a church at Fairfax. There were conversions, and an Osage church was organized. This was the center of all the activity. A church was organized in the town for the white Baptists, and a pastor called. In the Osage church the building fund for the church was started by the birthday offering of a little seven-year-old Indian girl—seven cents which was presently to grow into enough to buy a beautiful building lot.

About the time the Osage church was ready to build, changes in the field came, and Miss Clifford was transferred to Pawnee for a little more than two years, leaving Pastor R. D. Shelton to carry on the work for both churches alone. It was a superhuman task, for the Osage work had ever demanded the most unremitting attention. It is the hardest mission field in America in regard to variety and multiplicity of missionary problems within and without the life of the people. So it seemed best to merge the plans of the two churches for a building into one adequate, well-equipped house of worship in which both the Indian and white churches would carry forward the work. It was an experiment, which could be proven wise or unwise only by trial.

Over at Pawnee, Miss Clifford found great joy in work with that splendid church with its many active organizations. She brought the graded W.M.U. up to the Standard. The B.Y.P.U. won the Efficiency Banner from the State B.Y.P.U. Convention in 1924. As the Pawnee Indian boys and girls expressed it, "They went to Okmulgee (where the convention was held) and brought home the scalps of

the white folks." A new way to bring home scalps, but it is a new day for Indian youth! Brother T. D. New was the consecrated, devoted Pawnee missionary during these years. Working faithfully with him Grace Clifford saw many young people won to Christ.

Then came illness again and a few months' rest, when the way opened for her return to her beloved Osages, for whom her heart had never ceased to yearn. Back to Fairfax she went to pick up the dropped threads of the work there where she had spent already many years of patient seed sowing.

The work among the Osages is yet a task for the seed sower. There are outstanding Christians among them, but the tribe has not yet been moved by the gospel. Their money has been the curse of the tribe. It has brought them much evil and little good. It has made them the helpless victims of the white man's greed, even to the point of endangering their lives. One night, just a block away from Miss Clifford's missionary home there was a terrific explosion. An Indian family had been wiped out. Through years the trial of the wealthy white man accused of this crime dragged through the courts at Pawhuska. While she spent herself unremittingly to win the Osages to life eternal, some of her own race were going to the extreme of murder to gain for themselves the Osage money. So the forces of good and evil have fought through the years for the soul of this people, a noble people, and a people well worth winning, but a people much sinned against.

That the Osages are worth the winning can be proven by pointing out a few of the staunch, loyal Christians we now have. With thanksgiving to the Lord, Grace Clifford can

look today to the Pawhuska church where she spent so many years and see men and women who exemplify the finest qualities of Christian character. Many of the members of this church are tithers. Under the leadership of Missionary C. W. Burnett, they have added a Sunday school building to the original chapel, improved and decorated the church auditorium and improved the missionary's home. They give to all the causes fostered by Southern Baptists, and give intelligently and prayerfully. There is a beginning being made in this same development of Christian life among the Osages at Fairfax, though there the task is still the one of winning a hearing for the gospel.

The Osage church at Pawhuska has been interested from the first in the mission to the Poncas, which was begun by Brother M. B. Hurt, of the Otoes, in 1926. They gave the money for the chapel and today are helping in the support of this thriving mission, a monument to the sacrfice and devotion of M. B. Hurt, who shortened his life in heroic effort to establish the mission. Other fields among the Indians have been helped by the Osages. They have given liberally to schools and colleges. They send a good many of their children away to school. Grace Clifford has seen great changes take place among this, her people. Where once they feared the white doctor, now they use the hospitals freely, and gladly avail themselves of nursing service. They have beautiful homes and fine cars. They are beginning to learn appreciation of the better things of life and would reach this development faster if given a real chance.

Such a man as Waken Iron represents the possibilities with this splendid people. Won to Christ, he caught a vision

of the full rich life a Christian may live. He is a tither, faithful deacon, superintendent of the Pawhuska Sunday school and sees with clear vision the problems Christianity must solve to reach the hearts of his people.

"The Osage must lose his money before he will find God," says this splendid Baptist Osage layman. He is a man of great wealth but lives in almost Spartan simplicity.

On the wall behind the pulpit of the Osage church at Pawhuska is a large missionary map of the world. Across the top of it runs the words of the Great Commission, in letters large enough to be seen from the farthest back seat. It has unconsciously shaped the thinking of the Osage Baptist men and women, boys and girls. Rarely is there a testimony meeting that this missionary map is not woven into the words of all who witness to the power of Christ. For the great lesson the Osage Christians have learned is that Jesus is the Saviour of the world, not of the white only but of the Indians also, and of every other race and nation in all the world. They are developing a world consciousness in relation to the gospel of Christ, these choice Osage brethren of ours.

For the seed of the gospel has been sown faithfully and so surely as the promises of God are true, so surely will the harvest come. Maggie Morrell is a charter member of the Fairfax Osage church. She was won to Christ by Grace Clifford. Maggie Morrell is a true handmaiden of the Lord, giving her wealth, her time, her very self unreservedly to the winning of her friends to Jesus. She is the devoted friend and loyal partner of Grace Clifford in all her work.

At a fifth Sunday meeting held several years ago at the

Osage church at Fairfax, Orlando Johnson, a splendid Sac and Fox evangelist preached an evangelistic sermon and gave a most appealing invitation for the listening Osages to accept Christ. Quietly through the congregation went Grace Clifford, putting her arm around a woman here, speaking to a stalwart Indian man there, and at the impulse of her fitly spoken word they began to go forward in response to the appeal. The service ended in great rejoicing over souls won to Christ.

But the story does not end there. Before the handshaking was over, Maggie Morrell slipped the word around that Miss Grace Clifford's friends were meeting at her home after church, for Miss Clifford had been away from them at Pawnee for sometime and the Osages wanted to visit with her a little while. So to the home of this fine Osage Baptist woman went quite a company after service. It was intended to be a social gathering to let Grace Clifford know how much the Osages loved her. But after she got there she saw in the company several who were not Christians. Quietly with her Osage friends following her lead, she turned the gathering into another evangelistic meeting in which four of the company were led to Christ, and there was another time of rejoicing over souls won.

One Osage friend speaking of Miss Clifford, once said to the writer after telling how she had led him to Christ, "She is the Grace of the Lord upon the Osages." So she is, this seed sower, who asks not that God give her great harvests for her labor, but only that he will let her sow the seed in the hearts of the people to whom he has sent her, believing his promises are true that there will come the harvest one day, in his own good time.

THE MOUNTAINS

Population Highland regions of South—about 7,200,000.

First mention of the mountain districts as a mission field in report to Southern Baptist Convention made by Dr. Tichenor, of Home Mission Board in 1886. No action.

Home Mission Board, Dr. Tichenor, secretary, brought in a recommendation for establishment of missionary work in isolated and neglected Highland regions of the Southland in report of 1892. Approved but no action.

Dr. John E. White, principal of Mars Hill College, became State Mission Secretary of North Carolina in 1900.

Dr. White presented a resolution to the Southern Baptist Convention of 1900, recommending the establishment of missionary work in mountain regions by the Home Mission Board. Passed. The North Carolina Convention transferred its operations in mountain regions to Home Mission Board in 1901. Work begun by aid given existing schools. Hiawassee first school given appropriation.

Dr. B. D. Gray came to the Secretaryship of the Home Mission Board in September, 1903.

Department of Mountain Missions and Schools established in 1904. A. E. Brown elected superintendent.

Opened with the Baptist Mountain Schools of North Carolina State Convention as a nucleus. A. E. Brown, Superin-

Osie Allison

Mountain school teacher for twenty-six years

Martha Sullinger

The Beloved Lady
Principal of Fruitland for twenty-six years

tendent until his death in 1924. J. W. O'Hara Superintendent, 1924—.

Present Work, 1928:

Southern Alleghany Region, schools	19
Ozark Highland Region, schools	3
Teachers	~~191~~ 169
Total student body	4,576
Ministerial students	166
Conversions	203
Graduates	480

Record of the 28 Years:

Total enrollment in schools	125,000
Graduates, about	10,000
Ministerial students, about	3,000
Recorded conversions	6,756
Cost per pupil to Southern Baptists, per year	$10.00
Value of property, 1928	$1,952,264.00

(Bring this information up-to-date from current Home Mission Report.)

THE WOMAN WHO SAW A VISION

It was the first day of school. Down the road to the mountain mission school trudged a valiant little figure, a little girl, carrying a book almost as large as she, a part of the laughing, playing procession, yet not of them, for there was a dignity about the trudging figure that was not shared by the others. This was her first day in school. What a momentous occasion. Never again would there be that mingling of hopes and fears, pride and joy that thrills the

child heart on the first day. There will be many other days when the same road must be traversed, the same books carried, the same play going on all up and down the road as the children drift and run to school. But never again can it be the first day!

And the little lassie was only five years old! "Entirely too young to be caged up in a school room with dusty books and a dull routine of lessons to be learned," I hear someone say. Ah! but the schoolroom was not a cage to this little five-year-old, nor was it to those boys and girls eagerly running on their way. The schoolroom was a magic place, where all the world was opened to the bright minds and ambitious hearts of these mountain boys and girls. Set there amid the encircling peaks of the Blue Ridge, with Mt. Mitchell, the highest mountain in the Eastern mountain region of the United States, just beyond those near towering heights, this Christian school, established and maintained by the Northern Presbyterians, had given to these children visions of the heights undreamed of that might be obtained by life well spent in worthwhile endeavor. In the valley of the Swannanoa, near the city of Asheville, destined one day to be the center of a world-famed playground of the rich, the modest little school fulfilled the purpose of its founders and gave opportunity for an education to children long neglected by state and church. Vaughn Memorial Academy had for several years been the pride of the community. It was accounted a high privilege to be a student there. Is it any wonder that with all this background, a little five-year-old girl's heart should beat a little faster as she went along the road that memorable "first day" to enroll as a pupil, and start on the long road to learning!

Something of the vision of that day persisted even when going to school came to be a very matter-of-fact event, for as she grew older Osie Allison learned to love this business of learning for its own sake. Glimpses of the world of people, of thoughts and ideas outside her own experiences in that narrow little valley, fascinated her. Through the covers of her books she explored the strange places of the world and adventured down through the ages of thought. So the little girl grew up under the beneficent influence of a Christian school, fostered by a great denomination that had caught a vision of ministering to the minds and hearts of the splendid youth of the neglected mountain regions of the Alleghany Highlands. Often as she grew older she wondered why her own Baptist people had not seen this same vision, why there was no Baptist school to which children of the mountains might go. The question persisted as the years passed and she came to know more about the strength and influence of her own people, the Baptists.

The little Baptist church was the center of the social life of the community. From far and near the people drove in for Saturday meetings, and then back for Sunday morning and Sunday night preaching services. The Allison home was one ever open to the preacher, and the father was a leading member of the church. The home was a devout Christian home, where many sacrifices were made to send the children to school. The first pastor the little girl remembered was Brother J. M. Hilliard, under whose faithful ministry she gave her heart to Christ and was baptized. A man of splendid education, with progressive ideas about church organization and methods. He meant much to this mountain church and community. When he resigned to be-

come the superintendent of the orphanage at Thomasville, he wished to see the church carry on with a new pastor without any undue delay. So in his last Sunday with them he brought out to the country church a young man, Rev. Dudley Brown, who was promptly called as pastor.

The young pastor won the hearts of his people to a most remarkable degree. He was consecrated, devoted, a brilliant preacher and lovable pastor. The entire community felt the impact of his devout personality, and everyone loved him. One Sunday evening after preaching to his people, he went to his room, and during the hour of darkness, God called him to the heavenly home. The community was stricken and the church bereft. The broken-hearted people felt that there could be no one to take his place. Sorrow fell on all the community over the loss of the beloved young Baptist pastor.

None of the deacons felt like planning for any service on the following Sunday. So the little church gathered for Sunday school, not expecting to have the regular preaching service at all. Upon reaching the church they found a young man already there, a tall young man about twenty-eight years of age, whose face seemed familiar, though, on inquiry, all that was learned was simply that he was there to preach for them that day.

Sunday school closed and the little group of people settled themselves for the service, their hearts aching with the remembrance of the young pastor who just one week before had led their worship. The stranger walked into the pulpit to begin the service. To the amazement and wonder of the congregation the face turned to them from the stand was

streaming with tears. These are the words with which he began:

"Brethren and friends, I am Dudley Brown's brother, Albert. Six years ago, God called me to preach the gospel but I have fought his call. God has taken my brother, your beloved pastor, to show me that I am not doing my duty. I am now ready to answer the call. What would you have me to do?"

The men and women sitting in their seats that Sunday morning wept with the tall young man as they listened to his heart-broken confession. Unanimously they called him as their pastor in his brother's place, and from that day forward A. E. Brown spent himself unreservedly that he might live two men's lives, for he felt that on him had fallen the mantle of his brother's task. How well he fulfilled this vision of his life, the years still tell, as the work he began in that little mountain church widens and deepens with the years in the lives of thousands of mountain boys and girls.

There in the little church at Berea, the pastor, so tragically called, got a vision of the great need of the youth of the mountain sections of the Southern Highlands. Back of him was a noble ancestry of teachers and preachers. His father was a great Christian teacher. In the days before the Civil War he had taught mathematics in Carson-Newman College. He had pioneered in North Carolina in those troubled years just after the war, joining a friend in the founding of Mars Hill College near Asheville. In the early nineties he had gone to Fairview College as president, his son Albert joining him there. It was from this position that the voice of the Lord called A. E. Brown to take his brother's place in the pulpit of the little church at Berea.

He was soon ordained by the church and for four years he was the inspiration of this community.

Especially did he mean much to the girl growing up in the church, Osie Allison. To him she confided her ambitions, her problems and her dreams of what she wanted to make of her own life. His sympathetic understanding meant much to her and as the years passed and she grew into young womanhood, she turned to him often for counsel and guidance. He was the wise counselor and understanding friend always. He loved the Allison home, and many were the long evenings she listened as the young pastor talked late with the father and she gathered knowledge and inspiration, and stored up precious truths to make her own as the years brought experience.

Changes came with the passing of the years. Dr. Brown was called to the pastorate of West End Church in Asheville. Even this did not break the blessed fellowship with the friends at Berea, for often he would drive out to spend the night with the Allison family. The mountain people had won his heart. Especially was he concerned to find some way to help the boys and girls of the mountains to have Christian education. The forgotten youth of the mountains tugged at his heart, and the young woman in the Allison home knew well the hopes and dreams of this consecrated man of God.

On to school the daughter of the home had gone, finishing the academy, and entering Fairview College. Here she managed to make her way through the college course by teaching music during the school year and teaching school in the summer terms during vacations. Great events were impending of which she knew but little, but reports

of movements among Southern Baptists, to stir them at last to action for the Baptist young people in the mountain regions, came to the Allison home.

As far back as 1885, that great Baptist prophet and seer, I. T. Tichenor, had pointed out to Southern Baptists the marvelous opportunity for the winning of a Baptist empire by planting mission schools in these regions where the public school system was so pitifully inadequate. But Southern Baptists had not caught the vision then. Seven years later he made another appeal for Baptist schools in the mountain sections, pointing out that the people in these regions were largely Baptist, a great source of leadership and spiritual power. But no steps were taken even at this second appeal.

Not until the first year of the new century did Southern Baptists make any definite move toward answering the repeated appeals of those far-visioned men and women who had seen the opportunities in the mountains for Christian education. Then it was the young principal of Mars Hill College, John E. White, who rang out the clarion call that stirred sleeping Southern Baptists to their hour of destiny in the mountains. He had just recently resigned to become State Mission Secretary of North Carolina. He joined heart and hand with Dr. Tichenor and brought in a report to the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention at Hot Springs, in May, 1900. The hour and the man had come in God's time, the plans projected in Dr. White's report were accepted by the convention. In 1903 Dr. B. D. Gray came to the secretaryship of the Home Mission Board. Under his leadership the slowly developing mountain work was made a distinct department of the Home Mission Board. The man to head this department was at hand, well known

both to Dr. White and to the Board. He was none other than A. E. Brown, the earnest young preacher, the man with a vision already of the opportunity of Baptists in the mountains. To him the Home Mission Board turned and upon him they laid the burden of this task.

There was little money with which to begin, and no precedent for him to follow. It was decided to begin in North Carolina, and if the project proved successful there, then to take on more schools in other regions of the Southern Highlands. The schools were to be held distinctly as missionary agencies, else the very reason for their establishment would be defeated. So the work was begun with only a few schools at first under the direction of the new superintendent, but with long dreams of what might be done through the years.

All these protentous events were unconsciously working out the destiny of a young woman at that time teaching school near her home at Swannanoa. For after finishing the course at Fairview, Osie Allison had immediately gone into the schoolroom, though very young for the task. She soon learned of the new work of her friend, Dr. Brown, and was much interested in it, but in her own heart she wondered whether it was wise or not for there was so little money given him with which to work out his plans. Contentedly she went on with her work, never dreaming that one day she, too, would face this question of the worth of a dream, the hard reality of bringing visions down to earth.

One day there drove up to the Allison home, the beloved friend and former pastor, A. E. Brown. Delightedly they welcomed him, sympathetically they listened to him, as around the table and then at the fireside, he told in glowing

words of his hopes and plans for his work. In that home where there had been much sacrifice for the sake of a Christian education for the children, he found understanding and comradeship for all these holy ambitions for his mountain boys and girls.

The visit was not made just for friendship's sake, however, for presently the conversation turned from the general talk of the work to a definite proposition to the young school teacher. Dr. Brown needed a teacher at Haywood Institute, at Clyde, N. C. This was one of the schools taken over by the Home Mission Board in beginning its work in the mountains. They needed a strong teacher, one with ability, training and devotion to the cause. For there must be sacrifice and self-forgetfulness if the institute was to live. Nothing was said about salary. After telling her of the situation, of the need, and of his high hopes for this school to mean much to the young people all around it, Dr. Brown simply asked: "Will you go?" The answer must be "Yes" or "No."

Perhaps it was the spirit of the devoted father that spoke, a memory that brought back many an evidence of his belief in the importance of Christian education. Perhaps it was the mother's touch, bringing remembrance of the many times she had wished for a Baptist school to which to send her children. Whatever the source of the impulse, Osie Allison that night chose the Christ-like way of losing her life that she might find it again in others, for she answered unquestioningly, "I will go."

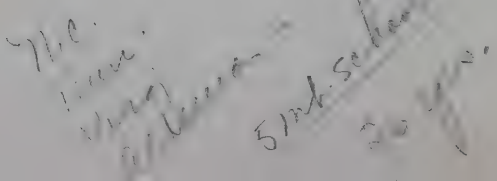
There was never any mention made of salary. She took what could be paid her. Often it was not as much as $200 in cash for the whole year, for first of all the school must

run, students must be fed and housed, whether she had any money or not. To the few devoted teachers carrying the burden of it all, money was a minor matter, if only they sent out these young people equipped for living their lives well.

Not at first did she have this attitude, for when she went to Haywood she doubted that such schools could do any more than the public schools, were they strengthened. But the years brought rich experiences in that over and beyond task of the teacher, the building of character.

As she began to see the mighty remaking power of Christ in the lives of boys and girls, giving them the motive for life, planting in their hearts the spirit of sacrifice and of service, she, too, caught the vision of the Christ-filled educational program. From father and mother she had learned the value of a Christian education. From Dr. Brown she caught a glimpse of what Baptists could do for these fine boys and girls, but from the boys and girls themselves there came the vision splendid that held her to the task regardless of her own worldly success, regardless of professional advancement, regardless of financial recompense. It was the vision of bringing to these boys and girls the Christ whose power makes a life worth while. Thus did Osie Allison come to build her life into the lives of hundreds of boys and girls as she made her own vision real.

The call came in the spring of 1901. Haywood Institute, at that time, was under the direction of Rev. R. A. Sentell, who, alone of the teachers that were on the staff, had before him the ideal of making the school more than just an educational agency. Added to this lack of vision, was the fact that there was little money with which to pay



teachers, and little equipment with which to work. Mr. Sentell, however, had been touched by the same fire that burned in Dr. Brown's high soul and so the school held on, though the difficulties seemed sometimes more than they could solve.

There came joys and victories to reward their struggle and as they worked together his teachers saw the possibilities of doing for these boys and girls more than just teaching them lessons from the books, and thus Haywood Academy began to fulfil the high dreams of the tireless superintendent. He was the one to whom they looked for money to keep the school going, as did an ever-increasing number of other schools. Through all the mountain country Dr. Brown traveled, soliciting funds for the support of these schools, and securing the loyal support of these mountain communities for the sake of the chance the schools offered their children.

Two years Miss Allison spent in Haywood, and then she was sent to Yancey Collegiate Institute at Burnsville, N. C. This was a school located in a little town, and the great value of the mission school was more clearly demonstrated to her as she saw how it lifted the ideals of social life in the town, brought into the town wholesome influences, and above all gave the distinctly Christian emphasis where there had been little real teaching and preaching of Christ before. There were many homes where Christ was not known. The children from these homes responded readily to the Christian influence of the school, and the Baptist school was proving a blessing to the whole life of the community.

Here again, she knew what it meant to struggle with poor equipment, and for awhile was overwhelmed with work be-

cause of lack of money to pay teachers. At the beginning of her first term at Burnsville, there were four teachers to care for more than two hundred students. This meant not only the teaching of them, but also the management of the dormitories, and the executive side of the task. Most of the students were boarding on the cooperative plan, bringing as much of their own food from home as they could and thus getting board for just as small a sum of cash as could possibly be managed. All of this took time and energy, and most of all, a brave spirit.

Then in November, one teacher had to leave, and for the remainder of that first year, three teachers cared for the school. It was hard. It meant unremitting toil from early morning until late at night. It meant being ever at the call of the boys and girls for every need, planning and executing their own plans day after day in every detail of boarding school life and then teaching long hours with the zeal and enthusiasm that these bright, ambitious mountain young people deserved.

In all this multitude of tasks, the teachers had the loyal support of a splendid board of trustees led by Frank Watson, lawyer, Christian and devoted friend of the mountain schools. He believed in them as mighty agencies for Christ and through his efforts many things came to pass for the school. Ever behind these schools have stood the fathers and mothers, men and women who have sacrificed that they might live and fulfil their purpose in the lives of the boys and girls. Often a few men with vision have staked everything they possessed on the one great venture of bringing a school to their community. These sections of the South are not rich. Few are the communities that have men of

any considerable wealth. Most of our schools have been built by the cooperation of a group of men of modest means, whose farms have been paid for by hard work and much self-denial. They have been willing to stake all their hard-won security for the sake of giving their children opportunities that were denied them. Thus it was at Burnsville, where this loyal board stood behind the school, giving their time and energies to its welfare unstintedly.

In hardship and toil, in long hours of weariness and struggle with makeshift tools, the vision came to its fulness in the life of Osie Allison, for here in these hard years at Yancey Collegiate Institute she came to see her opportunity to win these boys and girls for Christ, came to see in beauty the vision splendid that was to lead her on this same way of sacrifice.

For there was rich reward in the spring of that hard year. The revival meeting came on in the school and, one by one, she saw these boys and girls accept Christ until out of all the older students only a few went away from Yancey that spring without having first become Christians. It was the over and above reward to have several of them offer themselves for definite service for Christ. That meant more than salary, or fine equipment, or ease in the task.

Out from the school Osie Allison has seen go preachers and teachers, doctors, nurses, lawyers and merchants, men and women entering every walk of life, with Christ-like ideals fixed in their hearts, and Christ-like patterns by which to guide their lives. She has seen them become the leading men and women in their communities. She has seen them establish Christian homes and set the standards for many a place otherwise untouched by the direct influence of the

Baptist Mission Schools. She has seen the girls go back to their home communities, and set up in their own homes the standards of better home-making that they learned at the school. All this has been the vision made real.

Then came another change. This time the call came from that section of South Carolina known as the "dark corner." Here, set in the midst of neglect and isolation, was a mission school, North Greenville Academy located at Tigerville, twelve miles from the nearest railroad, lost in the heart of the hills. Three years she was buried here, lost in the joy of the work, that she might find herself in the lives of her pupils. The students in this school came not only from the mountain counties around, but from the cotton mill districts of Greenville, splendid young men and women with minds alert and bodies robust and strong. The roll of graduates of this school reads like the roll of ministers in South Carolina! Miss Allison saw the school bless this section of the state, even spread to the farthest borders in the service of one of its graduates, J. D. Crain as president of the South Carolina State Convention and pastor of historic Columbia First Church. Even farther than that, for from this school went a bright young woman to China as a witness to the power of the Christ whom she came to know more fully in North Greenville Academy.

Three happy, hard years were spent in South Carolina. Then she was needed in Alabama. Here for nine years she built her life into three schools in succession. Two of these, Gaylesville, where she taught for four years; and Beeson Academy, at Pisgah, where she buried two years more, are not now a part of the Home Mission Board system of mission schools. These were fruitful years, years lost in the

making of the vision real, lost to find them again, their labor richly rewarded in the lives of her boys and girls, who repaid her by living the ideals she held so faithfully before them. The remaining three years were spent at El dridge Academy, where the work still goes on after the pattern of a mission school.

The years had been hard and she was weary in mind and body at the close of her work at Beeson Academy. She thought it wise to take some rest before it was too late to recuperate such splendidly spent energies. Leaving Alabama, she spent a year of well-earned idleness in her beloved Western Carolina mountains. But the vision still beckoned and the opening of the next school term found her on her way to Kindrick, Virginia, to another mountain school. Destined she was, it seemed, to touch the whole sweep of the mission schools in the Allegheny Mountain region, for here she reached its northern border. Already she had invested nine years in the southern edge of this region in Alabama. Not long did she tarry in Virginia, however, for urgent need arose for her experienced consecration just over the mountains in Tennessee, and the next year found her a teacher at Stockton Valley Academy, Helena, Tenn., becoming principal the next year.

This school is located twelve miles from the railroad, with such bad roads between it and contact with the outside world that during much of the winter the only communication possible is by mail, which is brought on horseback from the county seat. When Miss Allison became principal six years ago, the property was in a run-down condition, needing repairs, and there was little equipment for the work the school was carrying on through the high

school grades. With the vision ever before her, she set to work to make some dreams come true here in this lovely valley. There were boys and girls a-plenty to provide the stuff from which such dreams are made. Her energy, generalship and consecrated ability brought the impossible to pass. The loyal people of the community rallied to her call. To her side she called a splendid staff of teachers, who were fired with the same sacrificial zeal that possessed her. Especially was she fortunate in having a young man, graduate of the school, with keen mind, and abundant energy, to work with her in carrying out these plans.

Not everything was done at once, nor is it ever done at once, for it is the penalty of schools that, as the immediate task is finished, the growth brought about by that very achievement calls for more investment, more enlargement, more equipment. The repairs were made on the school building. When the youth of the surrounding country poured in, the auditorium had to be enlarged, and the old-time benches replaced by good seats. A Delco light and water system replaced the old oil lamps and the water was pumped up the hill instead of having to be carried by the tired hands of teachers and pupils. There was no pastor on the field, six years ago, and the condition of the roads for the greater part of the year made it very uncertain when the faithful preacher could get there, for he lived miles away over the mountains. She needed the help of a minister who could live right in the community. Today a Carson-Newman graduate is filling this most important place in the life of the school and community. He and his wife, a graduate of the W.M.U. Training School at Louisville, are investing their lives along with these devoted teachers.

This one school is but an example of many whose story might be told,—a story of a vision that by the grace of God and the devotion of a life had been made real in the lives of thousands of boys and girls of the isolated, forgotten mountain regions. But for the missionary motive back of these schools, these boys and girls would have never had their chance. There is not money enough to repay such priceless gifts as these teachers have made of personality, financial success and professional advancement that might have been theirs had they chosen other paths in their profession of teaching. The city teacher's salary, small though it may be, is munificent in comparison with the meager stipend with which the mission school teacher must make ends meet. Many a mountain teacher has endured hardships surpassing those of many a foreign mission field. Yet, in the joy of dreams come true in the lives of boys and girls, they have gone to their tasks, never counting themselves heroic, often plodding away at tasks that in themselves have little to inspire. For hope springs ever in the hearts of those who work with youth, and this makes all the tasks worthwhile.

So the work at Stockton Valley grew. With the plodding years, the dreams came true. Not often did Miss Allison see the mountaintop of her vision, but often enough to keep her heart high with hope, knowing it was ever there. Out from the mountain recesses, coves and valleys, came the boys and girls. They are bright, ambitious, plastic and responsive—a joy to teach. Sometimes they come from homes that have been little touched by religion, sometimes from homes deeply religious. Here in the school they find their need met, for Christ is preached, the Bible is taught and ever

before them are the devoted, sacrificial lives of their teachers, examples worthy to be set up as ideals.

In the spring of 1927 in Stockton Academy, fifty-eight of these splendid young people confessed Christ in one meeting. There had been other conversions during the year, others followed. But this was the peak of the harvest time for that school year. Forty-four of these united with the Helena Baptist Church. Others went into other churches or joined in their own communities. In these experiences the mountain school teacher gets her reward. That was the last year of Stockton Academy as a mission school. For in 1928 it was sold and reopened as a part of the public school.

What did it cost? Let Osie Allison tell!

"Have we had any discouragements and hardships during these twenty-six years in the mountain schools? Yes, only a mountain school teacher knows! We have had only the necessities and these were hard to get. We have been cut off from the outside world, deprived often of contact with the current of life in our own world of teaching. We have worked for such a meager salary that even the luxury of books with which to keep up has been denied us. But when we look at the men and women who have gone out from these schools to bless the world with the vision they caught there, we forget all the discouragements, the hardships, the difficulties, and thank our Master for giving us the opportunity of having a share in such work. I have watched the schools grow from their infancy. I cannot begin to tell what they have meant to the thousands of students who have attended them, and to the communities that have been so fortunate as to have them in their midst, or

to the Baptist denomination to which they have given the choicest of their products as leaders. Only time can tell!"

Though twenty-six years is not long, yet it has been time enough for this mountain school teacher to get a perspective on life. From the beginning of the dream of mountain mission schools, she has been part of it, seeing the vision, catching the inspiration of it, putting her life into making that dream come true. That dreams come true, Osie Allison well knows, for all through the Southern Alleghany Mountains are the boys and girls who are her dreams come true. Through them she lives on, through the dreams of their children she will still be projecting herself into the making of a more Christian America. Of the eleven who have graduated from Stockton Valley Academy in the past six years, all save one has gone on to college. They have caught a glimpse of her vision of life lived to its richest, fullest measure. Their dreams are being made real through days of self-denial, hardship and stern discipline of mind and body, that they might be fit to pass it on in their turn to another generation.

From out the book that life is writing of the boys and girls who have come and gone under the touch of her hand we can take but one leaf. It tells the story of them all, for the picture, painted in this one mountain boy's story, is the picture all would paint with but a variant for details here and there. The story of ambitions turned to high and holy purposes, of gifts of mind and heart devoted to the same cause which gave to him his chance. This mountain boy is today a teacher in that school where he fought and won his battle with adversity. His own words are more full of poignant meaning than ever another's could be.

"It was in the opening of the twentieth century in the mountains of Tennessee that I first saw the light. My father and mother were of Anglo-Saxon descent, thus giving me a heritage of which I am proud. They were poor, though we did own our home and small farm. While I was young my father was thrown from a horse. After three days of suffering and pain, during which time my father was unable to speak, death claimed his victim and I was left fatherless. There were seven of the children in the home, five boys and two girls. I am the center of the family, there being two brothers and a sister older and two brothers and a sister younger.

"After the death of my father it seemed as if we must sell our farm and home. But no, there were other ways out. My eldest brother went away from home to work and furnished some of the necessary money while my older sister went to live with an aunt and go to school.

"My older brother and I began the farm work when we were barely able to throw the harness on the mules or to drag the plow around the corner of the land.

"A small country school is near my home. This is where I received my early training. I had many chores to do before and after school. After I had completed the fifth grade I made my entrance to one of the mountain mission schools owned by the Baptists which is about two and one-half miles from my home. The roads were in bad condition but we rode horseback a part of the time.

"Our teachers were very sympathetic, they arranged our work so that we could put in our school work early in the day and come home to work on the farm in the afternoon. We did all of our harvesting and woodcutting in the after-

noons and on Saturdays. It would be easy to work your own way through school, but when you have a mother with some small children to support it is a difficult task.

"Conditions finally came to a point where someone else must work to furnish some money. I went away to work, missing a year in school, one of the worst things I could have done. The next year, though, I was in school.

"It was this year that I became a Christian and went into active church work. Before the year was over I was president of the Baptist Young People's Union and teacher of a Sunday school class. It was this year, too, that I made the baseball team, and played two years before we were defeated. The next year I made the debating team. But mind you, all this was in addition to my regular school work, and my work at home had become heavier, since my older brother had gone away to college. I remember many times we have worked till it would get so dark that we could see how to work no longer. We never hired any help because it took all the money we could earn to buy our clothing.

"I decided that I would do some additional school work so I borrowed some money and went away to summer school after my third year's high school work. I found a little work while there to lessen my expenses. I mowed lawns and worked in gardens. After summer school was over, I came home 'busted.' I thought that I must have some money during my senior year, so I started to find work for the two weeks that I would have till school opened. I found a job in a little sawmill where they were sawing small pine logs. I carried slabs from the saw and threw them upon a burning slab pile. I gave out three times during the first day's

work, but I would rest and try again. My hands became blistered but I could not conceive of quitting, because I thought of many who had suffered to obtain an education and knew that I also must endure hardships if I were to succeed. The blisters over, I carried water and stove wood for my board, which was very unsanitary. After these two weeks of hardships I entered school. This year I completed high school. It was a great year and one that I shall never forget.

"I had decided prior to finishing high school that I was going on to college. I had a calf which I had raised on the farm. This I sold for $20.00, five of which was spent in getting to college. I told the dean just how much money I had, and that I wanted a college education. He allowed me to matriculate, and later, let me grub some stumps to pay off my fees. The second term I began washing dishes, mopping floors, et cetera. This was much better than the stump grubbing. I washed dishes the remainder of that year and, though I worked at anything I could get, I had to borrow some money. The second year the president offered me a better job, waiting on tables. This I did throughout my second year at college and so borrowed very little money.

"My eldest brother is now married and living in a western state. My older sister holds a good position in a nearby city. This spring my brother just older than I, the one with whom I began my work, gets his degree from a Baptist college through which he has worked his way. My younger sister is now in a Baptist college, and my two younger brothers are in the Baptist high school in which I received my training; one of them is a senior. We have,

each of us, worked our own way as far as we have gone, and expect to go still farther if it be the will of God."

So the vision endures forever, when it is a vision of the Christ-like life. So does the teacher build herself into immortality. And of all the immortals who have spent themselves recklessly for youth none has been more prodigal of self and service than the mountain mission school teacher, who pours out her every gift and power of mind and heart that the boys and girls of the forgotten places might know Christ and be equipped to serve him.

Twenty-six years in making dreams come true! Twenty-six years of following a vision!

And why? Let Osie Allison tell the reason why!

"It means a growing constituency for the denomination; it means our young people saved and taught to serve; it means a more highly educated class of men and women for leadership in all walks of life; it means better citizenship throughout the country; it means more Christian homes; it means Christ known and lived, his power felt through consecration, his teachings lived before men, his name glorified, and his kingdom coming on earth."

The vision splendid! Is it not worthy the devotion of a life! Out of the humdrum of schoolroom routine, it gleams, glimpsed often enough to keep the teacher a-tiptoe with the exultant joy that can come only through utter devotion to a cause. For through this monotonous daily round she catches the shining hem of the garment she is weaving of Christ-like living through the forgotten places of our Southland.

MARTHA OF THE MOUNTAINS

"Christianity is a daily life, daughter, remember that." The little girl smiled up into her father's face. Well she knew she could never forget his words. So often had she heard them from this beloved father's lips. More than that, she saw daily before her these words lived out in her father's life. Indelibly were they impressed upon her growing mind, by solemn word and splendid example, for James Sullinger lived his faith from day to day, presenting to family and neighbors the living reality of what he believed Christianity to be. Into her life, as she grew up into young womanhood, he wove these words as the motif of her life, "Christianity is a daily life"—until they came to shape her thinking about Christ, and life, and to minister in blessed reality to the great field of service to which Martha Sullinger, the woman, was called.

Father and daughter were great pals. He was a deep student of the Bible and of all subjects that would help him to understand it better. Martha shared in all these studies. Together they read the great books about the Bible. The subject of evolution was disturbing religious thinkers in those years that the young daughter was growing up, and this careful father went into the subject deeply with his daughter. They read many books published in those years on the subject, finding always that they were brought back to the Bible with a deeper reverence for its power and greater conviction of its authority.

Martha entered college at a very early age, and this caused the father much concern, for he knew she would encounter the different theories of philosophy. To prepare her for this, he studied with her Spenser, Huxley, and all

the great thinkers and their systems of religion in the world, until the girl was familiar with all the isms of her day and the great world religions, their best and their worst. Always he brought her back to his own simple faith in God and the reiterated appeal from his own heart expressed in words she never forgot:

"The only vital thing in your life, my daughter, is that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, lived and died for sins, rose again, and is at the right hand of the Father, until he comes again in power and might. Be sure he is *your* Saviour."

So the father wove into the life of his daughter a faith in God that nothing could shake. Such a father was the priceless heritage of the children of the Sullinger home.

There were five children in this home in Mexico, Missouri, four girls and one boy. The mother was devoted to her home and children, taking little part in public affairs, finding her whole world in her home. She was determined the children should have the best education possible to be given them. So when Hardin College was founded, there in their own home town, Martha was entered in the Academy Department at a very early age. To this splendid school she went, through all her high school and college years, graduating with an A.B. degree when she was only sixteen years old, the youngest graduate the school had for years. The year after finishing college, she came out in open profession of Christ and joined the church, giving herself in service with the abandon of youth, willing even to go to foreign lands if it were God's will. This conviction deepened in her heart, as she sought earnestly to know whether God really was calling her to foreign service.

Before any definite steps could be taken the answer came to her seeking heart in a deep sorrow that changed all the direction of her life. Death came and took away the beloved father of the home. In the still calm of that sad time she heard God speaking to her most clearly in the words he used to Moses in the long ago:

"What is that in thine hand,"—and she saw where duty led.

Upon her now fell the responsibility for standing by the mother in the task of educating the younger sisters. She was twenty years old. Ever since she could remember she had known that some day she would be a teacher. Indeed, as a little girl, she was always "teacher" in the games with her companions, often gathering them in groups and teaching them their "letters" and to "spell," long before she really knew anything about either letters or spelling. So it was easy to decide what she would do. Into the public school of Mexico, Mo., she went with all her youthful enthusiasm, and there she found that truly her heart's desire lay in teaching boys and girls.

All through these years she had been under the preaching of a great pastor, Dr. J. C. Armstrong, who gave to her the world-wide vision of missions. Now that the dear dream of going as a missionary to some foreign field must be laid aside, perhaps forever, she set about finding some outlet for the missionary fervor that stirred her heart. Fortunate was she again in having a wise counselor and guide. For Mrs. A. K. Yancey, wife of the president of Hardin College, called her into service as her assistant in leading the Sunbeam Band. For ten years Martha Sullinger was the Sunbeam leader of the Mexico Baptist

Church, passing on to boys and girls in the band all she could learn about missions, being doubly blessed in that the work made her keep up with all the missionary work of Southern Baptists, and brought to her that joy which only the love and devotion of little children can give. So did the work in her own home church continue the training of heart and mind in preparation for the days that were to come.

The years slipped away. Years of happy work in the schoolroom, joy in the home where the sisters were growing up to fine young womanhood, and years of experience in all the business of home-making and dealing with young people. Finally the youngest sister had graduated from college. She and the mother had achieved what they set out to do. She was free to turn her life into other channels if she wished. The old desire to go as a foreign missionary took possession of her again. While she was trying to settle this momentous matter, there came an offer to her to teach in a Baptist school at Bardstown, Kentucky, Bardstown Baptist Institute. It seemed a compromise with the longing in her heart. Here was the thing she did well, teaching, combined with an opportunity to do definite Christian work. It seemed wise to take it. The salary was small, the position had all the appeal of a missionary opportunity, yet she was following along lines she had already tried herself in, and she found great joy in the phase of teaching it afforded.

Five happy years slipped by in this new task. But her heart was not yet satisfied. She felt that she had not yet gone all the way in her surrender. Still there came the overwhelming feeling that she had not yet given herself

to her Lord. So strong was this feeling that in her fourth year, she made the final decision, and with a new joy and new freedom in her heart, she applied to the Foreign Mission Board for appointment as a missionary, with China her preferred field. This decision was the final step in the consecration of her life. It cleared the way for God to have his way. It was the crowning preparation for what he had for Martha Sullinger to do.

Strange did it seem that in answer to her jubilant decision there should come the reply that the Board could not send her. There was a heavy debt upon the Foreign Mission Board and no new missionaries were being sent out. For a time it seemed that she had come up against a wall, for now that the decision was made, it suddenly seemed a very futile and useless one. In her heart there was a question. Why had God called so long and so lovingly, if, after she answered, there was no field in which she might place her life.

She wondered still more when in the fifth year of her teaching there came a serious breakdown in health and she was ordered by her physician out of the schoolroom for at least a year. She obeyed. That year was one full of lessons of patience learned while waiting to see what was God's will now for her. She had gone all the way in surrender to him. She had done all she could do. And the way seemed to end in futility and physical weakness. Turning to God's Word for counsel and help, she found many a lesson she had not yet learned. It was filled with just such experiences as she was passing through. On every page there seemed to be words spoken directly to her puzzled and troubled heart. She came to see that some-

times God wants his child to wait and let him work out his will through strange and unseen ways. So she learned patience and faith and trust such as she had never known before.

Then came the answer. Her pastor at Bardstown was a young man, Ashby Jones, whose father, Dr. J. William Jones, pastor at Chapel Hill, N. C., was the president of the Board of Trustees of a struggling little mountain school near Hendersonville, named Fruitland Institute. They were in need of a teacher, and the father had written to the son to find one who would fit the need. Her qualifications must be many and choice. She would be employed as primary teacher and lady principal, a strange combination. How strange and how much was comprehended in the long reach between the primary class work and the management of the older boys and girls as lady principal, none of them perhaps realized. Certainly Martha Sullinger did not. But the call passed on to her by her Bardstown pastor thrilled her heart with its appeal. The struggle of the school and its matchless opportunity as a missionary agency in that section of the Western Carolina mountains won her completely. Here was the answer to all her questionings. Here was God's will for her life. She realized that it meant burying her life in this school, losing herself in work that would be arduous and sometimes monotonous. But there would be boys and girls! So the answer went back without delay.

Thus Martha Sullinger went to Fruitland.

This was in 1902. Dr. W. F. Powell was principal of Fruitland at that time, though it had been the beloved founder of Fruitland, A. J. Justice, who had written Dr.

Jones for the teacher. The school was then three years old, having been founded in 1899. There was a frame building for the school work, known as the administration building. Across the road from this building was a house made by joining together two log schoolhouses and connecting them by framework. This was the girls' dormitory. This was to be her special little kingdom. But there was little else in it but the girls she was to teach and love. The Hendersonville Baptist Church ladies, hearing that there was a new teacher coming from Missouri, the longed-for lady principal, had fitted up one tiny room, 10x11 at the head of the narrow steps to be her refuge. In it they placed a comfortable bed, a tiny dresser and washstand, for there was no bathroom; a small rug on the floor and curtains at the window. It was the only really furnished room in the building.

The kitchen seemed hopeless. Its equipment consisted of one rusty coffee-pot, a tiny stove which would hold only two sticks of short wood at a time, and a really good biscuit pan. And there was no money for additional equipment. Each girl had to bring her own plate, cup, saucer, knife and fork, and whatever else she wished in the way of dishes. So, first of all, the new lady principal had to go to the store to purchase these articles for herself. When their first guest came, she duplicated her purchases that the guest might dine.

The dining table was a home-made oak slab table. The girls brought from home their own chairs, beds and other furniture for their rooms. For eight years these chairs had to do double duty, each girl bringing her own from her room to the dining room for every meal, then back

again. When there was company some girl sat on a goods box! It was pioneering in Christian education. It was mission work. It satisfied the heart of Martha Sullinger. All she had ever learned in home and schoolroom was needed here. And in giving all to these mountain boys and girls she lost herself completely in the task that grew in increasing joy and power with the years.

She soon found that being primary teacher and lady principal meant also all that might be included between two extremes of school life. She was matron of the dormitory, housekeeper, and purchasing agent. She must be chaperon, nurse, and mother. Soon she had to add more teaching hours, for the force of teachers was too small to care for the work that must be done. So she became the teacher of senior high school Mathematics and English. As the years passed she has settled into this for her schoolroom task. At times there have been added to this the teaching of Bible and many other subjects. Naming over these tasks gives little of the reality of what the doing of them meant.

The Martha whom Jesus loved was a Martha of very versatile gifts. She was busy housekeeper and home-maker, yet it was she who ran to meet Jesus, and who rose to the heights of faith in him when she caught the vision of his wondrous divinity and crystallized it for all time in the exultant confession, "I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." Remember, the Martha who was busy about many things in her home was also the Martha of the Great Confession!

So, as the years passed, this Martha of the mountains found her hands overfull always with the tasks of house-

keeping and homemaking, yet ever with the deeper spiritual matters always just underneath, like a great underlying current giving direction to all the busy round of the day. In the reality of such prosaic tasks as scrubbing and washing and ironing, cooking and teaching, sewing and the teaching of sewing, all the multitudinous work that the keeping of a large household can bring to the one woman responsible for it all, Martha Sullinger found many a use for the motif her father had woven into her life, "Christianity is a daily life." For it was in the daily life at Fruitland that she found her chance to win her boys and girls to Christ. She did everything save one task. She would never learn to milk the cows! If she learned, she well knew there would come a crisis when she would have to do it. So long as she did not know, someone else would always have to be found in the crisis! So she drew the line there. But she cared for the pigs, she superintended the work out-doors and in; she was all things to all those boys and girls, that she might win them to Christ, that she might train their lives in his service.

There were the more spiritual ministries. In her classes she had a thousand opportunities to point them to the Christ. In that first year she began a morning devotional time, a little quiet time set apart from the busy, crowded day when she gathered the girls around her for family worship. There was set up an altar from which has gone blessed influence into all the homes established by those girls in the quarter century past.

One Sunday evening a boy came to her room and said that the little Baptist church down the road from the school was full of boys and girls, but no service had been planned

for the evening. "Would she please come and lead them?" She thought of the ministerial students, and sent for them, but none could be found. They all were preaching elsewhere. So there was nothing to be done but to go over and hold a service. As she went out she found a girl who could play the organ and, taking her along, she went on to the church, wondering just what she would do, but knowing well she would not let those boys and girls leave the church without having had service of worship. It was a brave plunge she made that Sunday, the first of many such emergencies she had to meet. But she took charge, the boys and girls entered into it with enthusiasm, and they had worship, with Martha Sullinger the preacher!

There was another time, several years later, one of many such times, when she rose to an occasion of opportunity with these boys and girls. There was no preacher available on that Sunday. In a Saturday afternoon meeting in the boys' dormitory several boys had been converted. The leader of the prayer service, a splendid fellow who was known as "Big" Williams, begged Miss Sullinger to arrange for a service when these boys might make a public confession of Christ and join the church. So she got on her horse, "Bay," and set out for Hendersonville to find a preacher for the service. Needless to say she brought back the preacher, the service was held and the boys had their chance to stand before their little world and take upon themselves the obligations of Christians. So into Fruitland she wove the strong thread of the faith of her father —"Be sure he is your Saviour."

The first thing Martha Sullinger did when she went to Fruitland was to try to solve the problem of self-help for

these boys and girls who had little, if any, money for their education. They had been bringing much of their food from home and trying to keep house in little groups. She brought all these partial self-support groups together under one cooperative plan of housekeeping under her direction. This club plan gave opportunity for students to bring their meat, fruit, and other supplies from home, securing credit on their board at market price for all they brought and paying cash only for their part of the staples that had to be bought. Under this plan board was often as low as $4.00 per month. The work in the dormitory was done on the same cooperative principle, every girl doing her share, the tasks rotating so that there might be well-rounded training given and no one became dull at any given task. There was one exception to this plan of rotation. Nora Whittaker was the genius of the kitchen in those early years. "My Norie," as Miss Sullinger lovingly called her, knew how to coax the tiny stove to do its best, knew just what scheme worked best with the rusty coffee pot and used the biscuit pan to such good effect that everyone forgot what otherwise was lacking. She was gifted with unusual ability to make the best of makeshifts and so as long as she was in school, she was the presiding genius of the Fruitland kitchen.

The years passed swiftly. Improvements made their appearances. Windows were cased in, furniture came for the rooms, conveniences, home-made and contrived under necessity, made the work a bit easier here and there. All the while the school was growing, and class work was of the highest quality. In 1907 the boys moved into a dormitory that had been built for them down under the hill on

which the school stood. In 1910 the girls occupied their new dormitory, but only for a short time, for it turned out to be best for them to trade with the boys two years later. Fourteen years later the dream of Martha Sullinger was realized in the building of a really equipped, convenient dormitory for her girls, which was occupied first in the fall of 1926. But this is a long way down the years, and the fourteen years in the house under the hill were years of rich achievement before the dream was to become a reality.

In June, 1916, the present commodious administration building was opened for school purposes. This has sufficed, even though the school has grown, both in numbers and in scope of work. Today around it as the pivot are the dormitories, the homes of the teachers and several of the old buildings of the first years in a setting not to be equaled anywhere in the world. For all around are the encircling mountains haloed by the blue haze that gives to them their name of Blue Ridge.

Only once has disaster visited the school. When the new administration building was finished the old building was remodeled into a girls' dormitory. During February, 1924, Dr. John Bomar was holding a revival meeting at the school. At the opening of the service one evening fire broke out in the remodeled building and it burned so quickly that the girls and the teachers lost everything they possessed. At first the school force was dismayed. Always crowded, they hardly knew how they could manage to find room for the thirty-six girls who had been living in that building. But somehow, someway, places were found and everyone stayed, save one girl who decided it was

best for her to return home. Not until the new dormitory was opened in 1926 has there been room since for all the girls who wanted to come to Fruitland. Cheerfully have the girls lived three in the tiny rooms, grateful for the privilege of being in school at any cost. Today this building has been turned over to the boys, the original owners, and there is dormitory space for all.

The size of the student body has always kept just ahead of the ability to care for it. In 1902 there were about one hundred students, but they included all ages, from the primary grades through high school. In 1912 all the elementary work was abandoned, and the institute began its work with the sixth grade. In 1923 the sixth and seventh grades were cut off, leaving only the junior and senior high school work. Today Fruitland is a standard high school, accredited with the University of North Carolina, and standing high in all its departments. In 1925 the school attendance reached a total of 225 students, 150 of whom were boarding students.

Fortunate has the school been in its principals. With the names of W. F. Powell, the principal when Martha Sullinger went there, are linked the names of D. W. Sorrell, principal while Mr. Powell took his degree in the seminary, then Mr. Powell back for three years of service, followed by Mr. Posey for three years, H. H. McMillian who left Fruitland for the seminary and then on to China where he has been serving for fourteen years, and last, N. A. Melton, graduate of Wake Forest, student in Moody Bible Institute, who finished his eighteenth year in 1928 as the leader in this great project of Christian

education and missionary training. He has builded wisely and well.

Other teachers have made their imprint on Fruitland, and have been blessed by its influence. I. C. Woodward went from Fruitland to give his life as a chaplain in the United States Navy. Frank K. Pool went from Fruitland to the seminary and then on to Furman University as professor. Elizabeth Keithley heard the call of God to China while teaching music in Fruitland, and A. R. Gallimore went also to China from a Fruitland classroom. Other names might be added, but these are fair examples of the power of the Fruitland spirit to send men and women out to give their lives for the Lord that the school magnifies and seeks to make known to the world.

But greatest of all, greatest certainly in the heart and life of Martha Sullinger, are the boys and girls who have made Fruitland Institute what it has been through the years.

Endless are the stories she could tell. For she knows them all. One can hardly spend twenty-five years of real living in an institution without knowing the stories that played themselves out in dramatic sequence within its confines. There are stories of loyalty and love, romances, comedies and tragedies, stories of sacrifice and self-abnegation. There are stories of unfolding lives, the polishing of rough diamonds, the discoveries of rare gifts. They are the stories of youth captured by great ideals, captivated by great aspirations and directed into great endeavors. They are Fruitland Institute in actuality.

One morning a covered wagon drove up in front of Fruitland dormitory and out of it tumbled a little girl

like a little scared rabbit. The father had driven all the long way from the little secluded valley where he lived, camping on the way, that his little girl might come to the Baptist school. The little girl had never been out of the valley before, had never seen a railroad train. She had entered upon this strange and terrifying adventure all because her heart had been stirred to ambition by the words of a school teacher who had come into the little mountain community and had told the mother and the girl of the wonders of going to school.

"Her mother sent her," was his laconic introduction, and with these words he seemed to think the business settled. But it was not so easily settled as that. The dormitory was full. There was not half a bed left in which to place even so small a girl as this child. While Miss Sullinger was trying to find the kindest words possible with which to blast the hopes of the girl, one of her girls slipped in with a suggestion.

"We can borrow a cot, and you can put it in our room."

These girls knew what it meant to live in a closed-in valley back behind the mountains. They could not bear to see one who had glimpsed the wonders of school turned back into that narrow, hopeless world from which she had once broken out. Miss Sullinger could not refuse their pleading eyes and so the girl stayed.

Four years this girl lived at Fruitland, blossoming into a beautiful young womanhood. Her response to the Christian teaching of the school was beautiful, and her conversion a shining experience. She studied music enough to learn to play and sing hymns so she might help in religious services back home. In the last year she became greatly

burdened for the conversion of her father. Her mother was a Christian, but her father was not. She fell into the habit of slipping into Miss Sullinger's room just as light bell rang every night to pray with her for her father. Graduation day came. The blessed days in the school were ended. Her face was turned toward the little valley to which she would return bearing in heart and mind all the wonders she had learned. Before she left, however, she made a covenant with Miss Sullinger that she would continue to pray for the father. The answer to these prayers came sooner than they had dared to hope.

In August of that first summer some earnest young men, ministerial students, went into that community and held a series of services. The girl helped them by playing the organ and leading the singing. Her father went with her each evening to the services. After a few days he came out in confession of Christ and was followed by eight others of the little community. Down to Fruitland went from the happy girl a letter, ringing with joy. She wrote it that night before she went to sleep. Prayer had been answered and the Fruitland girl had taken the first step toward giving to her family and community the blessings the school had brought into her life.

That fall she became the teacher in the little home school. A second letter came down to her friend at Fruitland just after Thanksgiving. It said, "We have had the first real Thanksgiving ever known in the community, a day of prayer and worship instead of a day of hilarious feasting and drinking." The changes became more marked as the years went by. A new and better school house took the place of the dilapidated one in which she began to teach. The

church improved both in the work it did, and in the replacing of the old building with a new one. The community conditions improved, socially and in a business way. Better roads were built and kept up. The mainspring of all this change was the little girl who caught a vision and trained heart and mind to make that vision a reality in the life of her own community.

This is but one of hundreds of stories Martha Sullinger might tell of the girls who went from that school home she made for them into their own communities to be makers of Christian homes and influences of transforming power for good.

One day a boy entered the office of the principal of Fruitland with the brief announcement:

"I have forty dollars and have come to get an education."

Boys came on less, so the principal was not at all disconcerted. Boys with no money and high ambitions are the order of the day at Fruitland. The forty dollars did not last through the whole process of education. The lad cut wood, hundreds of cords of it, was utility man for repairs on the school buildings, was errand boy and general roustabout for the cooperative clubs, did everything and anything that could be found to do, and the work held out, even if the forty dollars did not. All the while he was a loyal, constant witness to his faith. Graduation day came, but not the end of the education he had set out to get. College was ahead. To Furman University he went, and worked his way through that institution, standing high in his classes, and playing on the football team. Then came a tragic interruption. In the line of duty as a prohibition officer his father was killed, and the boy had

to break the stern program he had set for himself to take up the responsibilities at home. In his community and all the country about he became a leader for every good interest. Especially did he bring renewed strength and power to his church. Last summer he came by Fruitland to see the teacher who had meant so much to him in the most important years of his life, those first years away at school.

"Miss Sullinger," he said, "I am cutting every binding cord. I am going to the Seminary at Louisville this fall." He had answered the call to preach and was on his way for this last step in his education. The forty dollars has lasted a long while, but grit and pluck had made it last!

The boys come and go in Miss Sullinger's room in the dormitory at Fruitland as freely as do the girls. She has attraction for them all. One day a lad said:

"Miss Sullinger, just where would you rather your boys would be, in the pulpit, schoolroom, governor's chair, Congress or where?"

Quick as a flash came back the reply:

"Boy, I have no right to have rathers. I have only the right to expect you to stand for right and righteousness where you are."

It was the old motto of her girlhood, "Christianity is a daily life," in new words. For Martha Sullinger does have a right to expect the lives of these boys and girls should show forth the fruits of Christianity, in whatever walk of life they may be placed. It is an expectation rarely disappointed. As teachers, bankers, lawyers, merchants, farmers,—in countless walks of life, they are today living the convictions that were a part of the education

Fruitland gave them. For Christianity is taught as the natural, normal, happy life in these mountain mission schools. It *is* the daily life.

One boy walked into the school a few years ago from across the mountains, jingling fifty-five cents in his pocket as a merry accompaniment to his high hopes. He had worked for a month at a sawmill to get the money to come to school. The ride from Asheville out to Hendersonville was his first train ride. And he had walked from Hendersonville out to the school carrying all his earthly belongings in his suitcase. Today that boy is one of the leading lawyers of a prosperous section of North Carolina, mayor of his town and teacher of a great Bible class of men. Gratefully does he write:

"Whatever success I may have made in life I owe to an ambitious father and mother and the inspiration constantly permeating my soul from the influence of godly men and women such as have always been at Fruitland."

Not all of the boys and girls go back to their mountain communities. Some take the lessons learned at Fruitland into other sections of their state, and even farther away. One girl who learned how to run a cooperative club by doing her share of the work in the one at Fruitland now manages such a club at a large college which gives employment to eighteen boys and enables 157 other boys to board so economically that they can stay in school. Another girl, today with her degree from the University of Chicago, is the head of the English department of a college for girls in a western state. In a letter written out of a heart full of thanksgiving she wrote to her beloved teacher,

"I shudder to think of what my life would have been had it not been for Fruitland Institute and your vision for me."

Farther afield still the boys and girls of Fruitland go. Out in Montana there is a little home that has exemplified in a strikingly beautiful way the lessons taught at Fruitland. A Fruitland girl married and went to this new land to make her home. There was not a church within sixty miles of them. Children came into the home. The young mother felt she could not bring them up without the influence of Sunday school and church. But the only way to have these was to start them herself. That is what she did. In her own home she began Sunday school, bringing in her neighbors living within reach. Down to Fruitland came her appeal for help in her adventure: "Mother Sullinger, send any literature and song books that will help." And, of course, the literature and song books went the long way to Montana to help in the blessed work. The Sunday school prospered. Its influence spread. A Baptist field missionary learned of it and came to see what was happening in this far-away corner of the world. He found a group of Baptists ready to be organized into a church.

That was only a few years ago. Today there is a growing church with a good building, and thriving Sunday school. Once a month the missionary comes for preaching service. His home is with the Fruitland girl and her husband who built a tiny room onto their house just for his use—a prophet's chamber. In the summer of 1926 there came a picture to Miss Sullinger that brought tears of gratitude to her eyes. It was a baptismal scene, two boys standing in the water, with shining, happy faces. They were the young sons of her Fruitland girl.

Ask Martha Sullinger for the story of this quarter of a century she has given to the mountains and she will tell you:

"I know no way to tell about them, save to count my blessings."

And so as the tale of the years unfolds she counts her blessings—this Martha of the Mountains, who richly combines the vision of the Christ with the work-a-day tasks of a crowded daily life. There are the teachers with whom she has worked—not by any means the least of these blessings of these years. They have come and gone, but they have left their imprint indelibly upon Fruitland. But, best of all, there have been the boys and girls whose love is the greatest of the blessings of the years.

"Talk about sacrifice, the darkest places have been just blessed privileges!"

And so it ever is with one who walks with Christ and works with youth!

III

CUBA

Population Cuba, 3,418,033.

First evangelical preacher in Cuba, Alberto Diaz, a Baptist, 1883.

First Baptist Church Havana organized January 26, 1886.

Jane Theater purchased by Home Mission Board, 1888. Now known as The Baptist Temple, located downtown in Havana, one block from the central avenue of the city.

Work of Pre-War Period practically destroyed during rebellion, 1895-98. One church survived, workers scattered.

Baptist work re-organized under C. D. Daniel, superintendent 1901-5; M. N. McCall Superintendent 1905-—.

Calvary Church organized 1901. Cities of Western Cuba occupied in quick succession, Cienfuegos 1900, Matanzas 1900, Pinar del Rio 1901, Santa Clara 1901.

Baptist Convention of Western Cuba organized 1905. W.M.U. Convention 1913, Sunday School Convention 1916, B.Y.P.U. Federation of Western Cuba 1917. Three boards established to carry on Convention work, Education Board, Publication Board, Mission Board.

Orphans' Home established 1894, discontinued 1899. Re-established 1924. Property purchased by gift from Mrs. Geo. W. Bottoms 1926.

Gertrude Joerg

Light Interpreter of the Latin Peoples

Mabel Lipscombe McCall

Missionary Home-maker Extraordinary

Seminary work begun 1905. Cuban-American College established 1906. Accredited with University of Havana.

Present Work 1928:

Churches	42
Stations	18
Membership	3,120
Sunday schools	55
Pupils in Sunday schools	3,464
B.Y.P.U.	9
W.M.U. organizations	40
Gifts	$19,233.33
Missionaries:	
American	10
Cuban	38
Day Schools	8
College and Seminary	1
Baptisms	267

(Bring this information up to date from current Home Mission Report.)

Gertrude Ware

THE WOMAN WHO WAS THE BOARD

Missionary stories have a way of gathering to themselves all the interest and allurement of every phase of human activity. Threads of human relationships are woven from the opposite ends of the earth into the warp and woof of missionary history.

For instance, take the story of the young German doctor, son of a professor in Leipzig University, who became fascinated by the hunt for the yellow fever germ. That does not sound like a missionary story, but in reality it is the

beginning of one of the most fascinating chapters of Southern Baptist mission history that has ever been written. Listen to this strange interweaving of many lives and interests that went into the making of this story.

The young doctor was Edward Joerg. He graduated from the University medical course in the early thirties of the last century, at a time when the attention of scientists the world over was being directed to the pursuit and defeat of disease by the searching out of their causes. Edward Joerg, with the enthusiasm of youth, set himself to the special study of the cause and prevention of yellow fever. One of the best known fields of activity of this dread and fatal plague of humanity was Cuba. So the young German doctor came to Havana to devote all his youthful energies to the fascinating hunt for the unknown cause of yellow fever. Long before he struck the trail of the germ, it had found him. For within a few months he was stricken by yellow fever, a victim of his own zeal to help humanity. He was taken to the hospital of an old French physician whose family had been in Cuba long enough to have given their name to one of the suburbs of the city of Havana, Belot, across the bay from the city proper.

Dr. Carlos Belot was a well-known physician of Havana. His hospital at Belot was one of the best in the city. The doctor was much attracted by the young German brought to them in his hour of dire need. By careful attention, and from his long experience with the disease, he saved the life of the young man and won a friend and associate. More than that. During his convalescence he was taken into the family circle. There he met the attractive daughter of Dr. Carlos Belot. She was an accomplished musician. Dr.

Joerg was an ardent lover of music, and an amateur musician of gifts. This common interest drew the two young people together. It was a most eligible match according to the ideas of the father, and so he encouraged their marriage even though his daughter was not quite seventeen years of age. So the young German doctor who came to Cuba searching for the cause of yellow fever found a bride instead!

Soon after the marriage the young son of Dr. Belot, Edward, went to Germany to medical school, and later to Paris where an older brother, Carlos, was a specialist in homeopathy and phases of medicine especially needed in tropical climates. The father had on a previous trip to Germany noted with interest the success of those medical men who were using water cure treatment, massage and other non-drug methods of curing disease. He urged his son to study these methods, believing them to be of great value in the treatment of many of the diseases common to their climate. The result was that Dr. Edward Belot came back to Havana several years later prepared to establish the first hospital of this type ever built in the island. He began with a hospital on Calle de la Reina. Prospering there, he built, in 1871, a hydropathic establishment at 67-69 Prado, in the heart of Havana.

It was before the day of the universal bathtub. The hospital built under his personal supervision on the Prado was the talk of the town. It was the first house in Havana to have bathrooms with tubs. Twenty-four rooms were fitted up with private baths containing marble tubs brought from Italy at great expense. Dr. Belot worked out his own formula for soap that would be effective in the hard water

which he had to use, and had individual cakes made for his patients. Of course, everyone was afraid of this strange innovation, but he soon had some notable cures to his credit and the fame of the "Baños de Belot" began to spread until it was not only one of the most profitable hospitals in the city but also one that was rendering inestimable service. It blazed the trail in Cuba for all the non-drug methods of treatment of disease that have proven such a blessing to humanity. All kinds of baths were given and the hospital was always crowded, with often a long waiting list. Dr. Belot became a very wealthy man and an outstanding figure in the life of the city, a man whose reputation was unblemished and whose life and character stood for the highest and noblest achievement for his people.

Sorrow had come into the great doctor's life early, in the death of his lovely French wife, just one year after he brought her as a bride to his own land. He never married again, devoting himself entirely to his profession and the alleviation of suffering.

In all these years the little sister and her German husband were having an eventful and adventurous life. Dr. Belot's home was a center of musical interest. Here Dr. Joerg had met the famous violinist Ole Bull. Ole Bull was not only a great musician but he was a dreamer of Utopian dreams which he tried to make real through plans of colonization. The Joergs moved to Belleville, Illinois. There Ole Bull came on a visit while on a concert tour and enlisted Dr. Joerg's whole-hearted co-operation in a project in Pennsylvania which the great violinist confidently expected would not only make all concerned immensely rich but would prove also to be the Paradise on earth. So glowingly

did he tell of the beauty of the country, the opportunities for amassing wealth and the wide open field for a physician that Dr. Joerg sold out all his holdings in Illinois, and set out for the wilderness Eden of Ole Bull. By now he had a large family, and the move was a great undertaking, especially for the delicately reared little mother, who was unaccustomed to the conditions of life in the wilderness.

To her dismay it proved to be a wilderness indeed. No railroad ran within forty miles of the new town. The town itself was in the raw pioneer stage of building, no hotel, no house to live in, no facilities for comfortable living, and no contact with the outside world. But the doctor was courageous, and began the task of building a home and establishing his practice, doing his best to carve a place for himself in the wilderness.

Dr. Joerg died before his family was grown; his daughter, Gertrude, being a girl of eleven at that time. By then there was a large farm under cultivation and the mother carried on with the home the best she could with her sons to help her. It had been very hard for her to adapt herself to a life where most of the necessities of life and all its comforts had to be produced in the home with no servants at hand to make these varied activities easy of accomplishment. But she had proven equal to the task and in the years of hardship had developed an initiative and resourcefulness little suspected in the Cuban girl reared in luxury and guarded in her girlhood from every contact with the hard realities of life. Now with her splendid young sons and daughters she was capable of carrying on her home and business affairs most efficiently.

Mrs. Joerg had been brought up a Catholic but had never been happy in that faith. After the death of her mother

she never went back to the Catholic church. Here in the wilderness there was little religious life of any type. There was no church in Walhalla, as the new town had been named by Dr. Joerg. Occasionally, a minister came through and held services. One of these rare occasions brought a Baptist itinerant missionary. There being no hotel, he asked for the privilege of staying for the night in the Joerg home. That night he asked for a Bible, and when the mother had gotten it for him, he turned its pages and read passages from it, talked about their meaning and then prayed. She was much impressed. She had never known such a simple form of worship and it appealed to her. She felt that here must be a religion that would satisfy the demands of her mind and heart that had caused her to rebel against the ritualism of the Catholic church.

So when another Baptist preacher, Elder Bacon, began regular appointments in the town, Mrs. Joerg and her daughters, Gertrude, Teresa and Anna, were faithful attendants on the services. But these were not carried on very long. A Methodist missionary came to live in the settlement and soon a church was organized and had taken possession of the field.

That is, all of it, save the Joerg family. The mother and daughters had been reading their Bibles most assiduously. They had been converted under Elder Bacon's preaching. Now, left without a pastor or guide, they sought to find from the Bible which church they should join. They were not willing to drift aimlessly with whatever wind of doctrine seemed to be blowing strongest in the community. As they read, they found tenets of faith that they could not identify in any church creed with which they were familiar. Feeling

their incompetence to judge, they wrote to Coudersport, the nearest town, thirty-two miles away, and asked that a copy of the articles of faith and discipline of each church there be sent to them. When they came, the mother and daughters studied them. They found several wide variances between these, and between them and the New Testament. Not any of these articles of faith and church disciplines were exactly what they found in their New Testament. So, finally, they wrote back again to Coudersport asking if there was no church that followed simply the teachings and practice of the New Testament.

"Yes," came the reply, "there is a society called Baptists that claims only the New Testament for its creed. They have meetings here, but there is no preacher. They just read sermons."

So, diligently, the Joergs sought out some of these people called Baptists. To their delight two of their best friends in Coudersport turned out to be Baptists. So to these friends the mother and daughters went for conference and counsel. They found that this little group of believers had no fixed creed, no church discipline, no rules of faith and order, but simply accepted the New Testament and tried to carry out the practices of the early church as presented therein. The mother and daughters found happy fellowship in this group, knowing that they had found their church home.

There were still problems to be solved. There was no preacher to baptize them nearer than Fort Alleghany, sixty miles away. The roads were bad. It was a task to get word to him and a task for him to get out to Walhalla. But the Joergs wanted to be baptized in their own home where

their witness might be given before their neighbors and friends. So plans were made for the baptismal service to be held at a pond nearby. The preacher came from Fort Alleghany, having been joined at Coudersport by a large group of the Baptist friends from that town. It was a notable occasion, the first baptismal service according to the literal interpretation of the New Testament in that pioneer Pennsylvania town. These brave women who had dared to follow their convictions when they ran counter to the whole sentiment of the place were looked upon as fanatics indeed. All of that Methodist community came out to see the service and the mother and daughters were made to feel keenly the disapproval of their neighbors. But their hearts were happy in the consciousness that they were following the command and example of the Lord just as nearly as they had been able to discern.

Soon after this definite step in church membership, great changes took place in the Joerg family. The daughter Anna became very ill. No well-trained doctor had come into the community to take the place of Dr. Joerg and the doctors accessible failed to find the cause of her illness. So in her hour of need the mother turned to her brother, the famous Dr. Belot of Havana, for advice and counsel. He immediately began to urge that she bring her daughter to him in Havana, assuring her that the trouble was curable. So in 1869 Mrs. Joerg took her two daughters, Anna and Teresa, and left the home in Pennsylvania for Havana, placing Gertrude, then thirteen years of age, in a boarding school in Elmira, N. Y. The mother never came back to the United States to live, though for many years she still owned the property in Walhalla. The little daughter was

kept in school in Elmira, and with her brothers at Walhalla, until 1876 when she made her first trip to the land of her mother's nativity.

That first winter in Cuba was a delightful experience to the young girl, Gertrude. They lived with their uncle in the hospital where there were delightful contacts with people, and many new friends to make in the circle of interesting, gifted people whom Dr. Belot had drawn around him. She returned to the United States in the following spring. During the years that followed she made several trips to Havana, each time making a longer stay, until in 1890 she went to live in the beautiful Belot home on the Prado.

It was a life of busy activity, yet amid conditions that made it delightful. The patronage of the hospital had increased until the good doctor needed his sister and her capable daughters in his work. So in filling the need there, the mother and daughters found their own joy and happiness and a contentment in life that they had not found in the wilderness home in the States. Soon they had so completely identified themselves with the life of their mother's country that they were Cubans in their love of country and people as well as in manner of life and customs.

Dr. Belot was a Catholic, as was all Cuba at that time; nominally so, at least. For there had been no Protestant preaching in the island in all its history. About the time that Mrs. Joerg first took Anna to Havana, an English warship on an official visit to Cuba anchored for sometime in the harbor. Word was sent out that every Sunday there were Anglican services held on the boat by the Anglican Chaplain, Rev. Kenny. Mrs. Joerg and her daughters at-

tended these services. Later these services were moved to Hotel Pasaje where the English minister had taken a room for an extended stay, finding that he was needed by a large group of Protestant people then resident in Havana. These services were carried on with a distinct understanding between the Anglican authorities and the Catholic Bishop of Havana that only Protestants would be invited to the meetings and that no attempt would be made to proselyte the Catholic population of Havana. This was the only type of Protestant religious services to which these Baptist relatives of the notable Dr. Belot could go for many years.

Then in the early eighties there came a strange story to them in a letter from Coudersport, Penn. In one of her Baptist papers a friend had read of a Cuban soldier who had been converted while refugeeing in New York City. After seeking earnestly for the truth in the New Testament he had finally become a Baptist and was baptized into the fellowship of the Willoughby Baptist Church in New York City. His story was so unusual, so arresting in interest and so thrilling in adventure that it had startled the missionary consciences of Baptist people everywhere. For this Cuban had dared to return to his land where the free circulation of the Bible was forbidden under heavy penalty and was even preaching in a little hall at Prado 115, right on the main thoroughfare of that great Catholic city.

The story was an amazing one, and Mrs. Joerg and her daughters immediately went to the address given to see if it were true that there was a Baptist preaching Baptist doctrine in Havana. They found it all true. Found, moreover, that this man Diaz was having large crowds, and his work was prospering. It was wonderful to hear the gospel

preached again, and accompanied by Dr. Belot, they went regularly to the services. Alberto Diaz was a great evangelist, capable of preaching the New Testament truths with power and, as is ever true, it had effect on the hearts of the people. So the Joerg family found much that they could do to help him. In 1885, Florida Baptists, hearing what was going on in Havana, got in touch with Diaz, ordained him to the ministry and sent a man to help him organize the first Baptist church on the island of Cuba. Upon their recommendation, the Southern Baptist Convention undertook work in Cuba as a mission field, charging the Home Mission Board with this responsibility.

So the work began. From the first, Teresa Joerg was the dependence of the growing work, serving as Sunday school teacher and secretary to Alberto Diaz. By the time Gertrude Joerg came to live in Havana in 1890, there was a thriving church with many activities, the Jane Theater on Zulueta and Dragones streets had been purchased by the Home Mission Board and turned into a church and center of missionary activity and the cemetery was proving a blessing to all the non-Catholics of the city in the provision of a decent resting place for the bodies of their loved ones.

Gertrude Joerg entered into the activities of the work with great zeal. Cuba was at that time a seething volcano of rebellion against Spain. Youthful enthusiasm was flaming high, and in as patriotic home as that of Dr. Belot, there was much to thrill the heart and stir the best impulses of the mind. All this enthusiasm found outlet in the stirring activities of the Baptist Mission where battle against the existing order was joined almost daily and the very

existence of the Mission flaunted defiance in the face of authority. The Joerg sisters proved invaluable help in the early days of the little mission. In 1893, Gertrude Joerg came to the Southern Baptist Convention, meeting in Atlanta, and spoke to the women on the work in Cuba, pleading for reinforcement. As a result, Pendleton Jones was sent that fall as the first missionary from the States to the island.

Then came the War for Cuban Independence. Beginning in 1895, the island was swept by a movement of rebellion against the Spaniards that brought suffering and death to untold numbers. Even though they were outnumbered and outmatched, still the Cubans fought on, hoping to win by their very determination, and their willingness to die. There had been gestures of sympathy from the United States in former movements of rebellion. They hoped now to command the interest of their great neighbor to the north by their very sacrifices for freedom.

Through these troublous years the Baptist mission work prospered. Besides the well-organized church meeting at the Baptist Temple, other congregations had been formed in Havana, and three other cities had been entered by the Cuban missionaries. The activity of these workers, and especially of Diaz, had not gone unnoted by the authorities. In 1894, the situation grew so tense that it was thought best for Mr. Jones to return to the States until the country was more settled. In April, 1896, Diaz was thrown into prison. Because he had become a citizen of the United States during his exile to that country, the Home Mission Board was able to secure his release through the State Department of the United States Government. But it was deemed wise for

him not to remain in Cuba, and so the Board transferred him to Florida where his countrymen had fled in large numbers for refuge from the distress in their land. Here he worked throughout the rest of the war.

Dr. Belot had come with his sister and nieces to the Baptist services during all this time, hearing the gospel gladly until the preacher would begin discussing the Catholic church and its abuses and failures. Then the good doctor would go outside and wait until the preacher had passed to a more peaceful and happy subject. The sweetness and gentle appeal of the gospel finally won him, and he was baptized by Diaz during these last strenuous days before the crisis came. When Diaz was forced to leave, who but the good doctor, with his wise counsel and great influence could better look after the affairs of the mission! So with gratitude to God for having given them such a leader for this stressful time, the Home Mission Board turned over to him the direction and management of the affairs of the mission. With Gertrude Joerg as missionary church treasurer, the work went on as best it could under the distressing conditions in the city and country.

Month by month the situation grew worse in the island. Havana, being occupied by the Spaniards, saw little of the real suffering of the people, but felt keenly the economic disorder of the island. Finally, there was scarcity of food and much disease, especially yellow fever. So disorganized was business that even wealthy families suffered, for their wealth was of no avail under such conditions. After the Cubans fought three years, after their women and children had died by the thousands in the horrible Concentration Camps, after a Congressional Committee had gravely in-

vestigated the terrible conditions among the non-combatants, and as gravely reported them to the Congress of the United States, the spark was touched that set ablaze the feelings of the United States. On the night of February 15, 1898, the battleship "Maine" was blown up in the harbor of Havana and within a few weeks troops from the United States were landing in Cuba to sweep to victory on land as did the battleships sweep the seas of Spanish fleets.

Then having freed the island, it was the task of the liberator to insure that freedom would be permanent. So soon there were navy blue uniforms everywhere in Havana. The Belot home was a haven of comfort and pleasure to these American lads. For their hospitality was gracious and unbounded. The American ladies of this beautiful Cuban home welcomed the American soldier boys with generosity that warmed their homesick hearts and the home became known as a rendezvous for soldier boys where there was music and fun and the best food there was obtainable in that poverty-stricken land.

Every home had felt the pinch of distress in those days. Everything was disorganized. Business was paralyzed. The Spaniards had been defeated. Yet there was no peace and the people died of starvation with ships full of food sent by the Red Cross and by generous-hearted citizens of the United States lying unloaded in the harbor of Havana. In August of that eventful year, 1898, Miss Teresa Joerg, wrote to the Secretary of the Home Mission Board:

"Potatoes on the wharf are selling at $25.00 a barrel, no vegetables worth anything available, and eggs today (getting them for our sick Consul) are difficult to find, and twenty cents apiece when found. No bread at all! Since

the first of July we have bought one pound of inferior meat, forty-five cents a pound, made soup and eaten the boiled meat. No other has come into the house. We hope soon to have a change. Some of the church people have suffered dreadfully."

Matters did begin to straighten out, though, and the energetic women of our mission were right at hand to lend their help when food supplies began to come in. The Joerg home was taken over by the Red Cross as a food distribution center. Through the English Consul, living in the home, the Joerg sisters secured food supplies which they were enabled to distribute to many of the worthy and needy families of the church who would, perhaps, have been turned down at other distributing centers where Catholics were in charge. Thus the quick wit and tactful action of the two sisters saved the situation for many of our Baptist people in this time of need.

During the blockade of Havana no communication could be sent to our workers in the city except through the State Department of the United States Government by way of the British Consul. Little news filtered through to the Board. Through the years the faithfulness and ability of Dr. Belot had commanded the highest respect and admiration of the Board. For years he gave his time most generously, his fine legal ability and his splendid gifts of heart and mind to the work of the Board without compensation. It was a shock, therefore, when out of the beleaguered city there sifted the news of the death of the good doctor. It occurred on July 2, 1898. His was the only death occurring among the Baptist workers left in the city—he, who could be spared least of all. Not only were the circumstances of his death

touching and sad, but when they came to lay him away in the little Baptist cemetery, only a few horses strong enough to pull the carriages could be obtained to convey his body and the mourners to his last resting place. So only a little handful of people stood by his grave to pay tribute to his long and useful life of great service to his country. A resolution later passed by the Board to erect a suitable memorial at his grave has yet to be carried out.

Immediately upon receipt of the news of his death, Dr. Tichenor sent through the State Department a sum of money for the immediate necessities of the sisters, and an authorization for Miss Gertrude Joerg to attend to the affairs of the mission in her lamented uncle's place.

One morning the English Consul came to Miss Gertrude with a message from a mission board in Atlanta, Georgia, which was wholly unintelligible to him. She soon enlightened him, for the message was very clear to her. She was the person concerned—for Gertrude Joerg was being formally appointed the agent of the Home Mission Board in Cuba, under the protection of the British Consul, now living under her roof.

It was soon discovered that this authorization was not enough. Some business matters came up that required the action of the Board. It was impossible for a legal representative of the Board to get into Havana. So in September, 1898, the Home Mission Board passed a resolution conferring upon Miss Gertrude Joerg power of attorney in all matters pertaining to the administration of the affairs of the Board in Cuba. This gave her the authority with which to deal with some very delicate and disturbing complications that had arisen in Havana. Diaz had been for so long the

pioneer of the new faith, that there was much difficulty in working through him in the matters that required close co-operation and recognition of the authority of the Board and the rights of fellow workers. He was a born free lance, and it was very difficult for him to adjust himself to the inevitable limitations of working under authority in a definite organization.

Together with the unusual circumstances of demoralized relations with Cuba, this brought about a situation that threatened all the work of the Board. Into such a situation came Gertrude Joerg, wise, thoroughly acquainted with all the work, and devoted to the Baptist cause—the Deborah for the crisis. The power of attorney gave into her capable hands the collection of the rents at the Temple, the employment and payment of missionaries from that fund and what the Board could send additional, the management of the business affairs of the Board, which included the final payment on the Temple property, and charged her with the responsibility of caring for all the property and safeguarding it for the Board under any and all circumstances.

Gertrude Joerg was the Home Mission Board!

It was no easy task. Diaz was a man of most positive ideas and had long been the representative of the Board in Havana. To exercise authority over him in matters which heretofore he had handled was no easy task, and for the person thus in authority to be a woman only added to the difficulties. Yet this she must do, and hold him to the work, for Diaz was unquestionably the man of the hour for Baptists in the preaching of the gospel in Havana. To handle any business belonging to citizens of the United States was a problem in Havana, with its predominantly Spanish bias

in that time of high tides of hatred and suspicion between Spain and the United States. Almost all the lawyers with whom she had to deal were Spanish. It required great tact, smooth diplomacy, and infinite patience to get even the smallest business transaction completed in those days. Then to do all this, and keep the work going, workers fed and clothed and sheltered, spirits high and enthusiasm blazing, was a task that called for greatness in this woman whom the Lord provided for such a trying time.

What would we have done without her! Unquestionably our work was saved in those days when a woman was the Home Mission Board in Cuba. For we could easily have lost the property which has been through all the years the most strategic center for missionary work in that great city of Havana, the corner where the world passes by. Certainly the work of the preceding pioneer years would have been utterly swept away.

Taking hold of the situation vigorously, armed with the authority of the Board, Gertrude Joerg set about her task with a devotion that was superb. Financial matters had gotten in a tangle, due to the unsettled times. Rentals had been in arrears. She set out to collect and to bring affairs of the Board into some order and regularity. In much less time than the Board hoped she had secured these past due rentals, adjusted all the difficulties and payments on the interest and the mortgage were met when due.

There were more than financial matters to look after. The work of all those glorious years in the past was to be saved now, if ever. The Cuban missionaries, both men and women had been carrying on the work as best they could. Salaries had been very irregular, due to the great uncertainty of the

transfer of money from the States to Cuba during the months of the blockade. There was little else for these workers to depend on for actual food with which to sustain life. Many of them suffered, some died. Yet the opportunity for proclaiming the gospel during these desperate months when pestilence and famine walked the streets of the proud old city was so marvelous that the believers went on in spite of their weakness and poverty. As soon as she could, Miss Joerg began regular payment of salary to these workers, only a little to each, but as the English Consul lent his assistance, the contact with the Home Mission Board was re-established and money began to come for the work from the interested Baptists in the States. Full authority was given her for the wise use of these funds, and she employed a force of devoted workers who went into the hospitals and crowded sections of the city in an evangelistic campaign that was most fruitful. An Orphans' Home had been started for the orphans of the war by the Joerg sisters. This had been most difficult to maintain. Finally, after a little more than a year of struggling with the problem of supporting it with the intermittent funds from the States, the project was abandoned and the children taken into homes already overcrowded. Miss Joerg herself took three sisters from this abandoned home. Not until Cuban Baptists were strong enough to initiate this enterprise again, did the island have a Baptist Orphans' Home, when in these latter years in cooperation with that generous benefactor of missions, Mrs. G. W. Bottoms, the Orphans' Home has been made a very vital part of the Baptist enterprise in Cuba.

The days were full of thrilling experiences, when through every means, in the midst of all the turmoil and distress of

the aftermath of war, the gospel was preached by the word of faithful missionaries and in the kindly deeds of the devoted bands of Baptist women who ministered to all they could reach regardless of faith or creed. Gertrude Joerg held together all these strands of missionary endeavor while the preachers proclaimed the Word, counseling with them, guiding the affairs of the missions and using her fine judgment as one after another crises came and decisions had to be made. She saved the work, this woman God had called into his kingdom for such a time as this!

Prayer services each week had been the only survival of the former flourishing work at the Temple. They were the foundation for new work begun by the young women who came early in 1899, Misses Mary Taylor and Adalee Branham. Miss Joerg took them into her home and became their language teacher. It was the first of many times that she rendered this service to the missionaries. In 1901 Dr. C. D. Daniel came as the superintendent of the Home Mission Board, relieving Miss Joerg of the burden she had carried so cheerfully and efficiently. He needed no language teacher, for he had already been a missionary many years in Mexico. But he was grateful for her counsel and wisdom in handling the many difficulties that confronted him, and her staunchness and great knowledge of the work and workers were a tower of strength to him during these days of reorganization and re-establishment.

After trying to pick up and piece together broken ends of former work, it was decided that the better way would be to start all over again on a new foundation. So the attempt to resuscitate the old organization was abandoned and a new church was organized at the Temple, Calvary Church, begin-

ning with six members, Mrs. Joerg, her three daughters, Mr. Bristow of the Post Office Department and Dr. Daniel. This was the small beginning of our present work in Cuba.

Through the four years of Dr Daniel's administration, the Misses Joerg were his most staunch allies in all the work. Miss Gertrude was the church clerk and attended to many of the details of the work with which she was even more familiar than Dr. Daniel. Plans were set on foot for a school and a young man, M. N. McCall, was sent by the Home Mission Board to take charge of it. Into the Joerg home went this young Georgian and again Miss Gertrude Joerg was teacher of Spanish and counselor in all the new contacts of a raw recruit to the Mission. Two months after Dr. McCall reached Havana. Dr. Daniel suffered a breakdown that had been threatening for sometime because of overwork. He returned to the States for a rest, but he was never able to take up the work again. This left the young man in charge of the situation, not yet knowing the language, nor the people, without even his family moved to this new land with him. It was again the devoted, steady, wise counsel of the Joerg sisters that held the work together. They believed in this young man. They devoted themselves to helping him with the impossible task God's providence had thrust upon him and it was their unfailing kindness and generous devotion of time and talents to the work during this trying time that held him to his task without discouragement.

Several months later Miss Gertrude Joerg went house hunting for the new missionary home and it was she and her sisters who welcomed the beautiful young wife with her little children to their new home in a strange land.

How much their kindness and courtesy meant in those days of adjustment to the new home even the missionaries cannot tell. One thing we know, that even today that missionary looks back to those early days with a heart full of gratitude to those devoted friends who gave of themselves so generously in order that the new missionary might have command of the language, understanding of his people and a comfortable home as the center of missionary life. Such a ministry is incalculable in value, the ministry of understanding friendship and consecration to a common task which shares burdens and multiplies the joys of missionary labor.

Written into the records of the Home Mission Board are a few brief resolutions chronicling the stirring events of that crisis time when all our work in Cuba was at stake —a time when a woman stepped into the breach, and by her wise judgment, remarkable ability and utter devotion, saved the investments of the Board, making possible the realization on that investment through all the succeeding years. Gertrude Joerg, daughter of the Old World and the New, by birth and education a product of an Anglo-Saxon culture; by blood and choice entering into her mother's Latin heritage, was God's providential provision for the saving of the work of the Home Mission Board which war and pestilence had done their worst to destroy.

Today in a lovely home surrounded by the lavish bloom of the Land of Flowers, Florida, she is enjoying the evening of life which God has granted her in peace and happiness. Not content with an active past, she still keeps a guiding hand on those missionary enterprises that lie at her very door. In Tampa there are thousands of Cubans,

and on a busy street of Ybor City, where most of them live, is a church door ever open that the gospel might be made known to them. This Cuban Mission is the dearest treasure of her heart, her child, and into it she has given time and money and, best of all, the wise counsel of a consecrated mind and heart. Friend of the missionaries still, there is a light in her eyes, a vigor to her speech and a spirit that inspires all her being with energy and enthusiasm as she speaks of the cause dearest to her heart, the preaching of the gospel to those who know it not—especially to the people with whom she has so completely identified herself, the people of her adopted land, Cuba.

A HAND OF LOVE ON CUBA

Whistler might have etched it, this picture framed in the heart of a lovely old home in Greenville, South Carolina. Certainly it was etched on the minds of the children of that home, never to be forgotten, no matter how far their path through life led from that lovely home where they grew to manhood and womanhood.

It is evening time. The shadows across the lawn have lengthened into the velvet darkness of night. From the windows of the old Southern home gleams the soft radiance of the lights that one by one go out as the evening tasks are done until finally only one is left, softly glowing from the window of the room where the children have been put to bed. Beautiful as the picture is from the outside, it is more beautiful within.

Two little girls are in bed, but neither of them is yet asleep. There is only one light, an oil lamp on the mantel which casts a brilliant light in its immediate radius, but

the rest of the room is in a half light that lends enchantment to the scene. One figure dominates the room. Standing in the glow of the lamp is a woman, a slender, lovely, gracious figure, holding a book in her hands. The light falls over her like a benediction, and to the little girls watching her from shadowy beds, she seems like a storybook lady, a picture framed in the enchanting light of the lamp above her and the dim glow all about her.

Quietness is in the room, as she turns the pages of the book, reading slowly to herself. Once in awhile her clear, low voice stills the restless movements on the beds, as she reads aloud choice bits from the book. Curly heads are turned in quick attention, and little minds are open to the wonderful words of "Mother's Book." Sometimes the little figures on the beds are motionless when the reading is ended, for to the music of her voice and the rhythm of the stately words they have drifted to dreamland.

The Book is closed. Quietly the Woman of the Lamp moves around the beds, seeing that all is well with her little girls. Then lifting the lamp from the mantel, she carries it into the next room, with the great door open. There she kneels beside her own bed for a few moments, the lamp goes out, and night has drawn its veil of velvet over the exquisite picture.

But the picture is etched ineffacably on the memories of the little girls, to be forever the symbol of motherhood to them—the slender, gracious figure standing in the radiance of the lamp upon the mantel, reading quietly from the Book with a cadence of voice that made the words sink deep into childish hearts, there to mold and make the characters of the women that they were to be.

It was a beautiful place for children to grow up, this Lipscombe home. It had played an honorable part in the making of history in this fine old Southern city. Here had lived in the early days a brick-maker who became one of the wealthiest men of the city. From his brickyard had gone the bricks that built the First Baptist Church in Greenville, still a testimony to the generosity and good workmanship of this godly man. But the War Between the States had wrought ruin to South Carolina and the Lipscombe family, like many others, had little left save a home, their good name and an honorable heritage.

Here in those stirring, terrible days had been born a family of children who had grown up in the midst of the stress and terror of the first days of Reconstruction. With magnificent heroism the father gave them the best advantages that he could. Then, like a benediction, in the later years there came again the echo of baby voices in the home as a younger group of children grew up under the love and care of older brothers and sisters as well as father and mother. Fortunate indeed was it for these younger children of the Lipscombe home that there were older brothers and sisters when the father died.

To the mother fell the task of managing the home and being the father as well as mother of the little girls. Gloriously did she rise to the need, this lovely woman of the Old South, with little training for such hard days, yet with marvelous resources of spiritual power to sustain her. In the trying days following the father's death, an older sister stepped into his place as breadwinner by opening a private school. This was a brave adventure in those troubled days. It was early in the eighties, and Recon-

struction days were hardly past in Carolina. But it prospered and "Miss Betty's School" came to be an institution of which the town was proud. It provided sound teaching for the children so fortunate as to be able to attend, in an atmosphere of culture and gentle manners that conserved for the young generation the best of their heritage from a day that was gone forever. Best of all, it provided a sufficient income for the home and the little sisters growing up in it.

Certainly it was a wonderful blessing to these little sisters, for it gave to them an opportunity for a good foundation for an education that they could hardly have otherwise. The baby, born about the time the father died, never knew any discipline save the gentle restraint of the mother's hand, and the molding touch of the sister whose schoolroom was the most delightful place of her childhood.

The deeply religious nature of the mother created an atmosphere of Christian thought and living in the home that no child could resist. Lovingly the girls called this gentle mother of theirs "the preacher." "For," said they, "she makes religion plainer to us than any preacher does." And to them she gave the rare opportunity to develop in spiritual life as normally as they grew into physical maturity.

From the interests Miss Betty brought into the home, there came an accent of things intellectual that was above the average for the girls of that day. She was a woman of brilliant mind, splendid executive ability and genuine culture. Capable of great self-denial, she made it possible for the girls to go on through college. Luckily, there was a good school of college grade right at their door,

Greenville College for Women. Here, as they finished in her own primary school, the Lipscombe girls went on into the higher education that the tradition of their family demanded.

During the year 1896, friction came in the school, resulting in a division of the student body. One distressing result of this was that the graduating class that went out from the seceding body were never listed as graduates of the college, though finishing under the tutelage of the president of the parent school.

All these matters did not diminish one whit the thrill with which these girls received their diplomas, nor dim the brilliance of the oratory with which they were delivered. Certainly to Mabel Lipscombe, tall, brown-eyed daughter of the Old South, that diploma meant victory indeed. It was the reality of a dream to her, to the slender, gentle mother and the beloved Miss Betty whose unselfish sacrifice and persistent courage had made this possible.

Seeing a greater opportunity for both financial returns and worthy service in the profession of nursing, Miss Betty had entered a hospital in Little Rock, Arkansas, about 1888 to take the training as a nurse. There were not many hospitals in that day offering this opportunity for young women. It had proven a very happy venture, and Miss Betty, the nurse, was even more successful than Miss Betty, the teacher, had been. So when the little sister, Mabel, began to think of what she would do with her new-won diploma and all the acquired knowledge to which it testified, there was before her two fields in which this older sister had already blazed a trail.

An offer of a position in a school in a cotton mill district decided the matter, at least for awhile. The school was maintained by the American Spinning Company for the children of its employes. She loved children and loved teaching, and spent herself for these children so prodigally that she soon found she must conserve her energy or she would soon be bankrupt of her strength. For the work was hard. Nor was the income very large.

One sad interruption came in these busy, useful years. The mother had been crippled by a fall several years before, but had been nursed back to health and strength by the unremitting care of Miss Betty. In 1900, however, there came a sudden sharp illness of pneumonia against which she had little strength to battle. Surrounded by her children and conscious to the end, she talked with them of the deepest concern of her life—her religion. As she felt the end draw near, she whispered to them,

"I am not afraid. It is well with my soul. I am not afraid." Nor should she be, this Lady of the Lamp, whose feet had ever walked along a pathway lighted by the unfailing radiance of the Light of the World.

During the fifth year of her work in the schoolroom of the cotton mill town, there came into Mabel Lipscombe's heart a divine discontent with what she was doing. The appeal of teaching the ordinary courses of study was not sufficient to satisfy the longing of her heart to be of service at a more vital place in humanity's need. An older sister, who was married before Mabel was born, now lived in Florida. There Mabel went when school was out, hoping in the change to find help in solving her problem. Much as she loved teaching, yet it seemed to her that she had

walked into a blind alley with all of life's precious gifts of youth and talent. Surely there was some field of wider contact where she would have a more challenging task, richer opportunities and more tangible return for the investment of her life. She had secured a catalog of a School of Nursing in Philadelphia and the appeal to follow Miss Betty's example was great. All these possibilities were in her mind during that summer vacation in Florida. There the matter crystallized into a necessity to choose definitely between teaching or nursing, for while there a call for a teacher of English in Havana, Cuba, came which she needs must answer.

Several years before, the adopted daughter of this older sister had married a young preacher, who had gone as the missionary of the Home Mission Board to Havana, with instructions to build a school as rapidly as funds and conditions of the work would permit. Mrs. McCall's mother and father by adoption had moved to Florida to be near them, for the tie between the foster mother and daughter was a very close one. Thus it happened that when Mabel Lipscombe came to visit her sister and talk over the problems of her own life work, she came into a home that was already closely allied to Baptist work in Cuba. Thus it was that she learned of the great need for a trained, experienced teacher in the new school project.

Affairs in the mission had not gone as smoothly as the prospects had seemed for them when the new missionary went to Havana. Within a few weeks after his arrival, the superintendent, Dr. Daniel, had had to return to the States on account of a breakdown in health. He hoped to return, but was never able to do so. So upon the new

missionary, who did not yet know the language, there fell heavy responsibilities. At the next meeting of the Home Mission Board he was elected superintendent, and another man was sent to carry on the school. Good teachers were not easy to find. Dr. McCall knew Miss Lipscombe, knew of her years of experience, her fine, well-trained mind and her deeply religious character. Finding that she had resolved to make a change of some kind, he appealed to her to come to Havana and help with the infant school, pointing out to her the advantage of utilizing her experience and training, and the added attraction of doing this in a mission field. For several weeks she hesitated and it was the definitely missionary character of the call from Havana that finally settled the matter. She would go to Havana, not primarily as a teacher, but as a missionary, with the schoolroom but her door of opportunity and her training as a teacher as her method of winning the children whose hearts and homes would be her field of service.

So in the fall of 1907 Mabel Lipscombe with another young lady teacher came to be the faculty of the struggling little school at the Baptist Temple in the heart of the old city of Havana. It was all very strange and fascinating. Havana casts a spell over all who go willing to see the beauty of the old city, with its narrow streets of cobblestones where one may almost catch a shadowy glimpse of the mailed figures of the Conquistadores, whose footsteps once rang on those very stones, its stately palms and prodigal displays of exotic bloom set in the midst of crowded low-roofed houses that gleam in soft shades of plaster.

In those first years after the establishment of the Republic there was much of the ancient left and little of the

modern. The American engineers had not yet left the city, being held still as advisers to the infant Republic in matters of public improvements and sanitation. Much of the city had not changed for two hundred years, either in appearance or in customs and manners. Until 1900 there had been very little contact with the English-speaking world. Even now there were few Americans living in Havana. So the two young lady teachers were plunged into the very heart of a Latin civilization, lost in the strange new life, hearing their own language only when at home and then being associated with workers whose most earnest endeavor was to learn to speak Spanish well. They lived in the McCall home. Dr. McCall had been at the task of learning Spanish for two years and so could initiate them into its mysteries. Soon they were hard at the job under a real Spanish teacher and were beginning to feel a part of this new and interesting world into which they had come.

Mabel Lipscombe loved it all. She fell under the spell of the old city. Ever a student, its history interested her, its age-old customs fascinated her, its people quite won her heart. The English classes in the school were its most attractive feature, for after the Spanish-American War there was great eagerness among the Cubans to learn the English language. The sympathetic young teacher won her way with the young people, even though she began her work under the handicap of not knowing the language of her pupils.

The happy start for the year, however, was tragically interrupted by the sudden death in October of the young wife of the superintendent, leaving four small children

motherless. The foster grandmother, Mabel Lipscombe's older sister, came to live in the home and care for the children. It was very hard to get competent servants, so it was fortunate that the two young lady teachers were there to help also in the emergency. Because of her love for her adopted niece it was but natural that now "Miss Mabel" should take much of the responsibility for the care of the children, relieving her sister of all that she could. The children learned to love her dearly in these days of bewildered grief over the loss of their lovely mother. They called her by the name their mother had used, "Aunt Mabel."

It was a crushing blow to Dr. McCall. Just started in his work, just beginning to get it in hand, to get the working knowledge of the language, to build around him a small nucleus of leaders capable of bearing responsibility and enthusiastic about their work. Now to have this bitter sorrow with its attendant doubling of responsibility was well-nigh more than he could bear. All day long at the temple he bent energies of mind and heart and spent strength of body on the complicated problems of those early days of the development of the mission. There were many problems that tried the patience and tested the courage of the missionary in those days. These absorbed the best of his fine capabilities. Then to come home at evening and be up often the greater part of the night with a fretful or sick child, for that climate is very trying on American children, was more than the stoutest heart, or staunchest constitution could stand long. So everyone helped him, trying as best they could to lend the assistance of understanding cooperation as the best expression of their sympathy for him.

In the spring of that year there came another interruption to the work. The sister in Greenville fell ill, calling for Mabel to come to her. It seemed a discouraging outlook for the missionary teacher, for when the sister was improved enough to be left alone it was too late to return to Havana. School was out.

That summer Dr. McCall brought his motherless children to the Margaret Home at Greenville for a greatly needed vacation. There they lived neighbors to the Lipscombe home, much to the delight of the children who remembered "Aunt Mabel" as the dear playmate and understanding friend of those happy days in Havana the year before. Mary, the only girl, had kept alive the recollections of the younger children by repeated telling of how "Aunt Mabel" did this and that, and so it was natural that they should demand to see much of her when living for three long, delightful summer months right in her home town. Buster, the baby, became her devoted worshiper, claiming her for his very own.

The father was much away from his children during those summer months, looking after the affairs of the work. Fall came with all the resurrection of the work that comes with cooler weather in the tropics. The teachers came back for the opening of school. Again the missionary home was the dynamo that moved all the phases of missionary activities. With the foster grandmother in charge of the children and the capable help of her slender young sister at hand, life began to move smoothly once again. To look after the physical needs of the home, there was a Spanish family, Carmen, who was in love with one of the young Cuban ministerial students and her mother and father.

The school was really prosperous, in spite of the fact that there was no principal. Dr. McCall was carrying a double load, for he must be principal of the school and superintendent of all the pastoral and evangelistic work in the four provinces of western Cuba. Dearest of all to his heart was the carrying forward of the little beginning that had been made toward a Seminary, four young men coming to live in the missionary home and sit at the feet of the missionary, learning lessons from his life that were far more vital than the ones they learned from the books he taught them. The work was growing far more rapidly than the force to care for it. So there was joy in the work for all, the exhilarating joy of being a part of an enterprise whose further reaches touched eternity.

As the months of that year slipped away, there came to be a joy deeper than that of achievement in the hearts of two of the workers. The devotion of the children to their slender, brown-eyed "Aunt Mabel" had begun to echo in the heart of the father. Long, quiet talks together in the cool of the evening, sometimes sitting behind the delicate tracery of the balcony railings as they watched the life of the city pass on the streets below, sometimes drawn to the housetop by the promise of the sea breeze that stirs about moonrise, sometimes out upon the beach where on a rare holiday the family had gone that the children might play unrestrained by the cooped up necessity of the downtown home—day in and day out there grew in the heart of the superintendent a conviction that in the hands of this slender, lovely, young teacher lay his own happiness through the years to come.

So as spring came, that year, there came another time of decision to Mabel Lipscombe. Perhaps the romance of the old Spanish city helped to break down her defenses. Certain we are that through the monotony of her duties in the schoolroom that year ran a golden thread of hidden joy as love, deeper than her devotion to the children, came into her heart. Official relations as superintendent and mission teacher were forgotten in the far more absorbing issue as to whether Mabel Lipscombe would remain in Cuba not as a teacher, but as the wife and unofficial assistant to the superintendent of the Baptist mission in Western Cuba. It was a situation full of romance, yet so quietly did they talk, so well did they keep what was happening to themselves that even Carmen, irrepressible romanticist that she was, did not suspect that matters had come to a crisis between the two that everyone loved. In some quiet hour Mabel Lipscombe reached her decision, and once she came to know her own heart there was no hesitation on account of the burdens that she was assuming, no withholding of her unselfish devotion because of the hardships she knew she would face.

There was no illusion as to the romance and glamour of missionary life to allure her. She had lived on the mission field, knew the problems she would face with her husband, knew something of his burdens, understood the complications of home-making in a foreign land and certainly she knew the responsibilities of the family to whom she would be foster mother. So it was truly a giving of herself, first in complete devotion to the man she loved, and through him to the work which she knew was life itself to him.

Somehow little Mary learned the news first and ran to the other children to tell it, her orphaned heart beating fast with the joy of having a mother again. Buster was the first she found and she burst in upon him with a happy cry.

"O, Buster, we are going to have a new mamma!"

For one bewildered moment the baby was unable to grasp the meaning of her words, and then understanding broke upon him. His face puckered into grief, and with a loud wail he voiced his utter disapproval: "I don't want no new mamma, I want my Aunt Mabel."

Mary did not know how to handle the situation so ran for help and soon the baby was cuddled in his "Aunt Mabel's" arms, secure in the assurance that somehow in a strange but most satisfying way his "Aunt Mabel" and the "new mamma" were one and the same. His warm little arms around her neck and his damp kiss upon her cheek set the seal of his baby approval to the arrangement his father had made for his especial benefit!

May came with the excitement of school closing and all the scattering of the workers, some back to the states, others to summer tasks on the island. But there was a deeper glow in the cheeks of the brown-eyed teacher than even this crowding interest could bring. For in June there was to be a wedding. No one was told about it, not even Carmen who suspected much but could not confirm any of her romantic surmises. One day Carmen said to Miss Lipscombe:

"Are you not going to be married?"

"What makes you think so?" was the reply.

"You are wearing a ring," pointed out the Cuban girl.

"I am wearing two rings," was the unrevealing answer.

So a little longer the American teacher held in her own heart the meaning of the ring that marked with significance the unending compass of the love to which she had yielded.

Then all at once school was out. The ministerial students were a part of the family, so it was decided they should be invited to the ceremony. There were other guests, besides these Cuban lads. Dr. McCall's sister was there, and of course Miss Lipscombe's older sister, the foster grandmother of the children. Passing through on her way to her missionary home in Oriente, Mrs. H. R. Moseley, wife of the principal of the Baptist school in Eastern Cuba, supported by the Northern Baptists, happened in just in time to be the guest of honor. Dr. W. W. Barnes had come that year to be the new principal of the school. To him fell the honor of performing the ceremony, assisted by two of the Cuban pastors, F. P. Paiz, and Prof. J. M. Cabrera, who served as the legal witnesses required by Cuban law.

The living room of the missionary home was on the second floor of the temple at that time. Down to it from the floor above came a winding spiral staircase. Down this winding staircase came the bride, that bright first day of June in 1909, walking with the sister of the groom. Simply dressed, graceful, wearing her hair in a brown coronet that crowned with quiet dignity her slender figure, Mabel Lipscombe became the bride of M. N. McCall and linked her life forever with the cause of Baptist missions in Western Cuba. A few brief moments and the vows were spoken. The friends crowded around and there was the mingling of laughter and tears that every happy wedding brings. One formality must be gone through with to satisfy the exactions of Cuban law. The bride must sign her name

to the official record of the marriage a full seven times. Truly by the time that was done her new name was new no longer!

A wedding must be followed by a honeymoon. So away they went on a typical missionary honeymoon—a trip to the field. For work must be done—and honeymoons may last forever, when love is true and one has youth in the heart and a never failing spring of joy in the life. Duty demanded that the superintendent make a trip to the interior right away. So away they went on a honeymoon to Matanzas for one night and out to Sagua la Grande where ground was to be broken for a new church building long prayed for for this large inland city. Just because it was a honeymoon something very special must mark the trip. So they traveled first class! No missionary ever does that in Cuba, but the precedent was set that in case of a honeymoon, it would be quite allowable!

In Sagua the presence of the superintendent and his bride was a great event. Dr. Rodriguez, the beloved physician of Sagua, whose exemplary life of Christian service so won the hearts of his fellow citizens that today there stands a statue in his honor in the Plaza of the city, welcomed them and escorted them to the hotel where arrangements had been made for their entertainment. It was before the day of much contact with American standards and in the native Cuban hotel rates were very low and guests were not supposed to expect much in the way of service, save what they themselves provided. It was customary to inspect the one towel provided, if it looked and smelled clean to use it without further investigation. But nothing so trivial could mar the happiness of this first contact with

the wider work she would share with the superintendent.

Quiet, but deeply interested, she took her place in all the services that were held to celebrate the happy beginning of a greater day for Baptists in Sagua. In her gentle way, she made friends of these Cuban workers who would be her fellow workers in a much more real sense now than when she was just the teacher in the school in Havana. They loved the slender lady with the lovely brown eyes, and on that first of many trips she was to make with Dr. McCall through the years, she began friendships that were to be strong bonds in the work of uniting Baptist forces of Cuba for all the years to come.

Baptist work in Sagua had grown under most unusual conditions. Dr. Francisco Rodriguez was the leading physician of the city. He was one of the best loved men that ever lived in Sagua. He was known far and wide by those to whom he ministered as "Dr. Panchito"—an abbreviation meaning "Little Dr. Francisco." A devoted, earnest Christian, he had been a flaming evangelist of the gospel and the church at Sagua had prospered under his ministry. He was a great preacher, serving the church as pastor without salary, devoting so much of his own large income to it and to charity that he was ever a poor man, though he might have been rich.

With solemn thanksgiving, prayer and much happiness, ground was broken for the Baptist church on one of the principal streets of Sagua la Grande. It was the beginning of a new day for Baptists. From being a despised and scorned people, here in this city, at least, they commanded admiration and respect by the character of leadership they had won and the place they had gained in the

community life. This day was a red-letter day in Cuban Baptist history, one of many that Mabel Lipscombe McCall was to see come to pass in the swift years that followed.

From Sagua the honeymoon trip took them across the island to Cienfuegos on the southern coast near the center of the island. Then back again visiting the inland towns and cities as they came.

Even honeymoon trips must finally end at home. Back in Havana the threads of the home life were knit together again. The children felt the touch of a mother's hand of love upon their lives and the home once again became a haven of rest to the busy, absorbed missionary superintendent. With quiet skill she organized the home so that no sudden descent of unexpected guests could upset its routine, always seeing to it that the interests of the children and husband were served first, yet always using that home as a missionary agency in whatever opportunity offered. In a most remarkable way she has been able to carry out this ideal of a missionary home through all the years. Order and comfort have ever been the joy of the home, service to the family and to the wider missionary interests of that family, its purpose. Beautifully, skilfully, gently, Mabel Lipscombe McCall has ministered through this home in such a way that she has left the stamp of her fine character upon all the family life and missionary activities that flowed through it.

The children came first, always. In 1913 there came a son of her own to bless the home with his sweetness and sunshiny disposition. Named for his father, but with the name given the Spanish form, Moises, this little lad was the joy of the household. The children of the missionary

home are ever its greatest assets and most complicating problem. The work must ever come first, yet the children, their welfare, their health, and their education must have primary consideration also. The long separations that are the price of an education tear at the hearts of father and mother. Yet these advantages must be given them. Once the children came near to being the most vital factor in the very existence of the Baptist mission in Cuba.

Through the years there had been many attempts at getting the school on a firm basis. It constituted the greatest problem of the Home Mission Board. It had been handicapped by a succession of principals who had not been able to stay settled at the task. Some stayed until their health or the health of their wives was wrecked. One man gave his life for it. Only Dr. McCall had stayed on, in spite of personal griefs and many discouragements. And somehow the school had grown into great usefulness, in spite of the frequent shifting of teachers and principals. In other phases of the work there had been the same experience. Missionaries had been sent to strategic centers only to break down with overwork, or the enervating effects of the climate and have to return home. Only the steadiness of the superintendent held firm the purpose of the Board to persist until Cuba was fully occupied by an adequate force.

Then came the summer of 1914. It was the regular furlough for the McCalls. Their summers at home were usually spent at Greenville in South Carolina. Through the summer months two of the children failed to come back to vigorous health from the listlessness and lethargy that marks American children who live in the Cuban climate. The anxious father and mother watched them, thinking that

surely the crisp upland air would work the usual miracle of bloom and vitality but as the summer passed the children drooped and faded even more. It was necessary for Dr. McCall to leave early in August in order to take charge of the summer institute he had established for the Cuban workers at the Baptist Temple. On his way to Havana a message overtook him saying that a specialist had decided that Mary and Buster had tuberculosis. He returned to Greenville to find that the two children were ordered to bed under a very rigid treatment. The situation was more than Mrs. McCall could care for alone. As he built a sleeping porch on their little cottage, the father and mother talked over what must be done. Of course he could not go back to Havana now!

They prayed earnestly before writing the Board of the crisis. They could not tell when they could return to the field. Perhaps it would be best to resign and leave the way open for the Board to send another man to the task. It was a hard decision to reach. But in all fairness to the work they felt, if the Board thought this wise, they must yield to the necessities of the case and resign. So a letter was written to Dr. Gray. It brought the secretary promptly to Greenville to talk the matter over. In this conference the Home Board secretary very freely laid the matter before Dr. McCall. The Board had had many disappointments in the Cuban work. So many men had tried sincerely to stand the climate and the hardships of the work, and yet had failed. Now to have the man leave who had stayed on the field would be almost a fatal blow to the work. Dr. Gray felt that the Board would be face to face

with the question as to whether or not the Cuban work should continue.

This was a new angle to the problem. Give up Cuba! With anguished hearts they faced what this meant and neither could quite bear the thought that their decision should be so far-reaching in its effect upon the work to which they had given their lives. Too well they knew the story of the years that had passed. Too well they knew the cost of the work established. If they fell then God could raise up missionaries to take their places. But until they fell at their post, had they fulfilled all their duty to the work to which they had been called and into which they had poured their very lives?

The decision came from the mother's brave heart.

"Go back to Cuba," she said, "I will care for the children."

And so it happened that a lonely man spent an anxious winter far away from the battle that was being fought for the lives of his children, away from the brave mother who almost gave her life that winter that the children might live. She won the battle there in those encircling mountains, for the children grew strong and well, with rosy cheeks and gay laughter. He won the battle in Cuba, for the work was saved. But the price was greater than human hearts alone could have borne. Only the strength from God could carry these two missionaries through such experiences with faith unshaken, vision clear, and purpose still unswerving.

That long year of loneliness and hard work left its mark upon the slender brown-eyed mother. The lines deepened during the next winter when diphtheria struck down the

little son, Moises. As he lingered between life and death, the Cuban church with a simplicity of faith in the power of prayer that ever marks the Christians of missionary lands, met and prayed all night that the life of this little son of their beloved pastor might be spared. God heard and answered their prayers. For after human skill and medical science had failed, the lad came back from the very shadow of death, and breathed again. Today the tall, slender, red-haired son of the missionary home, so like his gentle mother in manner and temperament, is a living witness to the power of prayer.

There have been two periods of pioneering in the history of Baptist work in Cuba. The first came in the days before the Republic, when the task was primarily that of proclamation of the gospel with little opportunity to build any organized body or institution for the training of workers. There were churches organized, but in the days of war and reconstruction these were all swept away except the one at the Temple in Havana. Few, if any, of the mission stations had services regularly, and none continued their work all through those troubled years. So when peace came again to the beautiful island, and, under the guiding hand of the United States, the government was established with freedom of speech and separation of church and state, Baptists began their work again with very little of the old foundations to build upon, save a devoted small group of Christians, the one church at the Temple and the Temple property which was greatly in need of repairs.

From out the war period there came fresh leadership, vigorous young men like Rodriguez and Bequer and many others who were eager for a part in the evangelizing of

the new Cuba that was arising from the debris of war; well educated, gifted men like Cova and Cardenas, men with wise judgment and devoted hearts like Franqui and Calejo. Most of these had been converted as the result of the dispersion of the Baptists in the exodus from beleaguered Havana.

With this group Dr. Daniel had begun to work, and Dr. McCall continued, building in a new pioneer day the institutional and organizational foundation for Baptist work in this Catholic capital of the New World. It was a most auspicious time for such a movement. The political freedom which the United States had helped so generously to give to Cuba was like a high stimulant that keyed up all the life of the island to eager reaching out after new ideas. Down to Pinar del Rio had gone Cardenas, the first man to read an open Bible in all that great rural province, as far back as its history recorded. Here he found his opportunity through a small group of young men who had formed a forum of discussion of every sort of question, political, religious and economic. From this group of free thinkers, many of whom claimed to be infidel or atheistic came the beginnings of Baptist work in the province. That it was worth while let the fine church in that city with its stone building and pastor's home nearby, let the fourteen churches in towns and villages testify. Today the evangelical centers in all that end of the island of Cuba are the Baptist churches that grew from the courageous adventure of Gaspar de Cardenas.

Others had ventured into Santa Clara and the country was open to the gospel if only the workers could be had to occupy it in the name of the Lord.

The great problem and the next task was the training of these workers. A young man who was working in the Y.M.C.A. just after the war was the first student Dr. McCall began to teach in the hope of building around him a group of young men who might be sent out as trained leaders of an evangelical movement that would spread over the whole island. Two young men were sent to join this training class from Cienfuegos where M. M. Calejo was the pastor. There were no boarding facilities for students and to let these young men fend for themselves would be to lose precious time in their training. So, into his home, Dr. McCall had taken these students as they came. Every minute of time counted, for they were in the right atmosphere for the development of Christian character and habits continually.

One Sunday, during the first year of this experiment, Dr. McCall stepped out of the entrance of the church auditorium at the Baptist Temple to find a young man looking intently at the bulletin board which held the announcements of services. A conversation followed which revealed that this lad had started from his home in the Canary Islands some weeks before on a quest for an interpreter who might explain to him the words of a little book that had fallen into his hands several years before. The missionary's curiosity was aroused by the boy's story, and further inquiry disclosed that the book was a New Testament. The lad, completely mastered by his desire to know its meaning, had started on the long journey to the printers of the book, in Philadelphia, U. S. A., and had stopped in Havana, hoping there to learn English so he could under-

stand the language spoken by those who would surely know what the book was about.

Up in the missionary home in the Temple Dr. McCall learned all the story and told the young man that he need not go to Philadelphia, for here he might learn the interpretation of his precious book. Soon there was a fourth student in the training class as Federico Rodriguez went deeper and deeper into the wondrous meaning of his book.

Three of these students finished the course Dr. McCall had planned for them in June, 1909, but two had had only one year and so were back in the fall to go on with their work.

It was with this group that Mabel Lipscombe McCall began her pioneering as a "mother" to seminary students. She knew the plan that Dr. McCall was following, taking these fine young men into his home that they might have advantages of its Christian culture and devotion. She was as devoted to his dreams of workers for the work as he was, and so was ready to enter heartily into this opportunity.

She was not long in having a chance to show how much she believed in this policy. Down in one of the stores of Havana there was a Spanish clerk who had become a Christian and had joined Calvary Church. In spite of the derision and petty persecution of his fellow clerks he had remained true to his new faith and had shown unusual qualities of leadership. This brought him to the notice of Dr. McCall and led finally to his being accepted as a student in the seminary when school should open in the fall.

On their return from their honeymoon trip Dr. and Mrs. McCall found that Fraguela was having to face an intoler-

able situation. It was the custom in Cuba for clerks to sleep in the stores on cots that were folded and put under the counters by day. Fraguela was living under just these conditions. But with his announced purpose to leave the store and study for the Baptist ministry in the fall, there had come an increase in the persecution. When he kneeled by his cot at night to pray, his fellow clerks would throw pillows at him, and he was made the butt of their coarse buffoonery and petty cruelties that made all of his work harder. When something went wrong he was blamed and many onerous tasks that were the duties of others were shifted to him. All this he could bear but his Spanish temper bitterly resented their sneers and coarse jests at his faith. This became intolerable. So one day he came to Dr. McCall with a plea for help.

"I am to come and live with you at the fall, you say. Why can I not come now, and get away from that abuse?"

It was a plea the two missionaries could not resist, for well they knew the trying situation a young Baptist had to face among his old associates in that Catholic city. So in that first month of her married life, Mabel Lipscombe McCall began the blessed ministry to these young Cuban leaders that was to win for her and her home their deepest gratitude and devotion.

Rafael Fraguela was the first of many such young men who shared the simple comfort and gracious beauty of that home. She must needs be a good manager for there was never a large sum for the maintenance of the seminary. Few of the students who came to it through the years could pay much board. So the support of this department of the Cuban work must be eked out from the appropriation made

by the Home Mission Board for the work annually. In return for their support while in school, these lads went into that great city and preached the gospel in every quarter, wherever they could find an audience.

This is the secret of the fine development of Baptist work in the city of Havana and its environs. The city proper has a population of more than a half million. With its suburbs, Greater Havana numbers above a million people, thronging the narrow streets and living in the clustering towns that so blend into the old city that no boundary line may be found. All around the beautiful bay the city has spread and all around had gone the encircling work of these enthusiastic young men, working at the job for which they were in training.

Thus have the churches grown. Often the beginning was made in a report brought in to the missionary home atop the Baptist Temple by a lad who had found a friend in a new part of the city. Over the evening meal it was decided to accept the invitation offered in this new contact to preach the gospel in a home. Out across the city went the lad, an audience gathered, interest grew until one night there was a baptismal service at the Temple when the first fruits of the new sowing were gathered and a nucleus of a new church was begun.

Or perhaps it is Sunday evening. With a rush and a scurry, for there are ever so many things to be done and so little time in which to do them, the party is off for Central Park, four blocks away from the Temple. There are a missionary, two or three of the seminary boys and a baby organ. In the center of this park, situated in the very heart of Havana they unfold the baby organ, the missionary be-

gins to play and one of the boys starts a song. The crowds gather quickly. There is always an audience in Cuba. Presently when there are several hundred standing around another of the boys begins to read from a Bible, telling what it is and whence it came. Then he launches into a gospel sermon, telling the essential, fundamental truths of the plan of salvation. Questions are fired from his audience, he is contradicted, a priest has joined the crowd and though he will not speak himself yet he is the instigator of the heckling. The lad must know what he is talking about or he will be held up to ridicule. But he does know, and back he hurls the truth as he has come to know it in Christ Jesus. The service closes with an invitation to the crowd to follow the party to the Baptist Temple where there will be a service beginning immediately. The little organ is folded up, and the boys and missionary start back to the Temple, followed by many who are really interested by what they have heard or are curious enough to see what other entertainment the Temple service may offer. From these Park services have come some of the finest Baptists we have in Cuba.

So out into Havana went the influence of that gentle hand upon the lads of the seminary. Not only there. While yet students they adventured into all parts of the island. Fedrico Roderiguez spent his first summer in colportage work in Santa Clara province, blazing new trails for the gospel in the great sugar plantation region. Into the sugar mills they have gone, preaching the gospel in the evenings to the laborers gathered in their little palm-thatched huts. Into the fishing villages, even out with the fishing fleets they have gone; for here, too, were men who knew not Christ.

Back along the horseback trails into the remote mountain regions these seminary lads have gone, fired by an enthusiasm and steadied by a supreme confidence in the gospel they bore to a dying people. Cuban evangelists believe their people are lost and have a supreme confidence in the saving power of the gospel that makes them superb evangels of that "Good News."

So through the twenty years and more that the little Seminary has been serving as a training station for the gospel, Mabel Lipscombe McCall has been setting the stamp of her gentle piety upon these boys, for they have all felt the touch of her hand of understanding love upon their lives. She has nursed them when they were sick, comforted them when sorrow came, guided them when difficulties loomed that were well nigh insurmountable, has been their confidant in their love affairs, and in her great sympathy and tolerant judgment has given to many a weak and stumbling boy his chance to make good. Today they are pastors and teachers throughout the Island. In their homes as well as in their churches there is the reflection of those years they spent in the missionary home in Havana. There has been woven into their lives a bit of the beauty, an emphasis on the spiritual and a devotion to their task that they saw in that missionary home. So has Mabel Lipscombe McCall pioneered in this Catholic land in the fine art of Christian home-making.

Nor are the Cuban workers the only ones who have felt the touch of this home. For there has ever been room in it for the missionaries who work in Havana, especially the single women who have been the teachers and evangelistic workers in the city. Here through the years they have found a real home with freedom and comfort and order. Here the

transplanting process has been easy, for within the home were as many of the comforts of the American life as could be managed in this foreign land with the small resources which the missionary has to draw upon, and here were also the most attractive elements of Cuban life blended by a master hand at home making. For a while the home was on the second floor of the Temple but the growth of the school crowded it out. When the Temple was remodeled a third floor was built on top of one side of the square which the building forms and there the home has been for many years, up three flights of stairs that for the past few years has been more than Mrs. McCall could climb save when necessity demanded, yet the height brought coolness and comfort that compensated for the weariness of the stairs. Here early in the morning the old Chinaman comes trotting along the gallery that overlooks the patio, across his shoulders the long pole from which hung great baskets filled with crisp fresh vegetables. Here comes the bread boy with the long rolls of delicious Cuban bread under his arm. Here comes the milk boy with bottles from the only American dairy in Havana, a luxury that could be afforded only for the children.

Centered in the home are all the interests of Baptists in Cuba. The teachers in the school come up from rooms below crowded with restless Cuban boys and girls, grateful for the respite offered by the quiet of this home. In and out of the home through the day and until late at night go the evangelistic missionaries holding in their hands the varied interests of little churches, missions, homes and hospitals where they have contact with the people. Often may be heard the monotonous song of the typewriter as

the pastor of the English church prepares copy for the church bulletin, or the president of the Cuban W.M.U. sends out countless pages of hand-made reports and programs for the societies in the little churches everywhere on the Island. At the evening meal there is a guest, a pastor who has come from the country for a conference with Dr. McCall.

Over all and through it runs the golden thread of happiness and joy, courage and confidence and abounding good will that is reflected in the laughter and love that lightens all the labor. If you asked how much Mabel Lipscombe McCall means toward the creation of this home, the missionaries will tell you, "She means everything."

There have been hardships and sorrows in these years, but none has shadowed her faith, nor dimmed her courage. From the time that the Cuban Woman's Missionary Union was organized in 1913 she has been a quiet force behind all the plans and progress of that group of American and Cuban women who have brought it into a large place of usefulness in Baptist life in Cuba. She is today the President Emerita of the Union, and counsels with its officers on all plans for its work. She has been deeply interested in the development of Sunday schools, seeing in them the finest opportunity for evangelization that the Cuban church has. Quietly, she has helped in the development of leadership in this phase of the work, and is today the director of teacher-training work in the Sunday School Convention. By well-timed suggestion, patience and faith in God and her fellow workers she has achieved more than many a worker whose life is filled with restless activities.

In 1918 the epidemic of influenza that swept every country and crossed the seas with malignant facility, struck the missionary force in Cuba. There were no deaths as a direct result, but the health of Mrs. McCall was shattered and her recovery was slow, so slow that not yet has she recovered the vitality and reserve of strength that was lost in the battle with the insidious disease. During these years she has been almost a prisoner to the long flights of stairs at the Temple, for only rarely did she dare to use the energy to climb their steep way. In an effort to spare her this confinement and see if she would not recover the lost vitality, Dr. McCall moved out to a little home in a suburb of Havana, near the sea, where the salt breeze blows with exhilarating power through the house. The move has been a fortunate one for her, for she is stronger. Here she is again drawing about her the interests of the work, for when duties crowd too thick and the heart is overburdened the missionaries fly to this haven of quiet and peace for a brief respite from the overbusy life they lead. Here come the Cuban workers, too, and the friends of the long years in Cuba. Here guests from the States exclaim over the wonderful Cuban roses that bloom in the yard, side by side with the gorgeous purple of the bougainvillea and eat the beans that were gathered from the little vegetable garden in the back, together with the fried chicken and baked bananas that blend America with Cuba upon the table.

Back in the Temple the home which she established is still carrying on its blessed ministry. Due to the lack of funds the seminary was suspended in 1927. But there are fine Cuban young men who are living in the rooms up on

the roof where the boys used to live. These are studying in the Institute of Havana, hoping that soon the seminary can be opened. Here are the missionaries, living in the happy fellowship that Mabel Lipscombe McCall established. The crowning event of the week is when Dr. and Mrs. McCall eat Sunday dinner at their old places at the long table. Still is the touch of her hand felt as she counsels with the young Mrs. H. S. McCall, a niece of Dr. McCall, who, with her husband, has now become the head of the missionary home.

If Mabel Lipscombe McCall were asked what had been her ministry in Cuba, she would say modestly that she had tried to help her husband with the work as best she could. That she has done. So magnificently has she submerged herself in his work that she has truly lost herself in it. And true to the law of life which Christ proclaimed, she has found herself again in countless avenues of service as those to whom she has been a blessing have, in their turn, become the blessing of God to Cuba.

One who knows her well has said of her:

"She was made in a large mold, having the rare gift of making the best of bad circumstances, and distinguishing between the essentials and non-essentials of life. She has lacked the gift of public speech, being of a timid, retiring disposition, but because of other qualities has been like the iron structure that supports the building rather than the ornamentation that shines in front. She has ever been the wise adviser and the affectionate comforter of all who share her family life. She had been trained in ideas of economy, no mean equipment for a mission field. She has the rare gift of reading character, which has been

valuable on many an occasion. She has always put the work first, and has been willing to endure the separations that it entailed as well as to bear the responsibilities that fell upon her. Reticent and retiring by nature, yet she has had a quiet initiative in many things. She has the charity that withholds hasty judgment and the fair-mindedness which recognizes the frailties of human nature, especially in its unregenerate state."

Sitting in the Cuban Convention in the spring of 1928 I heard the report of the secretary read. More than two hundred delegates sat deliberating over the affairs of the kingdom as Baptists were carrying them on in all the world. A missionary sermon the evening before had rung a challenge for Cuban Baptists to look upon a whole world open to the gospel. All the interests of Baptists were being brought before this earnest devoted audience that at night filled the great auditorium to capacity. By my side was the slender little woman who had been a vital factor in bringing all this to pass. So quiet was she that the casual visitor might never have seen her. Little would it be suspected that through her hands had passed all the issues now coming into flower in this splendid body of Baptist workers. The secretary of the Convention is one of her boys who lived in her home through his years of training. The pastors whose work was being presented to this annual gathering were also her boys upon whose lives she had laid a molding hand. The churches whose reports lined the walls in great posters had, most of them, been organized since she came to Cuba. She had been present when they laid their cornerstones or dedicated their little chapels. The man who was guiding all the plans and poli-

cies of this meeting and in whose hands lay all the work was the husband who had won her love that long ago day and by whose side she had stood, sharing all his joys and sorrows, lending herself to all his hopes and dreams, being the wife and sweetheart, counselor and inspiration that is the glory of life to every man of achievement.

Sitting in the Convention that day I wondered if there could ever be a more precious blessing come to any life than to see some dreams come true, some hopes realized, some harvest from the seed sown in youth. This is the blessing that has come to Mabel Lipscombe McCall.

Treasured as one of her most precious possessions is a worn blackbound book whose pages are yellowed with age and heavily scored by a reader to whom the words were full of meaning. The sight of that book brings a picture from out Memory's gallery. A slender figure is standing by a mantel on which there is a lamp whose light falls in glory over her. In her hands there is a book from which she reads to two listening little girls on the beds in the half light of the room. The woman's voice carries all through the years in the hearts of those little girls and the light of the lamp blends itself with the glory of the Light of the World. For one of those little girls gave her life to the taking of that Light to a land where it had not shone in its life-bringing power. And behind that Light has Mabel Lipscombe McCall hidden her life that the Light might shine unhindered in that land.

IV.

THE FOREIGNER

FOREIGN POPULATION OF SOUTH 1928

Negroes		9,967,825	24.5%
Chinese, Japanese, etc...	7,180		
Italians	600,000		
Other foreign-born groups	786,110		
Children of foreign-born or mixed parentage	2,560,000		
Mexicans	1,000,000		
French-speaking natives in Louisiana	400,000		
Cubans and other foreign groups in Florida	50,000		
Total foreign groups		5,343,390	13.2%
Total population of South		40,685,000	100%

First missionary to the foreigners appointed by the Home Mission Board to Germans of Baltimore, 1867. Missionaries to Germans in Kentucky, 1887; Missouri and Texas, 1889.

First Chinese work under the Home Mission Board established 1880 in San Francisco, Calif., J. B. Hartwell, missionary. Discontinued 1885. Chinese work established in Baltimore 1888, Miss Lula Whilden, missionary.

First woman missionary to immigrants at Port of Baltimore, Miss Marie Buhlmaier, appointed by Home Mission Board, 1893. Missionary to immigrants at Port Galveston 1904.

Work begun among the Mexicans in cooperation with Texas State Convention 1891. Headquarters established at El Paso. C. D. Daniel appointed superintendent of work 1906.

Work among Swedes begun in Missouri, 1900. Missionary appointed to foreigners in mining regions of Oklahoma 1902, by appointment of Misses Hansen and Perry, supported by W.M.U.'s of Virginia and Georgia.

Italian work begun in Tampa, 1907. First missionary pastor of Home Mission Board to Italians, Lawrence Zarilli 1908.

Acadia Academy established for training of French-speaking ministers and missionaries, 1917.

Negro work begun 1845. Evangelism and training of a negro ministry basic policy. Operated altogether in cooperation with the Home Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention.

Department of Foreigners established 1904. Department of Negro Work 1906. Merged in Department of Direct and Independent Missions, 1926; J. W. Beagle, superintendent.

Present Work 1928—

36 Nationalities, 28 languages, 109 workers speaking six languages.

Miss Marie Buhlmaier

Ambassador of the Gospel to the Nations at the Port of Baltimore for thirty years

Fannie Hawkins Taylor

Ambassadress of Southern Baptists to the Italians of the United States

I. Fields—

	CHURCHES	MEMBERS	DAY SCHOOLS	G.W.C.
Mexicans	67	5,400	4	3
Italians	10	500	2	4
Cubans	1	77	1	
French	14		1	
Swedes	1			
Chinese	1	28	1	

II. Other Work—*City Missions*—

Negro Cooperation ..... 22 Workers

III. Results 1928—

Missionaries ..... 109 Workers
Baptism, Foreigners 1,001
Baptism, Negroes 1,110

(Bring this information up to date from current Home Mission Report.)

A MISSIONARY TO EVERY LAND

It was a hot, close night and the station at Cologne was crowded. Trains were late and the crowd was restless, weary and sleepy. Many were on their way to ports in Northern Germany and so were burdened with many boxes and bundles. As the night wore on weary bodies found a troubled rest on the piled up baggage and children slept uneasily in the turmoil and the heat.

Over in one corner of the station there was a timid little group of a mother and four little ones, the oldest, a girl, only nine years old, the smallest, a toddling baby, now asleep on a great roll of bedding. The woman was evidently

not accustomed to traveling, for she looked about her with a frightened air and watched the movements of the people about her as if fearful that she might not know just when her train came in. The girl with a look upon her face of responsibility far above her years was cradling the next youngest child in her arms, while the sturdy six-year-old boy was determinedly staying awake though involuntarily his head would nod now and then. Finally sleep overcame him entirely and he sank in heavy slumber on his mother's knee.

From Heilbronn, far to the south in Germany the little family had come. For generations the Buhlmaiers had been well known in their little city. Blacksmiths by trade, the home and the shop had been kept by one of that name from the earliest history of the old town. The father of this little family, however had been given a very unusual education for one of his station in life. Sent to best schools of higher learning, he had made friends of men who were far above his social class, and had acquired tastes that added little to his liking of the blacksmith's trade when the time came for him to take his Father's place. With a longing for what was out of his reach, the younger Buhlmaier had not made so good as a blacksmith. Trusting too much to designing friends, he had finally become so heavily involved that he had to sacrifice every possession in order to clear his obligations. This meant beginning life all over again on a much more modest scale than the family had been accustomed to. He could not face doing this here in the midst of his and his wife's relatives and the neighbors who knew him so well. He had married a daughter of a

well-to-do and proud old family and he could not face their pity and offers of help.

Friends of his had already successfully emigrated to America and there found prosperity and happiness. A younger brother of his wife was eager to go, so together they decided to risk all on the chance that they, too, might find in the new land across the sea the fortune that others had found. It was decided that the father would go ahead, try out his luck and if he found work would then send for the family. So in the Grandmother's home the little family had waited for five long anxious months to know what their fate would be.

It was in the late summer of 1868 that the news finally came that all was well. The father had found work and the future seemed bright and secure. Now they must go. What a time they had, deciding what could be taken from the old home and what must be left. It was the old never-settled question of what is really essential. The chests and trunks were packed, only to be unpacked and all the work done over again when it was discovered that is was impossible to take everything, and so the selection must be made again and again.

To Marie, eldest daughter of the home, the doll house which was the pride and joy of her nine-year-old heart, was the one essential to happiness in the new home. It was really a remarkable doll house, carved from beautiful woods, with highly polished hand carved mahogany furniture that could be taken out and put back again and a little piano that was her special delight and the envy of all her friends. The mother knew how precious this was to her daughter, so she packed it carefully in a great chest. But

later as one valued possession after another had to be discarded, the chest was finally unpacked, the doll house taken out and in its place packed other articles more necessary for the family's well being. Hope refused to die in the little girl's heart until the last bundle had been packed and sent to the station. Then with brave eyes but an aching heart she had followed her mother to the train, leaving her most precious treasure behind.

All had gone well until Cologne had been reached. Here there was a change of trains. They had settled down in the station to wait, burdened with their bundles of everything that they had not been able to get into the trunks and chests. Even the two and a half-year-old baby, Lena, had her little bundle to carry. But now it was night. The baggage was piled all around them and all had fallen asleep save Marie and her mother. Midnight came and still no train. Then suddenly there was a bawled out command, the great gates were opened, and all the crowd surged forward. The train had come.

Little Mrs. Buhlmaier looked helplessly around her. Two babies asleep, her little son so drowsy that it was impossible for him to walk without being led and only little Marie to help with babies and baggage. Marie looked up to see the tears falling down her mother's cheeks. Valiantly she struggled to rouse and lead Sofia, the next to the youngest, and load her arms also with as much of the bundles as she could, for she knew, as well as her mother, that somehow they must get to that train. Suddenly, two fine-looking young men stepped up with a pleasant: "Come on, lady, we'll help you." One picked up the sleeping babies while his companion loaded his arms with the boxes and bundles

and all were off to the train together. The mother, holding on to her son and daughter, followed their swift, sure progress and soon they were all settled on the train and the children at least secured a chance to sleep Right loyally did the young men stand by the little mother, not leaving her until she was safely on the boat with her little family and all the baggage. Her gratitude knew no bounds and the kindly helpfulness of these two young men remained a pleasant memory to the mother and her daughter through all the years.

To Marie and her mother the sea was a dreadful experience, for both were very seasick. But to the three younger children it was all a fairy story come true as they played over the great ship, "Deutschland," and made friends of all the people in the steerage. The mother had a bad fright in a fall down some steep stairs, as she was bringing some food for the babies, but, luckily, there was no serious injury as a result. By the time land came in sight, however, all were heartily glad to be at the end of their journey. Through the formalities of entrance as immigrants into the United States, via the old Castle Gardens, they passed without delay and soon were in the arms of the beloved father and were greeted by other relatives who had come to welcome them to their new home.

That new home! How different from the solid comfort of the fine old house in Heilbronn. Some small rooms in a tenement house in that section of New York city known as "Little Germany." Inside, cheap furniture of flimsy construction instead of the lovely old hand-rubbed and carved mahogany that had given such an air of substantial well being to the old home. Outside, the roar and rush of

the hectic life of a great city in exchange for the peace and old-world tranquility of the German city with its flowing fountain of healthful water in its central square. It was a bewildering change. Not speaking English, the mother dared not venture out upon the streets, farther than just the nearby German stores. So for a long while she saw little of the new land to which she had come save the crowded, stifling section where people lived in layers and every corner was crammed with human beings struggling for a bare existence.

Before any adjustment could be made to this new life, disaster descended upon the little family. Winter came with its slack season in industry and the father, having been with his employer only a short time, was among the first to be laid off. This was a real calamity. With an aching heart he walked the streets seeking work of any sort. All pride was gone now and he was willing to do anything to keep his family from suffering. But there was no work to be had. Finally, Marie, not yet ten years old, begged to be allowed to go to work instead of starting in school. The father had been very ambitious for this little daughter with her bright mind and willingness to learn. He had dreamed of giving her all the wonderful advantages of the land where education was possible for every child and no girl or boy was held back from following the bent of his mind and talent. Now to put this little daughter to work, instead of sending her to the fine schools that were right at his door, was a bitter blow.

From the grandmother in Germany there had come many letters of deep concern about their welfare. No hint of the real situation was given in the replies that went across the

ocean. It would give needless pain to let the dear grandmother know how desperate was their condition, and then pride refused to admit to those back home that the venture in the new land was such a failure. Others had succeeded and sent back glowing accounts of the matchless opportunities in this land, and the Buhlmaier family could not bring themselves to admit that they had failed. So the letters were vague and cheerful, though the tears were hastily wiped away many a time to keep them from falling on the paper.

When the decision was reached for Marie to go to work the mother sadly said,

"Oh, if my mother only knew and could see me and my children here."

Marie quickly replied, "But, mother, she cannot see and she need never know. No, no, we will not write of how we are, for it would break her loving heart."

And so the fact that grandmother would never know the plight of her loved ones helped to strengthen and uphold them with a desperate courage.

Marie was employed by a woman who had a few workers in her own home, crocheting trimmings for dresses. Here she began at seventy-five cents per week, no mean sum for a child as wages went at that time. After a while she was advanced to work on crocheted baby shoes and proudly carried home $1.50 at the end of each week. It was her joy to give this to her mother, but the mother never could take it without the tears coming unbidden to her eyes.

The most serious result of this step was the deprivation of school opportunities for Marie. She tried to make up for this by studying in the evening with the other children.

Thus she began to learn English as she read the books the children studied in school and gathered a little store of knowledge about all the subjects in the school course. She had a quick acquisitive mind and the habit of study learned in the hard school of self-education became an asset, thus compensating in some measure for what she missed in school. Marie never had the privileges of school in the United States.

Spring came and work opened up, giving the father a new chance. But for three years the winter brought fear and dread and bitter poverty with its periodic unemployment for the father of the family. During these times the little savings brought from the old home were completely exhausted. In the second winter a new member of the household, proudly called by the children "their American baby," came to bring added responsibility as well as joy. At Christmas time of that year diphtheria and scarlet fever swept the tenement quarter, leaving sadness and grief in the Buhlmaier home as well as in many others.

At last Mr. Buhlmaier found himself in this new industrial world and secured a place that promised permanency of employment. In order to live near to his work, the family moved to Harlem, a suburb of New York City, and life looked more hopeful. The home life became more like it had been back in Germany. The mother had ever been the most vital force in the family life, training the children to strict obedience, guiding them by stern discipline into habits of uprightness and honesty. The father was much interested in their intellectual development and exacted careful attention to school duties from them. But he cared

little about their spiritual teaching, leaving that to the mother and the church.

The Buhlmaiers were Lutherans. It was the State Church in Germany and the schools were to certain extent under the control of the clergy. Regular and thorough teachings in the doctrines of the church and the Bible were given in the schools. So little Marie had been well taught in the old country along these lines. Often in the years they had lived in the new land there had been anxious inquiries from the devout grandmother as to their contact with church life, and for many months the mother had been evading a direct reply to her questions as to whether Marie had been confirmed. Now that the condition of the family had improved, the mother felt that steps should be taken to link her eldest daughter definitely with the church to which, as a matter of course, she would belong through life.

So to the pastor of the nearest Lutheran church she went with Marie, now nearly fourteen years old. She was not working just at that time, and so she was free to attend the class just formed of those who were to be confirmed in the spring. So bright was the girl that in the one term of study to which she went, she finished the work usually assigned for three such classes, thus proving the excellent teaching she had received in the Scriptures and doctrines of the church.

It was a very solemn occasion to the young girl when on Sunday morning, April 6, 1873, she took the vows of her church and committed herself to the observance of all the doctrines, usages and customs of its faith and ritual. She took it all very seriously and determined that she would faithfully live up to those vows and give herself unreserved-

ly to observing all the forms of faith prescribed by her church. In all this time of preparation, and even on the very day itself, no word had been spoken to her about a personal faith in a Saviour, nor was she told of the need of the human heart, even the heart of a child, for regeneration. There was no heart touch in all the ceremony. It was a ritual to be observed and no effort was made to point her to the beautiful truths behind all the formal ceremony.

Soon after this event, the home in which the family lived was taken over for business purposes and it was necessary to seek out a new home. The father was at work all day, so it fell upon the hard worked mother to go in search of a shelter for the family. One day Marie was left to care for the baby while the mother went home-hunting. The afternoon dragged on and in her loneliness Marie took her charge into a neighbor's room down the hall. Presently she heard her mother's steps in the hall and called out that she was in the neighbor's room. So the mother went in to report the result of her search.

"I have found a place which I think will suit us very well," she said, giving the address. "It has an additional room which will be quite a comfort."

"That is all very well," replied the neighbor, "but Mrs. Buhlmaier, do you realize that you are going into the Baptist nest?"

"No," said Mrs. Buhlmaier with a laugh, "I did not, but I don't think that will hurt us any."

"But you had better be on your guard," continued her friend, "or else they will catch you."

"Never mind," laughed the mother, "I have no fears," and as she spoke she turned to her little daughter, "Come along

now, we must get busy and make up for the lost time." She noticed that Marie's face was white and she walked behind her mother down the hall to their rooms without saying a word. Then as the door closed behind them, Marie stood against it and said to her mother in a breathless fear,

"Mother, what kind of things are Baptists?"—for the child had never heard of them before and her imagination had at once conjured up some kind of terrible man or beast that would "catch" them all and do them harm.

"Why girl," said the mother, quickly seeing that her child was greatly frightened by the neighbor's careless words, "Baptists are people. They are people who believe a perverted and wrong religion."

The answer calmed the fears of the girl, but did not satisfy her, and all through the process of packing and moving she wondered about what she had heard, certain that it was a dreadful mistake to move near such fearsome people. Of one thing she was very sure, those Baptists should never catch her! She was now fourteen, a regular member of her mother's and father's church, faithful to her Sunday school and church services, and she would let them know right away that she was unmovable in her faith.

The new home was very pleasant, and soon the Buhlmaier family had friends all up and down the street which was full of German families. An emergency in the home one day called in the services of a quite famous doctor who lived just two doors from them. He won their hearts by his gentleness, courtesy and skill. Imagine the consternation in Marie's heart when she discovered that this lovable, wise gentleman was one of those feared and distrusted Baptists. In fact the whole family marveled at finding so splendid a

man a believer in what they thought to be a perverted and despicable religion.

One hot day in the summer of that year, everyone was seeking a cool breath from every possible outside vantage point. From their seat on a bench in front of their home, the two daughters of the doctor saw Marie standing in her doorway, and invited her to come and sit with them, where there was more breeze. Marie had held out against any friendship with these girls, but she did not want to seem rude and discourteous, and could think of no reasonable excuse for refusing. So, her sense of politeness overcoming her fears of contact with these heretics, she yielded to their insistence and found herself enjoying their friendly company very much. Suddenly a hard summer shower swept upon them out of sultry heat of the afternoon and the girls had to rush under the nearest shelter, which, of course, was the doctor's home.

This was going much farther than Marie had ever intended. Here she was under their very roof, and to the German girl, schooled in all the old world customs of hospitality, this meant assuming obligations that she had never meant in further cordial relations with these girls so near her own age. The shower became a storm and it was impossible for Marie to return home until it had ceased. The doctor came in and expressed great pleasure in finding her in his home. In a most gracious, tactful way he led the conversation to matters religious and Marie became more uncomfortable still. Here was the dreaded subject brought right out in open conversation, and she had vowed she would not be entangled in any way with these Baptists. She

tried determinedly to make excuse to leave and finally the doctor said,

"If you just must go home, wait a few minutes longer while we have our evening devotional."

This was more uncomfortable still. Here she was, all unwillingly taking part in the strange and wrong religious service of these Baptists. Her wonder overcame her fear, however, as the good doctor began to read from his Bible, and then simply and earnestly led in prayer. Never had Marie witnessed such a direct and beautiful worship of God. It all seemed so real and so sincere, that she could not reconcile what she saw and heard with the dreadful picture she had formed of the perverted ideas of these Baptists.

Glad she was to get home. When she told her father the events of the evening, she was sternly bidden never to let such a thing happen again. Meekly she admitted her fault and promised never to go back to the doctor's house again. But as she lay awake that night pondering over the experience she wondered again how people with such kind hearts could possibly be so very wrong in their ideas about God. "I must watch out," were the words she whispered to herself as she fell asleep that night.

The days slipped by and the wonder of the Buhlmaier family grew as they watched the daily life of their Baptist neighbors. The kindness of these new friends was so unfailing, their relations with each other so very Christian that it was an unsolved puzzle to the family how they could possibly be Baptists. Diligently they fortified themselves against the well-meant proffers of friendship and sternly denied their hungry hearts the comfort and consolation that such friends would have brought. The barriers of prejudice

were strong. But the constant witness of these loyal, simple Christian neighbors in their daily walk was the most effectual means to remove them.

One Sunday, late in the summer of 1873, Marie went to her own church to find that there would be no service. As she turned to go back home, suddenly the thought came that this was a good time to go and see just what sort of service these Baptists held on Sunday and decide for herself just how wrong they were in their beliefs. In her own mind she resolved in case any of them remarked upon her coming she would say,

"I only came because my own church was closed for the day." Thus fortified against any seeming accord with their beliefs, she turned her steps toward the rented hall where the Second German Baptist Church of New York City had established a mission.

She found the doctor leading the service, an interesting discussion of a beautiful passage of scripture. Nothing happened with which she could find any fault. Instead she heard for the first time the presentation of the experimental side of religion and her heart was touched by the sincerity of its approach to God and the simplicity of its message concerning him. They seemed to try to live by the laws laid down in the New Testament, and she got her first impression of Christianity as a matter of personal, individual faith and belief.

After the service she was greeted with such kindly, courteous, and unaffected interest that she was entirely won. Lydia was especially urgent in her invitation to the Sunday school that afternoon, and won a pledge that she would return if her mother gave permission.

There was much to tell when Marie reached home that Sunday noon. As she and her mother placed dinner on the table she opened the subject:

"Mother, where do you suppose I have been this morning?"

"At church, of course," was the reply.

"Yes, but where do you suppose?"

With a sudden look at her daughter the mother said quickly, "I hope not at that Baptist church."

"Yes, just there, mother," said Marie, "but listen to what happened"—and then out tumbled the whole story, about the closed service at her church, the decision to see just what these Baptists did, the doctor's sermon, the kindness of the people and the special invitation to attend the Sunday school that afternoon.

The mother listened without interruption until the tale was told. Then she said noncommitally:

"H'm—well, we'll see. Better be careful."

Lydia came just after dinner with her added plea for Marie to go with her. After a bit of hesitation the permission was granted and the two girls went off in joyous comradeship. Then a strange thing happened. The teacher of the girls' class was absent that afternoon, and the girls asked the superintendent of the school if Marie might not teach them. He quickly agreed. She was very timid and shy and the idea of taking the Bible and teaching from it frightened her. But when she discovered that the lesson was a story that she knew well, she agreed to undertake it, when the girls insisted. So on her first visit to a Baptist Sunday school, Marie Buhlmaier found herself teaching the Bible and the experience was so thrilling that she never

forgot it. After Sunday school there was preaching by the pastor, whose sermon was full of earnest sincerity, this time preaching the need of the human heart for a Saviour.

Marie went home with more wonders to tell and a secret resolve to take her mother to the night service. So interesting did she make the experiences of the day, that when she timidly suggested that she and her mother go to the evening service, her mother consented. Thus was the last barrier removed, for the mother saw that these were indeed Christian people. After that there was no more talk in the Buhlmaier family about the puzzle of the loving, kindly life of these people called Baptists. For they had discovered that their faith was the secret of the outward life which testified of their knowledge of the Lord.

Now that the barriers were down, the doctor began to try to teach the way to believe in Christ as a personal Saviour. Patiently, earnestly, with Bible in hand, he talked with them through long evenings. It was not easy to break from the church in which they had been brought up from childhood. But in it they had not found this spiritual life of which they now caught glimpses. From that memorable Sunday when Marie found the way to the little Baptist mission, they were earnest seekers of the light. In October of that year Marie Buhlmaier was baptized into membership of the Second German Baptist Church of New York City. Two weeks later her father and mother followed her in this open confession to the world of their new faith. They had found the reality of which their former vows had been but a shadow.

Soon after, a church was organized at the mission and the Buhlmaiers were charter members of the Harlem German

Baptist Church. Marie was an active member from the first. Her experience had been so triumphant and her joy so overwhelming that she had an irresistible urge to tell others of the rapture in her own soul. So she was an outstanding witness in the little new church.

One day the good doctor sent for her and in the quiet of the office he talked to her about the obligation that rested upon every Christian to use his or her talents for making the Saviour known to the world. Then he spoke of her talent for winning people to listen to the story of God's redeeming love and his belief that she should use that talent for the blessing of those who had not heard of his love and mercy. If her mother was willing and could spare her from the home two afternoons a week, he wished her to do visiting for the church and Sunday school, seeking such German families as were not affiliated with any church, enlist children for Sunday school and be the messenger of the love and sympathy of the church to the sick and afflicted.

This appealed to Marie's desire to serve, but it frightened her as she thought of the courage it would take to approach strangers and try to talk to them of religion. She talked it over with her mother and finding her willing, she determined to do her best. The doctor's faith in her was a spur and a stimulant to her timid shrinking from contact with strangers. If he thought she could do it, she at least would make a sincere effort not to disappoint him.

He sent her first all the way across the city to the American Tract Society to secure leaflets in German to use in her visiting. Armed with these as helps for her work, they mapped that section of the city in districts and determined upon a general plan for the work. The doctor insisted that

she should be very thorough in her work, and not lose any possible chance of finding and winning a soul.

There was a fear and misgiving in the heart of the little missionary as she started out that first afternoon. She was very young, not yet fifteen years old, with few educational opportunities, and knowing very little English. She had always been shy and timid, and had little liking for making advances to people. Now she was undertaking a task which required her not only to seek contact with strangers but to do it in such a winning way that they would listen to her message.

Taking a small package of leaflets, she started out for the first round of visits. Reaching the block where her first visits were to be made, she walked all the way down the street without being able to muster the courage to enter one of the houses. At the corner she realized that she would never be able to live up to the doctor's high opinion of her if she did not overcome this cowardice. Stamping her foot with a sudden decision, she said aloud, "I will go," and like a soldier going out to battle, she marched straight up to the nearest house, knocked at the door of each apartment, and, with fear gone, found herself in pleasant conversation with its occupants. She had gained the victory. With a feeling that she had defeated a very real adversary, she resolved that never again would she yield to such cowardly promptings. There were many more such battles to fight, however, but she had a consciousness of power within her own heart that could win the victory and would not own defeat.

The Master walked with Marie Buhlmaier, as she went about his work on the streets of Harlem. Many a lonely

heart did she comfort out of the memory of her own bitter heartaches when she first came to America. To many a home was the sweet-voiced girl a blessing from God, and to many a hungry heart did she bring the Bread of Life. So a year passed and she had found sweet satisfaction in her work for the church, while into the church service had come many whose interest was first enlisted by her visit.

One day an appeal came to her from the doctor. The maid who had attended to his office for years had left and he called on Marie to help him in the emergency. Thus she went to live in the doctor's home, for no further effort was made to find a maid. By now she was being paid a small salary as missionary of the church and her work had grown until it took about half her time. The years were happy ones. She was near her own home, yet not dependent upon the burdened father and mother, and she was doing work that brought joy to her heart.

Then sorrow came to disrupt the happy life. The mother became ill and Marie went home to take care of her. In October of 1880 she died, leaving Marie with the responsibility of caring for the home. It was not an easy task, for the years of hard work since a child had brought their toll of physical weakness. So it was better for Marie when some two years later her father married again and she for a time kept house for her brother, until he, too, married. A friend was at this time working in the home of a Baptist preacher. The two wished to live together, so the pastor's wife, not willing to lose her good help in the home, asked Marie to come there and live with her friend. So it was arranged, Marie helping about the house, in return for the home pro-

vided her, and working as a seamstress by the day for the money that she needed.

Since they lived just across the street from the church, Marie moved her membership from the German Baptist Church to this English-speaking church and thus came into contact for the first time with American Baptist churches and their work. It was another step in her development as a Christian worker, and much appreciated. The next change was to move into a little home of their own in Brooklyn, N. Y., so her friend could care for her aging mother. This move brought them back to her church again.

During that year the pastor of the church preached a great missionary sermon, voicing the call of God for workers in the hard places where people are lost and without a chance to hear the gospel. At the close the congregation sang a hymn that pointed the message to at least one heart.

"Hark the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work today?"

Marie Buhlmaier felt that day as if she had done nothing for her Lord, and there was a great swelling impulse in her heart to give herself more completely than ever before to the service of her Lord. When she looked about her to see what she could do, the doors seemed closed for any more definite service than what she was already doing.

One day soon thereafter Marie Buhlmaier went to sew in the home of a Mrs. Seitz, a German lady who had heard of her good work. It proved to be the beginning of regular appointments for the seamstress in that home. As she worked, she talked with her employer and it was not long until she learned that Mrs. Seitz was not a Christian. With

a heart full of gratitude to God that he had thus led her into a new opportunity to win a soul for him, Marie Buhlmaier began to tell of the wonderful love and grace of God. Her gentle manner and sweet disposition were a powerful witness to the truth of the words she spoke. So winsome was her life as she went in and out of that home in the humble capacity of a seamstress that soon its mistress was led to believe in the power of the gospel she so sincerely proclaimed. Through the study together of the Bible Miss Buhlmaier led her employer and employer's husband to Christ and had the joy of seeing them both baptized into membership in the Baptist church.

The following summer this family spent their vacation in a small town in Maryland, near Baltimore. There they met the pastor of the First German Baptist Church in Baltimore, Rev. William Ritzmann, who had been located on this field by the cooperation of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. In a conversation one day, Mrs. Seitz told the story of her conversion and gave such a glowing picture of the blessed ministry of her seamstress that Dr. Ritzmann exclaimed,

"She is just the worker we are looking for."

Then he told of the great need for just such a warm-hearted, evelangelistic-spirited woman worker, among the German people of Baltimore and at the Immigration Pier. He and his wife had begun this work but had found the need too great for them to meet without the help of a worker to devote all her time to it. He had talked with Miss Annie Armstrong, the Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Missionary Union, who had headquarters in Baltimore, and had enlisted her interest in the situation. Thousands of for-

eigners were coming into the United States through this port every year. The opportunity was a golden one, to meet them when they landed, extend them the friendly hand and give them an introduction to the gospel as the first gift of the New Land to their seeking hearts. He had won the interest of the Home Mission Board in the project and now was looking for a suitable worker which the Board had promised to employ when found. He was deeply impressed by the description given of Miss Buhlmaier.

The result was that a letter went to Miss Buhlmaier's pastor in Brooklyn which elicited a prompt reply.

"Secure her for your work if at all possible."

So it happened that one day in August, 1893, Marie Buhlmaier, seamstress by the day in the city of Brooklyn, New York, received three letters in one mail. Two of them were from Baltimore, one signed by the name of the German pastor, Rev. Ritzmann, and the other by Miss Annie Armstrong, both entirely unknown to her. The third letter was from Dr. F. C. McConnell, of Atlanta, Ga. All three brought the same message. The Lord had strangely led them to know about her. All three voiced the same call, that she come to Baltimore to be the missionary of the Home Mission Board to the Germans of that city and to those who were coming in at the Immigration Pier by the thousands each year.

At first the idea overwhelmed her. There was again her feeling that she was not trained for such work, the old shyness swept over her and she wondered if she could ever go among strangers and undertake responsibility for such a large work. The one conviction that would not be smothered in the heart was the definite call that she had

had from God to do definite work for him. Here was that call made real in an actual offer of a new and wide field of service to which she might give her whole time and all her energies. Seamstress no longer, she might now be his missionary in a field of almost limitless possibilities. So, on her knees, she asked God to make her equal to the opportunity and in utter confidence in his promise to take care of his children, she finally arose to reply to the letters. "Yes, she would come," she said to all three. In the years to come, when faced by a situation where her heart failed her and she seemed unequal to the needs, there would come to her the memory of that hour when upon her knees she cried out to God, "Who is sufficient for these things," and back had come the reply, as if from an Unseen Presence, "Our sufficiency is of God . . . I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." And with renewed strength she would go on, knowing that he had never failed her, nor ever would.

The correspondence with her new friends in the South was brisk for a little while, but soon every detail was settled, and she was appointed missionary of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, her field to be the Germans of Baltimore and the immigrants arriving at that port.

There was to be a conference of German Baptist workers held early in the fall in Philadelphia. Thinking that in this meeting of experienced workers she could learn much of great value to her, she decided to delay going to Baltimore long enough to attend this conference.

It was an interesting meeting and she met many missionaries who had spent years in the work. One of these

was the Baptist missionary at Ellis Island, N. Y., and, timidly, Miss Buhlmaier approached her with her request for advice as to methods of work. Never did she forget the reply:

"Advice! There is none to give," said the older woman. "I can't tell you what to do any more than you could tell me. You have to learn as you go, for no two problems are the same. Keep your eyes open, and use common sense."

With these words ringing in her heart, "Keep your eyes open and use common sense," and praying that she might have both eyes to see and common sense with which to work, Marie Buhlmaier reported for work in Baltimore in October, 1893.

She found friends ready to give her every possible assistance. The Ritzmanns knew the field and could give her the necessary contacts in the German section of the city and at the pier which smoothed the way for her to begin. In the little office of Miss Annie Armstrong she found encouragement and sympathy and much practical advice as to how best to proceed with her work. Early did she learn to lean upon this good friend of missions and an attachment was begun that strengthened through the years as the work grew into large proportions.

There were two phases of the work to be developed. Around the wharves was a large section of the city settled almost entirely by Germans. Here the Ritzmanns had been visiting and enlisting interest in the little German church, the only foreign-speaking Baptist church in a region reaching as far west as Louisville, Ky. But centers of evangelistic work were needed in many sections of the city. So one at a time missions were begun, usually with sewing classes to

attract interest and then gradually evangelistic services. The children's meetings flourished. Some of these mission centers grew into churches. Others were later drawn together in one well-developed center, which under the enthusiastic leadership of the Maryland W.M.U. became the Good Will Center in 1915. This began as a special effort to reach the Italians of the city, but also resulted in a wonderful work among the Russians, the influence of which reached across the seas.

In 1907 a little chapel was rented in the section known as Locust Point, spreading around the harbor near the Immigration Pier. Here there were many foreigners living in a congested section where conditions were crying for alleviation. Sewing classes were begun and the little dilapidated chapel became a busy center of interest for the community. Nearby was a Catholic church and school attended by the majority of the children of the quarter. From this school they often came into the lively meetings held in the little chapel and went home with memories well stored with Bible verses learned under the enthusiastic teaching of the missionary.

Thus the mission centers fulfilled their purpose and ministered to the needs of the people among whom they were placed. Long before there was a department of personal service in Southern Woman's Missionary Union, societies of women and girls of Baltimore were busily at work, teaching sewing and Bible classes, conducting little Sunday schools, and helping to make Christian contact with the strangers in the land. Many societies in other parts of the South were doing this also, but here in Baltimore where the foreigners first landed, here where so many of them settled for a time at least, was an unusual opportunity to

render them real help, and to experiment with methods of work among them. Here was an unusual missionary personality to stimulate and stir just such interest—a foreigner herself, she knew their problems, could sense their needs and reach their hearts as no American-born woman could do. So, unconsciously perhaps for the most part, Marie Buhlmaier was setting the pace for the Christianization of the foreigner, at least so far as Southern Baptists were concerned, pioneering in the methods of work which have since become standards of progress in the contact of the churches with the great foreign sections of our Southern cities.

The other phase of the work which she undertook was that of meeting and ministering to the newly landed immigrants at the piers. At this time the North German Lloyd Line was specializing in immigrant business on a large scale. From the European countries, especially from Germany and the Balkan nations, people were coming in great numbers to America. Miss Buhlmaier spoke the Swabian dialect of the German language, easily understood by many Polish, Hungarians, Russians, and others of the nationalities to the south of Germany. This was a decided asset in her work. At this time there were no limitations on immigration into the United States. The regulations governing entrance into this nation were almost entirely confined to certification of reasonable condition of health and guarantee as to non-criminal records in the countries from which they came. Some contagious diseases were rigorously barred and on these points the examination was very strict. There was very little attention paid, however, to financial resources or reasonable possibility of the immigrant being able to support himself while getting adjusted to the new conditions of

life upon which he was entering. There was no examination given before the immigrant boarded the ship in his own country and no responsibility attached to the ship authorities for bringing over those who could not be admitted. Many therefore needed a friend to help them in their very first contact with the new life. This friend Miss Buhlmaier sought to be.

She found that the Ritzmanns had formed a very helpful relationship with the officials at the Immigrant Pier. So there was a favorable attitude toward her from the very beginning. Careful indeed did she have to be, tactful and unobstrusive, very sure that she did not overstep the privileges accorded to her, for she was there only so long as she held the good will and cooperation of the owners of the pier. So gentle and so genuinely helpful did she prove to be, that soon she was turned to by both the steamship officials and the U. S. immigration authorities for assistance in many an emergency. Thus because she was careful to attend always to her own business, she was often called upon to render assistance in many a matter that was outside her particular province, giving her added opportunities for winning hearts to listen to her message. Thus did she put into practice the admonition of the older missionary,

"Keep your eyes open and use common sense."

So through the years she became a highly valued worker at the pier, and through her rare common sense, her ability to mind her own business, and her constantly helpful spirit she was given freedom to carry on her work with no restriction that would handicap or cripple her usefulness to the incoming thousands to whom she was to minister. Indeed, as the years passed she won unusual cooperation in the mis-

sionary phase of her work from these officials who learned to appreciate what she meant to them in their dealings with the people they brought from over the sea. She was an asset to the pier with her ability to comfort the sorrowing, aid in locating relatives and understand the needs of those who did not know the language of the land to which they had come. Appreciation of this showed itself in many ways which furthered her work as a Christian missionary.

The other side of her work, that of those to whom she ministered, is a tale that is told in countless lives of those to whom she was a blessing from God. The little mother, left with a clinging family of orphaned children whose father had died on the voyage over, the boy who lost his destination, the precious piece of paper on which was written the address of the only friend he had in this vast land, the helpless family heartbroken over the verdict that two of the children must go back to the homeland because they had a dread disease of the eyes that forbade their landing in this country, the father with a tiny newborn baby, whose mother died in giving birth to it upon the sea, helpless old mothers whose sons had not met them according to expectations—a hundred such stories of misfortune and sorrow found a happy ending in the blessed ministry of Marie Buhlmaier as day by day she solved problems, comforted the sorrowing, brought together the separated friends, communicated with absent loved ones and talked in their own language to those who were bewildered by the amazing vastness and confusion of this strange new land.

Surely, often as she ministered there came before her a picture of a mother with four tired sleepy babies in the station of old Cologne and in grateful remembrance of

what a kind deed meant to that weary mother, she now gave gloriously of her own cheery spirit to all in need. Day by day she met the needs as they arose, finding a hundred chances to show the Christ-like spirit to those in need and bearing witness by a hundred deeds of kindness to the love of Christ as expressed in human life.

Not always was it a physical need that called forth her sympathy and ministry. Sometimes it was a spiritual need. Broken hopes, bitter disappointments and utter discouragements often were the lot of those who waited at the pier for admittance to the United States. Here she, who knew so well the heart of the immigrant, had resources of strength that few could have brought to such a need. How well she knew the feelings of those who had broken all the ties of the old home, and faced out into a new land, where every condition of life was new and unfamiliar. How well she knew what trials they faced, and how they would need all the courage and hope and confidence that they could master for the brave venture. So out of her own youth of hardship and denial, came understanding sympathy and practical help that sent many a man and woman on their way with courage renewed and hopes high.

Most wonderful of all, though, were the opportunities the years brought to win souls to the Lord Jesus. How blessed it was to be able to testify day after day to the power and grace of the Lord who was so very real to her. Some there were in the crowds that passed through the pier who were believers also, to whom it was a blessed relief to find one of like faith when they first touched the shores of the new land. These she followed up with letters written to the Baptist pastors of the cities to which they went, asking that

they be greeted and enlisted in the work of the church nearest to them.

For one like this, however, there were hundreds to whom the gospel was a new story, men and women from the old lands where religion had become a dry creed in an empty husk of ritualism. To them the Bible was an unknown book, and its message an untested experience. With tracts and gospels in many languages close at hand, Miss Buhlmaier stood where she could scan the line of immigrants passing through the registration room, after the ship had docked, ready to give with a winning smile the message she would have no time to tell. Only those who were detained for some reason lingered long enough for her to be able to follow up this first contact. Often as she helped someone get settled on the train she would tuck into a bag several of the precious leaflets with the request that they be read on the journey. Sometimes the leaflets were taken just because they were in the loved language of the homeland. Sometimes it was the friendly smile and gentle greeting that won acceptance of her simple gift. Whatever the opportunity, she seized upon it for the sake of winning a soul to faith in Jesus Christ. It was seed sowing, with little chance ever to know whether it sprang up and brought forth fruit or not.

All this abundance of literature had to be kept in a place where it could be readily available. When Miss Buhlmaier began her work she found an oblong box with partitions in it which Mr. Ritzmann had made for her use. This was kept in a corner of the upstairs room where the immigrants entered from the ships. Much of her work, however, must be done downstairs, and so to prevent constant need for going up and down the stairs for the needed leaflets, she

made a large apron with many capacious pockets in which the different kinds of literature fitted. Thus she always had on hand what was most needed.

As the years passed, the tide of immigration rose, and increased stores of literature were needed to meet the demand. In the providence of God, this literature was provided, and with it came the necessity of finding a place in which to keep it. Long had Miss Buhlmaier had an eye on the corner where she would like to have her literature stored, if she could get permission to put it there, but she knew she could never get a built-in cupboard in that corner. In the home where she lived, there was a cupboard in the kitchen which could be made to fit into this very space. Once the "homefolk" discovered that she needed it, the matter was settled. Permission was granted for it to be placed in the corner of the pier and soon the cupboard that had been full of food for the body was serving as a storage place for food for the souls of men. For many years the old cupboard served the missionary as a storehouse, its sturdy sides packed with the story of the gospel in many a language.

Then came a need for a larger and better pier. So vast the immigration business became that neither the old-time ships nor the receiving pier were adequate for the needs. With bigger ships came the necessity for improved facilities for landing the passengers. The new pier was built by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. When nearly finished the architect asked Miss Buhlmaier to come and inspect the fine new building. Imagine her surprise when he led her to a well-lighted corner of the new waiting room and there she saw a door with the words on it, "Mission Box." With a

smile at her bewilderment, he opened the door and there, built into the wall were shelves sufficient for almost any amount of literature for the day's needs. In the rear of the hall was placed the old cupboard, now the storehouse for her reserve supplies. Thus did the builders of the new pier pay their tribute to the blessed ministry of the missionary. Upon the shelves of the "Mission Box" went gospels and tracts in all the languages in which they could be had. Here many a scene of eager reaching out for the gospel took place.

Securing these tracts and gospels had not been easy. At first, the only foreign language tracts available for free distribution came from the German Baptist Publication Society of Cleveland, Ohio. Some Polish and Bohemian tracts could be had from them also, but for a long time the literature was limited to this meager supply.

As the need grew more pressing, the Home Mission Board began to buy Bibles and Testaments from the American Baptist Publication Society in the languages available there. But the money to use for this purpose was very limited and the supply was never adequate for the need. The development of immigration had come so rapidly that no agency was equipped to meet the need adequately, not even the American Bible Society with all its resources. From the Eastern nations of Europe the people thronged so rapidly that they were upon the workers everywhere before the needs were known, or plans made to meet them as only very high priced copies of the New Testament were available there in certain foreign languages. For a long time not even a gospel, much less a Bible, could be had for free distribution in Croatian, Russian, Yiddish, Greek, or Roumanian.

This situation was presented time and again by the missionary in pleas before audiences of Southern Baptists and in articles written for the papers. Finally, Dr. Frost, Secretary of the Sunday School Board, worked out a plan of cooperation which he laid before the Woman's Missionary Union by which he thought the literature needed could be provided. It called for the Woman's Missionary Union to provide an annual fund to be devoted to the furnishing of God's Word for free distribution by the missionaries in the Homeland, the Sunday School Board adding to it an equal amount. Through the years this Bible Fund has been the means of providing the missionaries with the Bibles necessary for their work. Not long after this the tide of immigration began to reach beyond the million mark annually. Baltimore was one of the chief ports of entry. So, standing for Southern Baptists at an outpost of the missionary fortifications of the Homeland was this devoted woman, pioneering in a field where she touched the nations of the world, leading Southern Baptists into fellowship with her by her very necessities in the work.

About this time, the necessity of providing another worker at the pier was laid before the Home Mission Board and Miss Bertha Froehlich, sister of the dear friend with whom she had lived these many years, was brought to Baltimore to be her partner in this wonderful business of telling the story of Jesus to the nations, pouring through this gateway to the new world. For nine years the two friends worked together until a breakdown in health compelled Miss Froehlich to retire. Her place was taken by a young man who had been found and developed in the old Locust Point Mission and until the World War ended the great tide of im-

migration he rendered most valiant service. Thus did the work at this point grow beyond the reach of one worker.

Not all of her work was done with the incoming immigrants. The same ships that brought the throngs to our shores also took back to their old home hundreds of foreigners, some returning for visits, others broken and disillusioned, going back to stay. Among these Miss Buhlmaier found many an opportunity. Many an interesting incident came up in her work with the outgoing passengers bound for home. Often upon her was laid the burden of witnessing for the first time to men and women who had been in the country many years, yet had never had any contact with evangelical Christianity. Often it was the last chance they would ever have.

One day Miss Buhlmaier had been through a great ship using the last moments before it sailed to reach some who had gotten by her while she was busy with other groups. Stepping off the gang plank as the ship began to move, she noticed a man standing in the stern of the vessel, looking intently at the water. His face was unfamiliar and she realized that here was one man she had missed. Running along the edge of the pier, she called out to him and held up a sheaf of leaflets toward his outstretched hand. The ship was now really under way, but had not slipped so far from its place at the pier that the man could not catch the tracts as they were thrust up at him. With grateful smiles, he bowed his thanks, as the ship moved on.

Two months later, while standing by the open door of her "Mission Box" surrounded by a crowd of men and women, boys and girls eager for her proffered leaflets, she was hailed from the back of the throng. Down through the crowd

he came, the man of the outstretched hand. Enthusiastically he began to tell her what had happened to the little papers thrust into his hand that day as the ship left the shore. In his little home village they were passed from hand to hand until they were literally worn out. Their message was one that had never been heard in all that region before, and before he left for America the people made him promise that he would find the woman who had given them to him and secure more to be sent back to them, that they might read again the wonderful words of life that had quite won their hearts. So now,

"Please, kind lady, give me all you can spare that I may send them back home as soon as possible."

Again the outstretched hands were filled, this time with leaflets well chosen for their vital message, and with thanks too deep to find adequate expression in words the man went away to send them to his home village in the old country.

Thus the work went on, in increasing circles of blessed influence until the World War came. In that mad distracted time, the tide of immigration ebbed and almost ceased entirely. New restrictions were necessary, that made it very difficult for any foreigner to enter America. The men of Europe were engaged in a business far different from that of home-seeking and realization of high ambitions in a new land. Even when the war ended, the work was different. It had become a smaller world in many ways, and the United States had a different attitude toward all other nations, as they had toward the United States. New laws were made governing immigration in the hope that this nation might be built more slowly and more wisely than would have been its course under the old open policy. Under the new laws many

injustices were inevitable in closing the door of hope to the seeking peoples of the earth. Baltimore ceased to be a direct port of entry for the foreigners and the great Immigration Pier was deserted and a little later on was actually consumed by fire. The second phase of taking the gospel to the foreigner had begun, for the task was now that of reaching and winning the hundreds of thousands already in the United States.

Today the work that she began as the lone missionary of Southern Baptists where tides of immigration swept into our land is being carried on in a hundred centers of foreign population in the Southland. Through Good Will Centers, little mission Sunday schools, churches into whose circle of influence have come people from every land, and the direct work of missionaries of all the varied agencies of Southern Baptists, the spirit of Marie Buhlmaier still works at the task of taking Christ to the people of all the world here in our own land. The dramatic stories of those years, gathered into a book that holds within the cover that thrill of a brave adventure in good will and peace to all men, has been the inspiration of hundreds of mission study classes that have in recent years walked with her "Along the Highway of Service." But in the telling of those stories she left herself out. This is the story of the missionary, Marie Buhlmaier, who left her precious little dollhouse in Germany to come to a vast new land, where in the Providence of God she became a builder of that great House of Friendship in which all the peoples of the world may dwell together in a common fellowship when Christ is really Lord of all.

THE RADIANT LIFE

"O mother, mother, here is my letter! My letter has come," sang out a child's voice high above the clatter of little feet as Fannie came rushing into the room where her mother sat, her face radiant with joy.

"See, O mother, she has really written me a letter."

Everything about the letter was exciting. There was her name, "Miss Fannie H. Taylor," written in most dignified old-fashioned script. There was the address, "Miami, Missouri," and underneath were three letters that puzzled the child for a moment. Then their meaning burst upon her.

"Why that is U. S. A. for United States of America! Why did she put that on?"

"Because it came from a foreign land, daughter. The post office in Rio de Janiero would not know where Missouri is if she had not put these three letters on it. They mean a great deal," explained the mother.

Then there was a queer looking stamp, not at all like the ones Fannie put on hers and her mother's letters when they wrote to uncles and aunts, or to sister away at school. Really, everything about this letter was exciting!

Then when she broke it and read what was inside, there was a bigger thrill still. She, Fannie Taylor, had a letter from a real live missionary!

For, months ago, Fannie Taylor, secretary of the Sunbeam Band of the Miami Baptist Church, had been appointed by the leader to write a letter to Mrs. W. B. Bagby, missionary of Southern Baptists in Brazil. Mrs. Bagby was loved and remembered as a little girl in Miami, long ago, for she was Ann Luther who had been born in

that very town where Fannie had been born. After much patient toil the letter was written and posted. Then Fannie began to count the days until she could have a reply. All in vain had her mother told her that it would take many weeks for the letter to go, and more weeks for a reply to get back to Missouri. Fannie had not grown impatient—but she kept looking for her letter. The months passed. At last there it was, a real letter from a real missionary.

It was a proud little girl who went to the Sunbeam Band that week, bearing the precious letter. It was a red-letter day in the Miami Band when it was read, and after that every child in the Band looked upon Ann Luther Bagby as their own particular missionary and her work as their own especial enterprise.

Certainly to the little secretary it was a significant event, for it marked an emphasis upon her life that was to be molded into character as the years passed. She was the youngest child in the home, having never known her father, for he died before she was born. Left with two boys and three girls the devoted mother determined that so far as it could be done, the children should have all of the privileges and opportunities that would have been theirs if the father had lived. Capable, self-reliant, resourceful, and with high ideals for her children, Sara Mildred Taylor gave to them the stern discipline of a careful, frugal rearing and the cultural advantages of a genuinely Christian home. Nor did they lack for educational opportunities. The best that was available as they grew up was made possible for them.

Church and home were closely linked together. Every Saturday night was devoted to study of the Sunday school

lesson by all the family. When Sunday morning came the mother not only saw that every child was ready to go, but went with them herself.

Thus it was that within the circle of the home and the church lay the most precious of their childhood memories as they grew up. In the home one day, when Fannie was twelve years old, she knelt in prayer by her mother's side and gave her heart to Jesus. In the church the following Sunday, she confessed her new faith and was baptized. A neighbor, seeing her happy face as she came out of the water, told her later,

"I hope your Christian life, Fannie, will shine as radiantly as your countenance did when you came up out of the water."

She was a radiant child, a happy child, and grew into a happy, busy girlhood. For school was a joy. She began to study music when she was nine years old. Through the early dark winter mornings a light could be seen burning in the Taylor home, where Fannie was practicing her piano lesson before breakfast. Diligent, quick to learn, loving it dearly, she made rapid progress, and when time came to go to college, she was not long in choosing to specialize in music, looking forward to a career as music teacher.

This did not mean any neglect of the regular literary studies, for she had won a scholarship on graduation from high school which entitled her to tuition in Hardin College, and here she carried the full literary course along with her beloved music.

Honors were hers a plenty in these radiant days of college life. Out of twenty-four entrants she received third

honors in a contest for a piano, with her the youngest girl of them all, for she was only sixteen when she entered college. Changes came in the family affairs that next year, and the home was moved to Marshall, Mo., where Missouri Valley College was located. Here, staying at home, Fannie continued her study of music, graduating with honors a year or two later.

Then came years of teaching. She loved it, and because of her talent and the gift of teaching which she possessed, she was successful. She had achieved her goal, she was now actually entering upon the work she had selected for her life, back in her girlhood. What more could she wish!

Life was very full. The young music teacher had many friends, her class was as large as she could handle, and in her church life she found those deeper satisfactions that come from linking one's life with the spiritual forces of the community. There was no missionary society for young women in the church, so Fannie Taylor, wishing to have some contact with the missionary work of her denomination, joined the Woman's Missionary Society. She was a joy to the older women, for she brought into their organization a spirit of youth and enthusiasm that vitalized all their work. She gave freely of both time and talent, and her genuine and intelligent interest in missions made her a real asset in the church life.

It was but a natural result then, that she should be appointed a delegate from the Society to the Saline County W.M.U. Meeting at Slater, Mo. The program was a very interesting one, but to the music teacher from Marshall one address was for her own heart. Miss Mary Rhoades, a Missouri girl, home from her first year at the W.M.U.

Training School, told of the life and work of that wonderful institution founded by Southern W.M.U. for the training of young women for missionary services. It was a fascinating picture she presented. Enthusiastic, vivacious and intensely interested in her subject, this young woman, unknown to herself, spoke straight to the heart of Fannie Taylor. The music teacher knew then there was something more she must have. Music teaching, pleasant contacts with well loved friends, the safety and security of her position here in her own home town with a well established position as competent teacher—all these things seemed futile and fruitless as she envisioned the wonderful joy of devoting her life to work among those who did know of her Lord and his love.

Then came the sobering thought of the upheaval such a project would bring in the home. The mother had devoted herself to keeping that home together, and bringing up the children to independent, well trained manhood and womanhood. From it they had all gone into homes of their own, save Fannie. Was it not her duty now to keep the home together? Did she not owe to her mother its safety and security, in return for all the sacrifice and devotion of the years when the children were little and utterly dependent upon her?

So, without ever a word of the surging desire to give herself wholly to missionary service, she settled the question by determining to put out of her mind all thought of such step and quietly resumed her work as teacher. No one, not even the mother, ever knew of the call to her heart in the message that day, nor of the decision to put it aside and devote herself to the immediate task before her.

God's call cannot be so quickly forgotten, however. A year passed, another year of successful work, pleasant social life, comfortable, happy life for mother and daughter. Then came the annual Missouri W.M.U. Convention at Bowling Green. Who could better represent the missionary society of Marshall than the young music teacher whose interest had deepened during the year and whose contributions to the work of the society had been greater than ever before?

Dr. John Lowe, returned missionary from China, and beloved son of Missouri, was the missionary speaker for this Convention. As he talked Fannie Taylor's heart burned within her, and she realized the question of God's right to her life and her whole service was not by any means settled. His words voiced the call again and this time so clearly and so compellingly that there could be no evasion. For the first time she realized that she had hidden behind an excuse. The issue was between her and God alone, and to him, and not to any earthly person, even her beloved mother, did she owe an accounting of how she spent her life. There came into her troubled soul a calmness and peace that quieted all her fears as she realized that the same God who called her to leave her safe, secure life, could also adjust all the changes in that life that would be caused by her obedience to him. So with her heart glowing with the joy of victory, and her face radiant with a new light, she went home from the Convention to lay before her mother the decision she had reached.

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon that mother and daughter talked it all over. The mother was surprised, and for a moment when the realization of all that it meant swept over

her, she faltered a bit. Then came the overwhelming joy that one of her children should be chosen for such a high calling, and with a fast hold upon her own faith in God and his providence for his children, she knelt in prayer, as long ago she had knelt with the little girl, and again committed her to the Saviour—now for his service, as in that first time it had been for his keeping.

Then it was that Fannie Taylor realized that all her life had pointed toward this hour, for from that childish interest in the Sunbeam Band, the letter from the missionary, down to this day when the call rang clear in her heart, there had been accumulating impressions against this decision day when, cutting away from her career where success was already hers, she joyously turned to an unknown way, willing to go wherever the Lord opened the way.

The first step was to secure special preparation for the work. This meant to enter the W.M.U. Training School at its next session. Wonderfully were the home affairs adjusted so that, with a mind free from anxiety, Fannie Taylor entered the Training School the following fall.

It was a rare experience, this year at the Training School. With no definite idea as to just where she might find work, she tried to take advantage of every opportunity to prepare herself, and so studied the Italian language for six months of that year, getting a foundation in the language without any definite need for it as yet apparent.

At the close of that year Dr. J. C. Armstrong, a former pastor, asked her to come and be his assistant at what was then known as Westport Baptist Church in Kansas City. It was the next step for her, and feeling that she was finding herself in her new task, she went. For fifteen

months she was happy and busy in all the manifold duties of a helper to all the organizations of a large church. All the while, though, she had the feeling that not yet had she found the work to which the vision led the day when Dr. Lowe spoke the irresistible words of appeal to her heart. In Kansas City there was a growing foreign population. These were a challenge to her, but her hands were so full that she could do little to reach them. They came to be a burden upon her heart, with a longing that she might find herself more completely in work among them.

Then something happened—as always does when God has control of a life—for impressions and yearnings are not in vain when God-given. A train of events running back through the years had been, unknown to her, working to prepare the way for her life work. Through the influence and encouragement of Dr. J. J. Wicker, a young Italian, converted under his ministry in Trenton, N. J., entered Richmond College in the fall of 1905. Although well educated in Italian, this young man, Lawrence Zarilli, had had no English education. One year in Richmond, and two years in Bucknell gave him good equipment for the ministry. For some time Dr. C. W. Duke, pastor of First Baptist Church, Tampa, had been deeply interested in reaching the growing Italian population of that city and its suburbs. Attracted by the work of the cigar factories of that city, they had come in large numbers and were untouched by any evangelical church. The Methodists had begun a small work, and Dr. Duke urged the Home Mission Board to begin work, also. Zarilli was sent by the Board to Tampa with directions to preach the gospel to the Italians. There was no house, no appropriation for rental of one, and no pre-

cedents for him to follow. But there was genuine interest on the part of the missionary-spirited pastor of First Church and his deacons. He arrived on July 4, 1908.

One of the deacons was in the wholesale business. He loaned a truck to the new missionary, the young people of the church volunteered as workers and the Italian preacher and his volunteer force began to drive about Tampa, West Tampa and Ybor City, preaching and singing the gospel wherever they could get an audience. It was exceedingly interesting, this pioneering in a new field, spying out the land and finding first contacts with people to whom the message was a novel, often amusing entertainment. Here and there a man had been found who came back with earnest inquiries for more knowledge.

Such an one was Gaetano D'Arpa, who persisted until he was led into a full belief in Jesus Christ, and was the first to be baptized at First Church as the result of this pioneering. The work could not long be done from an itinerant truck. It had to take root somewhere if it was to be permanent in results. So it behooved the missionary to see what sort of a house he could get in which to hold meetings. The suggestion of a night school had been hailed with enthusiasm by many who cared nothing for the religion the missionary preached, but did seriously desire a better education.

Back of a factory Mr. Zarilli found a fire station long past its usefulness to the city. He easily gained permission of the authorities to use it for a meeting place. With flattened tin cans he mended the broken door, replaced the broken glass, patched the roof, wired the room and opened regular preaching services and night school. The project

flourished, men and women were saved and eleven were baptized at one time down at First Church.

The story of the growth of the Italian work in Tampa stirred the hearts of the Southern Baptist Convention when told at the meeting in Louisville in 1909. Money was given for its establishment on a permanent basis, and with these resources the Home Mission Board purchased two lots located in the center of the Italian population.

Here a small attractive chapel was erected with rooms that could be used for school work. The work continued to grow. A well-educated, cultured Italian man, who had been one of the first converts, was employed to help in the school work, and gradually was brought into active service in all phases of the work until he became a splendid missionary. Thus the work began to produce its own workers and Joseph Papia, now missionary of the Home Mission Board in Memphis, was called into service.

When Mr. Zarilli left the work in Tampa in the fall of 1911 to enter the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Mr. Papia took his place in the mission, being especially fitted for the teaching which had grown to have a large significance in making contact with the Italian people.

Gaetano D'Arpa, the first convert, had a trying time at first. His wife was so opposed to his following the evangelical teaching that for several days after his baptism he had not dared to go home, fearing violence. Time had wrought changes, and by the time Zarilli left Tampa, several of the fine young men of the community had been converted and were developing into fine leaders.

A young man from the Italian department of Colgate Seminary was secured to carry on when Zarilli left. His

tragic death a few months later gave the work its first serious set-back. Then for a while Mr. Papia went on alone, doing chiefly school work. In 1912 Rev. Pascal Arpaio came from Colgate Seminary, and there was a revival of all phases of the work.

For sometime it had been evident that there must be wide and deep foundation-laying in the homes of the Italian people before there would be much further progress beyond this first contact. Miss Nell Dekle, of Tampa, had been teaching in the school for sometime. A chapel was built on Armenia Avenue, but it was found that the people from the first center of the work on North Boulevard did not come in any great numbers to this location, so a school was established in that part of the city with Miss Dekle in charge. This left the flourishing work at Armenia Avenue with only the two Italian workers, the pastor, Mr. Apaio, and Mr. Papia. The pastor conducted services on Wednesday evenings in Miss Dekle's schoolroom, using talks on the Bible, illustrated with lantern slides, and the work thrived at both centers.

By the time fall came in 1912 it was evident that there must be additional workers. So the Home Mission Board began to look for a young woman who could fill the varied needs on this field. They needed a musician very much to direct the music in the church and teach the music-loving Italian boys and girls. She must be a trained teacher, she must know the fundamentals of Good Will Center work, for there were possibilities in club and class work, outside the regular schoolroom routine. She must, most of all, be willing to lose herself in the life of a people that she might reach their homes and hearts. The next step must be a

slow one, taking time to win a way for the gospel into the lives and hearts of old and young through the constant impact of Christian living and thinking upon the organized life of the Italian community. Here the family is the unit, so the family must be reached. This meant not only direct evangelism which must go on, and teaching, which was already established, and organized church life, but also much visiting and a spirit of helpfulness that would be manifest in a concrete way through a missionary who could be nurse, counselor, friend, sympathizer and guide. Such was the missionary the Home Mission Board was seeking.

Providence led them to Fannie Taylor. When the letter came asking her to go as the missionary of the Board to the Italian work in Tampa it made much that she had not understood fit together in her life. The longing to work among the foreigners, which had deepened in the year and a half in Kansas City, the brief study of the Italian language that gave a little knowledge upon which to build in her work among them, the musical education which would be so widely useful on that field, and the desire to throw herself into a distinctly evangelistic opportunity, all contributed to the decision which was not long in coming. Indeed, it was with a heart full of gratitude to God for the privilege he was giving her that she answered the letter written by the secretary.

In December of that year she arrived in Tampa, and began to grow into the worker that was needed on that field. No young missionary could possibly have been the worker the Board sought, but God did lead the Board to the one who could develop, under him, into that worker. And that is the story the years tell, as Fannie Taylor be-

came all things to these Italian people, that by all means she might win some of them to belief in that Christ whom she loves and serves.

She found the work at a most interesting stage of development, as well as most difficult. The industry of cigar-making had drawn most of the Italian population to Tampa. In order to make a living it was necessary for the mothers in many of the homes to work. In her visiting, Miss Taylor found a deplorable situation educationally. In nearly every home there was a large boy or girl, usually a girl, kept at home to care for the baby while the mother went to the factory. This meant that large numbers of Italian boys and girls were not having any opportunity to get either an English or Italian education and were growing up to be a burden, if not a menace to the community. Yet the situation was one beyond the power of the missionary to control. She could help improve the conditions in the home, but she could not strike at the root of the trouble. For that was deeply imbedded in the industrial and economic life of the community.

The first hold upon the hearts of the people came through her music. A small music class grew, to her great joy. In the church she had an enthusiastic group of young people from which to build a choir. This proved a great attraction and the young people began coming to the church as they never had before. This brought up the whole question of the language that should be used. These young people spoke English, sometimes they knew Italian also, but in all their normal daily contact outside their homes English was their language. Some of them knew very little Italian. Yet there were large groups of men and women who

neither spoke nor understood English. These were not by any means the older people. Many of them were the young fathers and mothers of the community, the heads of the homes the missionaries wished very much to reach. Should the missionary work continue in Italian in the school and church services with perhaps the loss of the young people, or should the English language be introduced as the basis for the work in order to reach them? It is the age-old problem of the immigrant, when the first break is made between the customs, language and manner of life of the home country. It causes always a chasm between the generation of those who came over and the generation of those born in the new country. It strikes deeper than just the question of the language, for the very roots of the old life are torn up and the young generation in their desire to be American break away from all the restraints of the elders, smashing traditions and moralities that are the very foundations of their ancient social structure. These swept away, there is disaster, unless something worth while is given them from the social life and culture of the land into which they are trying to fit themselves. This is the task of the church and the school of America, not to break down the traditions, customs, and moral ideas of the people who come to us, but to be alert to the crucial hour when the break comes in that inevitable revolt of the American-born youth of these foreign peoples against the restraints their elders seek to impose upon them from a background they neither know nor respect. This is the task of the missionary and the conscientious teacher, to save from the wreckage the best of the old life and culture, and help these young people to take from American life the best of its elements. No easy task!

And with the Italian people, with their centuries of culture, tradition and ritualistic religion back of them, a tremendous task! When added to this are the problems of poverty, the working mother, lack of educational advantages, and the superstition-steeped minds, the problem becomes a complicated one, indeed.

In January of 1913 Dr. Gray went to Tampa for a conference with the workers. From this deliberation several new plans were put into execution. The day school, the most influential factor in the work, was put into English, Miss Frances Black, a Training School classmate of Fannie Taylor, was secured to be the principal, and steps were taken to provide more adequate quarters for it. This resulted in additional rooms being built onto the chapel at Armenia Avenue. Services in Italian continued to be held in the chapel.

To Miss Taylor fell the varied work of church missionary and visitor. Using what little she knew of the language, picking up volunteer interpreters when that gave out, and in emergencies depending upon the sign language, she won her way to the hearts of the mothers. In sickness they learned that the low-voiced, sweet-faced missionary could be depended upon to help them; when trouble came with a son or daughter caught in rebellion against the law, she was their advocate and interpreter in the courts. And so from one end to the other of the Italian community Miss Taylor came to be known as the friend of the Italian people. Her Mothers' Club helped greatly toward bringing about this attitude on the part of the older Italians. Her genuine concern for them and her sincere efforts to understand them and their problems won their love in return. A night school

was started for the older Italians who wished to learn English. This was a wonderful opportunity to teach the Bible to many who would not venture the displeasure of the priest by coming to the church services. Sewing classes, as well as cooking classes, grew around the Mothers' Club. Through all this she taught the proper care of children, and helped mothers and daughters alike to better fit themselves into American environment. Doctors cooperated in a splendid fashion in a clinic where for many years mothers found help for their babies.

Then to the help of the missionaries there came a compulsory school law that forced the Italian people to send their children to school. This was, of course, a great hardship in those homes where the mothers had to work, for it left no one to care for the children under school age. Practically every home had to face this problem. Foreseeing this, the missionaries began to plan and pray for a kindergarten into which the little children might be brought, trained and cared for and their mothers freed from anxiety concerning them. It was the hour of opportunity for the mission.

This was in 1914. Through the spring and summer of that year Miss Taylor entered into a pact of prayer with her associates that some way, somehow, the kindergarten would be provided by the coming fall, when the full effect of the new school law would be felt in the Italian community. Their prayer was answered by the Home Mission Board sending Miss Mitchell, a trained kindergarten teacher, to open the work. For four years the work was carried on in cramped, rented quarters. Then in 1918 a two-story house was rented near the chapel and the kindergarten was moved

into the first floor, while the second floor was turned into a missionary home.

Heretofore they had boarded wherever they could, in as close proximity to their work as they could get. Now the young women moved into this house and a real missionary home was established, with Miss Taylor as the director of it, and every member of the family sharing in its work. This was a wonderful help, both from the standpoint of their health and their social life. It provided also a center from which they could more effectively reach the young people, for the missionary home soon became the center of the social life of the entire mission. In their joy they named it "The House of Happiness," which it truly was.

During that year the little mother came from Missouri to be the home-maker, and Fannie Taylor had the joy of having her mother with her in a home in the very heart of a mission field. The piano that she had bought while teaching music back in the old home in Marshall was brought to be the special joy and pride of the home. With a real home for a background, all the mission work received an impetus, for a happy, restful home is one of the greatest assets of any mission field. Miss Dabney, of Virginia, had come to take Miss Black's place on her resignation. The day school was flourishing and the clubs and classes were full of activity.

Only in the church had there been distressing problems and a slacking of interest. Mr. Arpiao left in 1916. An ex-priest took his place for a brief time, but he could not measure up to the high standards of the work in the mission and left after a year and a half of ineffectual work. Then for three years Fannie Taylor was the guiding per-

sonality of the mission. All the work of the church and Sunday school lay in her hands. Often she had to be the preacher, take the place of the pastor in ministering to the people, and always she was the evangelist, taking the influence of the day school work directly into the homes in her constant visiting and personal work with the mothers and fathers. From the Mothers' Club came the first of the older women to be baptized. Other phases of the work began to show like results.

During these three years there were two times of revival in which the harvest of the years of intensive seed-sowing was reaped. First came Brother Zarilli, the man who had begun the work, whom the people loved and whom even the most bitter Romanists respected. The second time, Brother Riscicia brought messages of evangelical fervor that stirred the community. These two meetings resulted in fifty-four Italians taking their stand openly as believers and joining the Baptist church. These were times of great renewal of life in the mission and the results that were beginning to come brought great encouragement to the hearts of the missionaries. Fannie Taylor, upon whom the burden rested in these years when she stood at the head of the work without an Italian pastor, found that a blessing came with the burden. Thrown entirely upon her own resources in reaching the people, she came into an understanding of them that she would never have had without this experience. She came to identify herself with them as she never could have done otherwise. Just a few blocks away the Methodist Center had been growing all these years, with equipment that far surpassed the meager buildings and equipment with which she had to work. Yet by an utter consecration to her

task of all her powers of mind and heart, she was winning a way for the gospel that was most unusual. She learned patience and tolerance and, above all, dependence upon prayer.

She needed all this when disaster swept suddenly down upon the little mission one bright day in April, 1918. Several blocks away a fire broke out in a vacant cigar factory. No one thought of it bringing danger to the mission property, but suddenly there came up a wind that swept it from the control of the fire department and down the street it came, leveling everything in its path. So quickly did the threat become a realty that there was no time to save the contents of the buildings. When it was seen that the missionary home was in danger, the furniture was taken out of the house, the beloved piano most carefully, but the fire, now past all bounds, took the house in one red leap and then swept on to the rest of the block, and the furniture burned right before their eyes. Hard it was to see the piano go, knowing that on her missionary salary it could not be replaced. But harder still was the loss of the kindergarten, where every tiny bit of equipment had come by prayer. And there was no insurance on this. From Fannie Taylor's pen there went a call to Florida women for help in this tragic loss.

"Everything in the mission burned, piano, school, sewing school equipment, kindergarten; new Sunday school books, Bibles—all swept away. Nobody knows but us what the four years of love offerings for the kindergarten represent. We have rented rooms, but need everything in the line of equipment. Our 'House of Happiness' lost everything except some clothing carried out by our dear Italian children.

My trunk, containing clothing and many treasures, was burned. I burned my hands trying to save 'Mother McLure's chair' but failed. Our Father is strengthening us."

And, indeed, in those dark days they needed a deepening sense of the Father's care for his own.

The work went on, crippled for lack of adequate space and mission equipment, but it went on nevertheless, for these dauntless women would not give up. The Home Mission Board quickly began to plan for rebuilding. For a long time it had been felt that a church was needed near the original location of the mission on North Boulevard. Here the day school begun by Miss Dekle was now carried on by Miss Kate McLure, who came in 1918. The work on Armenia Avenue had developed into more of the character of a Good Will Center, with the added emphasis of a day school. So plans were made for the work that would carry it forward as the tendencies had developed. There was $2,500 insurance on the chapel that burned. With this as a nucleus, additional money from the Board and the help of the business men of Tampa, a combination school and residence was built on the corner of Armenia and Union.

How those missionaries worked over the plans for the new house. Within the limits of the money available they planned for the most efficient building for their work that could be evolved. Space for growth, convenience and comfort for teachers and pupils were provided in a most effective way. There were deep closets for the books and papers of teachers and pupils. One large room cared for the largest grades in day school and was turned into a chapel for Sunday and week night services. The house was placed on the lot so as to leave playground space, where

some day they hoped to need to build more schoolrooms. For they had a vision of the future that would not be confined to the work of the present.

Upstairs the House of Happiness found reincarnation. There were rooms that could be opened into each other for social occasions, bedrooms that afforded the blessing of quiet and privacy for each worker, a commodious kitchen and, best of all, a long sleeping porch where all might find cool peace in the breezes that blow from the Gulf in the sultriest weather.

All this did not come about without more patient waiting and much prayer. The heroic confidence of these missionary women called out the sympathy and help of many of the business men of Tampa and slowly there came the equipment for both school and home. Each year a little more could be added from the appropriation of the Board until the debt began to strangle all the work. By that time, however, the home was completed and the work provided for.

In July, 1921, there came a young, zealous Italian pastor from the Italian Department of the Baptist Bible Institute, where Lawrence Zarilli was now training his own people for missionary work. G. V. Romano was a well-educated Italian, graduate in law of the University of Naples, and was a trained Baptist minister. His coming was a blessing. Up to this time all the believers had been baptized into the fellowship of First Baptist Church, and carried on their work as a separate unit of that church. On December 10, 1922, the First Italian Church was organized, 105 members being lettered out of First Church for that purpose. This was a wise move, for it gave opportunity for

the placing of responsibility upon the Italian Baptists that could not be done as long as they belonged to the larger and richer congregation. It was time that they were developed in the duties and privileges of church membership, if they were to become an effective evangelizing agency among the Italian population of the city. The field was one that demanded their best. The Italian population of Tampa and its suburbs had fluctuated with the years as the need for labor in the tobacco factories rose and fell. But through all these years there were thousands of these Italian people within reach of the mission, many of them American-born, but growing up in an enviroment that contributed little to the hope of their being good American citizens in ideals and life.

The need for a building for the chapel was the next pressing object of prayer and effort. It was a real triumph when in 1924 the attractive little church building was dedicated on the corner of North Boulevard and Roberts Avenue. This was the center of the section originally reached by the mission. Through all the years the day school near there had held the interest and attention of the people, and now the church came to strengthen this hold and reap the result of the faithful work of the teachers in the school. Today the church is known as North Boulevard Baptist Church for it has brought into its membership not only the Italians but many others living in that section of Tampa, and the word Italian had been dropped as no longer necessary, for the national appeal is becoming weaker and the drawing power of the word "Baptist" stronger. An old building on this lot was moved to the back. In 1926 it was remodeled by the Tampa W.M.U. Federation into a delightful apart-

ment for the Italian pastor upstairs and a schoolroom downstairs.

The kindergarten has ever been one of the greatest assets of the mission. Miss Bertha Mitchell, daughter of Kentucky, had been a member of that little brief Italian class at the Training School. So she had a background that proved a blessing to her work. As the mothers came to understand what the kindergarten meant to them, they called Miss Mitchell an Angel of Mercy. She and Fannie Taylor won many a heart to Jesus that would have been hardened against their message had not the barriers been broken down by the sweet voices of the children singing songs and repeating verses about Jesus. Six years she gave to this gracious and gentle ministry, then was called to the Chair of Kindergarten Training in Southwestern Seminary at Fort Worth. It was a grievous blow to the work and it was not easy to find one to take her place. Finally Miss Mary Hunter came to carry on the work, and for five years under her leadership the kindergarten fulfilled all the hopes and dreams for it. It was another trial of faith when she left. But Miss Lillie Aldridge is proving an answer to prayer, as she goes on now (1928) with this beautiful ministry to the hearts and minds of the children. The kindergarten is truly a "Child's Garden" with its sunny, well-lighted room, large enough for games as well as the circle of red chairs, its low blackboard, lovely pictures and deep closets for all the kindergarten material. It is expensive to keep up, for the material disappears in the using, but the returns on the investments made through this one agency have been told many times over in the stories of conversions and baptisms through the influence of these little children. There have

been enough years of its history now for its direct influence to begin to appear in the conversion of boys and girls who first were kindergarten children.

Missionaries spend themselves to make the work grow and then agonize under the burdens this growth entails. So it was as the work grew after the organization of the church. An additional worker was so desperately needed that appeal after appeal was made to the Board for her. The debt upon the Board was growing each year, and the outlook for help from that quarter became hopeless. But debts cannot crush out faith. Finally, seeing the boys and girls of the school slip away from them just at the age when they should be accepting Christ, because they had no fifth grade with which to hold them, the missionaries covenanted together to undertake the support of an additional worker themselves, if Southern Baptists would not heed their call.

So in 1923 they asked permission of the Home Mission Board to employ the needed teacher, being themselves responsible for her salary. This permission was granted, for there was no other answer to give to such determined faith. And Fannie Taylor and her loyal associates in that House of Happiness got under an extra load for the sake of the boys and girls with whose souls they were charged.

Since that year there has always been one worker at the Italian Mission in Tampa who is the missionary of the missionaries. In 1926, Dr. J. W. Beagle, Superintendent of Direct and Independent Missions, under whose direction all the Italian work lies, resolved that no longer should they be permitted to carry such a burden, sharing out of their meager salaries with the worker whose services were necessary to the ongoing of the work. So for a few months the

Home Mission Board lifted that load. But not for long. For in June of that year came the most drastic cut in the appropriations that had ever been made, and from Dr. Beagle's department alone twenty-two workers had to be dropped. This ended any hope that this teacher could be a regular missionary of the Board.

But this did not daunt Fannie Taylor and those women who stood with her. They had paid her salary before; they could do it again! Miss Lillian Stumph, who had been the teacher, left at the end of the term to finish her own collegiate work. So a new worker would have to be found, but the work must go on! News came to Miss Taylor that the work among the Cubans at Ybor City, another suburb of Tampa, would suffer in the cut of appropriations and that Miss Bessie Jackson, teacher and missionary on that field, would be the worker cut off. She knew that Bessie Jackson was too valuable a missionary to let go from Tampa, so again there was a conference and a covenant of prayer.

Word came to Miss Jackson of the lack of money for her work in Ybor City. Turning about in her mind as to what she would do, with a prayer for the direction of the Holy Spirit, she began a letter to the president of a school where she was sure she could get a position. All the while there was a sadness in her heart at the thought of leaving the work among the foreigners in Tampa. In the middle of the letter there seemed to be a voice that spoke to her and told her to leave it unfinished until morning. So the letter was pushed aside. It was never finished.

For that night at eleven o'clock the phone rang and Fannie Taylor asked Bessie Jackson if she would consider

coming to the Italian Mission as the missionary of the missionaries. There was no hesitation. She knew now why the letter was not finshed. When school opened that fall, 1926, Bessie Jackson was in charge of the fourth and fifth grade in the Italian Day School.

How is it done? None are more eager to tell you than these young women who work with Fannie Taylor. Some of them have been living years in the House of Happiness on Armenia Avenue. They know her as no others do, save perhaps the dear mother who shares that home for a while every year or two. She has faith in God, and faith in the call to her work. Investing her life where she thinks God wants her, she believes that he means for that work to prosper under her hand and in that supreme faith she will undertake anything that she believes is his will for the work. Friends of these devoted missionaries have sought the privilege of sharing this extra burden with them, so there come gifts of love that have helped to carry the load of the extra teacher's salary, but upon Fannie Taylor and her associates rests the responsibility for that salary, and gladly do they divide their small living with her that the work may go on.

The mission is a strategic one. The Gulf Coast is one of the most promising regions of our Southland in this development of industry and commerce. Tampa holds a key position in this era of new prosperity in the South. Not only has it grown remarkably in business in the past few years, but it is destined to be the center of the largest development in America as a playground for the leisure class. Here in a city which was given a population of nearly a hundred thousand in 1923 are more than fifteen thousand

Italians, a sturdy, self-reliant people, full of possibilities in the business world and capable of great development as citizens of America. They are a home-loving people, establish themselves in business, and take advantage of educational opportunities when given a chance to do so. These traits and characteristics have constantly furnished encouragement to the missionaries.

Young Fred D'Arpa, son of the first Italian Baptist, was converted in the meeting held by Brother Zarilli during the pastorless period of the mission. Immediately he felt the call to preach the gospel, left his cigar-making, and went with his friend to the Baptist Bible Institute, where he graduated, married a lovely American girl who was also a student in the school, and is now the pastor of the First Italian Church in St. Louis. His younger brother, Albert, is a student in the Law School of Washington University, while an older brother is the efficient and beloved superintendent of the Sunday school of North Boulevard Church. Such is the record of one family touched by the gospel in this mission,—five brothers in active service and unusually devout, though the mother has never been reached with the evangelical message, and is still a fanatical Catholic. Two other pastors in the Italian work of the Home Mission Board are the products of this mission, both of them converted before Miss Taylor went there, but both have worked with her there. They are Joseph Papia, of Memphis, and Joseph Napoli, of Kansas City.

A young man, whose life was touched for only a brief time, wrote back from Italy that he had been baptized over there as the result of hearing the Word of God in Tampa. Another young man is an active volunteer worker in an

Italian mission in Chicago. A little girl who had been enlisted as Miss Mitchell's helper in the kindergarten was adopted into the House of Happiness, and grew into lovely womanhood as a daughter of the missionary house. She finished high school with honors, and is now in one of the greatest colleges for women in the Southland, her heart fixed on giving her life in service to her people. Three of the deacons elected when the church was organized are still serving, only one having been added to that number since—faithful men, earnest and devout. Angelo Gigli, eighty-four-years young, is the representative of three generations of his family who are now believers.

Pastor Romano fulfilled the high expectations that attended his coming to the mission. Under his leadership the church was well organized and the different departments of activity begun. Then in 1926 there came another man to succeed him when he left the field. J. F. Piani, or Plainfield as the English translation of his name is, came also of an Italian family of wealth and culture. Educated in the best schools of Italy, he entered the Catholic priesthood and was a teacher in a Seminary in Brazil, when in the providence of God, he, too, heard the evangelical message. Through many trials he came to the Baptist ministry, and has rendered conspicuous service in several places, but none more notable than here in this mother mission of the Italian work in the South.

What are some of the fruits of the work?

Let us look at the contrast a bit. When Fannie Taylor went to Tampa there were no settled methods of work among the Italian people. There was no place where she might go and get training for work among this particular people.

She has had to blaze her own trails, often in the agony of prayer. In those years of working without the help of an Italian pastor, she learned the Italian language sufficiently well to be able to reach those who spoke no English, learned it without a teacher. Many a time it was a case of trying every way in the hope that the right method of approach might be found to solve a difficult problem.

Here is a picture of what she found, taken from an article in the *Home Field* in January, 1911.

"The Italian people when they come here bring with them their customs, their habits. Some of them are very good, while others are very bad. They are very industrious. Day in and day out they toil in the cigar factories, knowing that if they will keep that up long they must succumb to tuberculosis inevitably. Mothers, as well as fathers and children, go to work in these shops, where they must breathe the enclosed breath of consumptives, because if the windows are open the tobacco will dry and they cannot make good cigars. The little girls left at home must prepare the meals, wash the clothes, clean the houses, mind the babies and care for the other younger ones. When father and mother get home it is too late for them to go out on the streets alone.

"The mothers wash clothes, as well as clean the house, on Sundays. The home has no religion in it. Occasionally the mother goes to mass before scrubbing the floor on Sunday morning, while the father goes to the grocery to buy food for the family. Everything is open among them on Sunday. The children grow up without any religious teaching, and are not prepared to withstand the tide of atheism which they will have to meet on entering the factories. The ques-

tion has arisen time and again 'What must we do to stop this menacing wave?'

"After prayerful and thoughtful attention as well as practical experience we have found a remedy. We know that the solution lies in getting hold of the children as many hours as we can and moulding their consciences with the teaching and preaching and above all by showing them by a daily example the way of Jesus. This is only possible by having a daily free school."

So facing their problem squarely they found methods that worked. For the day school has been the foundation upon which all the work has been built. There is much more to it now than just the small beginnings of that day fifteen years ago when Fannie Taylor entered her task. Today if you sat in the morning services of the North Boulevard Church you would hear as beautiful service as you would hear in your own church. For the morning service is now in English. There is a choir full of lovely Italian girls and fine upstanding Italian young men, and they can render music as well and as melodiously as the best choir in the land. They are from the Young People's Department of the Sunday school, for the Sunday school is organized according to the Standard and is doing efficient work. In the afternoon you would go over to Armenia Avenue, where in the schoolrooms of the House of Happiness another group of Italian boys and girls, men and women, meet for an hour and half of study of God's Word and a brief message from Pastor Piani. Back to the North Boulevard Church one must hurry to see the B.Y.P.U.'s at work, two of them, Senior and Intermediate. So the Sun-

day is a busy one. The week will be also, if you stay with the missionaries!

The day schools function as efficiently as the public schools, offering the same curriculum with additions that justify their existence as mission schools. For instance if you should drop in during the hour when Pastor Piani is giving the Bible lesson you would gasp at the assignments of memory verses,—whole chapters to be learned, and an outline of the plan of salvation that runs from Genesis to Revelation. When one of the black-eyed boys or girls begins to repeat them, not by rote but with the emphasis of a clear understanding, you think there must be little left out! In Miss Jackson's room there is a flaxen-haired little girl—yes, even Italian children are golden-haired!—who can give the entire outline without a falter, or a single missing emphasis. Not only does she know it, but she knows what it all means. This child is only waiting for her parents' consent to be baptized.

And this brings up one of the great problems of the missionaries. Here in their schoolrooms these children find Jesus as Saviour. They are eager to follow him in baptism, want to join the church; but their mothers and fathers are untouched by the message, and bitterly oppose such a step. So, patiently, the missionaries have learned to wait, staying close to the children, counseling delay, showing how this is the golden opportunity to show in the home what it really means to be a Christian and many a time the victory comes more gloriously than had been hoped. Not only is the consent won, but the father and mother are won to Christ also. So there are always many waiting, patiently, confidently for permission to be baptized, learning all this time

what prayer really means, and learning that in submission there may be heroism as real as in defiance. Thus have the missionaries learned how to win the Italian people.

During the week you will go into the Kindergarten room for a Sunbeam Band meeting. There are Royal Ambassador meetings, and Girls' Auxiliary meetings. In the evening the Y.W.A. girls gather. These girls have also an athletic club, with an outdoor basketball and tennis court well lighted that has proven a blessing to the vivacious, pleasure-loving daughters of this people. The parents have learned to trust the missionaries, and if the girls are called for and brought home they unhesitatingly let them go for any meeting under Miss Taylor's direction. So a wholesome social life has been built up through the ministry of these organizations of the church. Then there is prayer meeting at North Boulevard Church Thursday nights, preaching services at the House of Happiness on Wednesday nights with B.Y.P.U. for the young people. In 1927 the Mothers' Club was changed into a Woman's Missionary Society, for with all the other grades of W.M.U. developed it was felt that surely the older women could take their place in the graded missionary organizations. So without losing any of the old contacts of the Mothers' Club the work of the missionary society was added to the program and now the Italian women are doing missionary study and personal service and all the other work of Southern Baptist women.

The House of Happiness has been truly that in reality as well as in name. Fannie Taylor believes in staying on the job. So there have been few changes in the workers, and all of these due to calls from other fields. When asked what were the outstanding characteristics of Miss Taylor,

one of her co-workers thoughtfully replied, "Great patience, tenacity and faith." In writing of the Italian work, Miss Taylor once said, "Looking backward, into the early seed-sowing years, we recall all the stages of the four kinds of soil of the parable of Jesus. Indeed for seven years after I came the first three kinds were the most evident. But there was a day of rejoicing when the hundred fold blessing came to us. We saw the power of the Lord made manifest in the coming of nearly a hundred of our people to the Lord. With the education and religious training in our day schools, our two Sunday schools, church services and other activities, our young people are becoming Americanized in a healthful, wholesome atmosphere. They are learning the fundamentals of Christian living, which after all is the foundation for all good citizenship."

Walking one day down the street from the mission on Armenia toward town, Miss Taylor said suddenly to me, "Stop just a moment. I want to speak to this neighbor."

At the rickety little gate, overhung with a blooming vine, she paused and called out a greeting in Italian. A woman with a smile on her face came out to the gate. Turning to me Miss Taylor explained that this was a very dear neighbor, though not yet a Christian. There was a brief conversation, evidently just the greeting and good wishes that usually pass between friends. Then Miss Taylor turned and introduced me, her friend from the Home Mission Board. Pleasure and good will lighted up the face of the Italian woman and she turned to greet me in a rush of Italian words.

Miss Taylor checked her laughingly, and explained that I did not speak Italian. Nor do I. But as we walked on I

thoughtfully turned over in my mind some of the words that I had caught, for though I cannot speak it, I do understand much of it, even when spoken as fluently as it was by my new friend. Like a flash of light there had come to me a better understanding of what Fannie Taylor meant, living here as the representative of Christ in the midst of a people who know him not, this Italian woman, not a Christian yet, loved Fannie Taylor. Over and over in her rapid greeting I had caught the words,

"She is my friend. Is she not beautiful, the spirit shines in her face. Is she not beautiful!"

So the wish of the friend is coming true. In the life of the woman still shines the radiance of that day when Fannie Taylor first obeyed what she found that he wanted her to do, and that quiet radiance of the spirit disciplined and schooled by this steady, unquestioning obedience is shining in a thousand ways through her life as she builds her House of Happiness in the midst of an alien people,—alien no longer, for she is leading them to Christ, through whom the wall of partition between all races and peoples is broken down, becoming one household of faith.

The Psalmist sang with joy of the secret of such beauty as the little Italian neighbor saw in Fannie Taylor's face when he set in the heart of a beautiful hymn of praise to God these exultant words,

"They looked unto him and were radiant."

Such radiance shines ever in the faces of those servants of the Lord who look to the Lord God for the light of their lives.

266.61 La
Lawrence, Una Roberts
Pioneer women

PIONEER WOMEN
TITLE

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME	ROOM NO.

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